DISORDERS OF THE INSTINCTS AND THE EMOTIONS

The Parapathiac Disorders

BY

WILHELM STEKEL

FRIGIDITY IN WOMAN

Two Volumes—Volume II

FRIGIDITY IN WOMAN

IN RELATION TO HER LOVE LIFE

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FRIGIDITY IN WOMAN

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VOLUME TWO

X

THE STRUGGLE OF THE SEXES

We shall never understand the problem of the frigid woman unless we take into consideration the fact that the two sexes are engaged in a lasting conflict which Philipp Frey has excellently described in a monograph entitled, "The Struggle of the Sexes."[1] His monograph has furnished me the first glimpse into this problem which I have learned to appreciate in all its significance and magnitude through reading Nietzsche and Strindberg and as a result of my professional psychoanalytic experience.

In order adequately to discuss this problem here I must revert to the law of bipolarity of all psychic phenomena which I have formulated elsewhere for the first time.[2] There is no affect in human life which is not held in balance by a counter-affect, no instinct which is not similarly held in place by a counter-instinct. This statement I have first formulated in the second chapter of my book, *The Beloved Ego.*[3]

An illustration from the organic realm will explain best this process. Our physical health is maintained by a system of internal-secretion glands many of which play functionally an antagonistic rôle. One gland produces a substance which acts as a poison if the substance secreted by another gland fails to neutralize the excess. If one of these glands is removed from the body the excessive secretion of the antagonistic gland invariably leads to disease, unless a third gland comes into play to fulfill the function of the extirpated gland. Our cravings and instincts are similarly balanced. The various in-

stinctive cravings dovetail like the toothed wheels of a clockwork. Every instinct is met by a counter-instinct which inhibits it. There is a continual ebb and flow during which first one set of cravings, then another gains the upper hand. Everything in human life is arranged on this "bipolar" basis.

There is no love without hatred, no hatred without love. The counter-feeling to love is not hatred, but indifference. The counterpart of any feeling, strictly speaking, can be only the absence of that feeling. Antipathy, an affectatively colored state of mind, often serves to cover up an attraction; it serves as a defence against the power of attraction. Love and hatred go hand in hand; we also hate the person whom we love because this hatred is inherent in the very nature of love. "*Plus on aime une maitresse, plus on est près de la haïr*,—the more one loves his mistress, the closer he is to hating her," says La Rochefoucauld.

Of course, in this connection, we must always bear in mind that the hatred never shows itself on the surface. It exists subterraneously, as it were; it expresses itself in dreams, until on an opportune occasion it breaks out with all its overwhelming strength and fury; then we stand before this phenomenon, bewildered and helpless; our intellectual perception of the primordial character of this roaring affect does not seem to affect its sway in the least!

Between man and woman there rages a relentless primordial conflict. It never ceases. It is expressed in the following remarkable Biblical passage: "And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel." [4]

We must recognize that two bipolar forces struggle for mastery over human life: The will-to-power and the will-to-subordination (or the self-subjection urge).[5] These forces are clearly expressed in the various forms of love's ecstasy. In its most extreme forms love appears either as sadism, which is a symbolic expression of the will-to-power, or as masochism, which often caricatures the most ridiculous aspects of the will-to-subordination. The same tendencies, which express themselves in these extreme, and almost morbid, forms, the careful psychologist is able to trace also in their innumerable transi-

tional and rudimentary stages where they are found covered up or hidden or sometimes masked under counter-tendencies. Dyspareunia is a problem which always involves a careful scrutiny of this matter.

A secret (unrecognized) notion of all persons who love is that *to make another person "feel" is to achieve a victory over that person. To give one's self to another, to permit one's self to be "roused," means self-abandonment; it means "yielding"!* This act of submission is expressed symbolically even in woman's position during the sexual embrace. Alfred Adler very properly lays great stress upon the symbolisms of "above" and "below." Indeed, certain women feel roused only if they are "on top," *i.e.*, by clinging to the fantasy that they are males and that they are the ones to "rouse" their sexual partner, who is thus relegated to the passive, or feminine rôle. To be roused by a man means acknowledging one's self as conquered. Messalina is called "the unconquered"—*"invicta"*—because the successive embraces of dozens of men left her unquenched. A woman should say: "Do what you want with me!" and then: "Enough! I am at the end of my powers. I have had enough!" [6] Then only she acknowledges herself defeated, subdued, in the game of love. She should feel herself melting to nothingness. This is the reason why, after the "defeat," she may nurse inwardly the desire of avenging herself.[7] Perceiving by this giving of herself a defeat (involving humiliation), she may go so far as to avoid the repetition of the love act, in spite, or rather on account, of her great orgasm, because she does not want to find herself reduced once more "to nothingness." Domination may loom up in her mind as more important than gratification; her feeling of personality may mean to her more than the urge of her sexual desire.

Much depends always on the feeling-attitude of the sexual partners towards one another. If there is an undercurrent of animosity between them, if the ill-feeling, whether it be conscious or unconscious, is strong enough, an orgasm is regarded by the woman as a defeat and its onset is therefore avoided. We know already that most women are capable of shunting off their orgasm. Harlots have the greatest experience in this matter. All of them are relatively anæsthetic; they are often

homosexual; but in the arms of their lover they are capable of experiencing orgasm whenever their heart assents and their will to submission conquers over their will to power. Many women refuse to be aroused; other women refuse to acknowledge their feelings. They "fib" to the husband as well as to their physician; sometimes they deceive themselves. Either they disregard their orgasm or manage to subdivide and distribute the orgasm among numerous partial forepleasures or post-orgastic thrills. This manner of masking the orgasm under various forms of larvated onanism I have described extensively elsewhere. (*Vid. Autoerotism and Homosexuality.*)

This observation teaches us to be more careful with our statistical data. We must take into consideration the prevaricating woman who regards confessing her orgasm as humiliating. The act of lying about it in itself also yields her a certain amount of gratification.[8] The husband is thereby continually goaded to renewed sexual efforts in the endeavor to bring her to an orgasm in spite of her apparent frigidity. This is the reason why women of this type sometimes choose innumerable lovers for themselves; each one in turn leaves them supposedly "unaroused." They deceive themselves also by assuming their orgasm to be a forepleasure; they imagine that "there is more to come"; that they have not attained yet the true feeling; that a more intense gratification is awaiting them.

Every woman shares to some extent the tendency to play-acting. The "frigid woman" rôle which woman plays before herself and before her husband is far from rare. It seems rather incredible to find women who make light of chastity also indulging in this rôle. They change lovers with uncanny ease, insisting in every instance that they are unaroused; that they devote their time and sacrifice their virtue as well merely for the satisfaction of procuring joy to another. This type of woman should not be mistaken for the love-seeking woman who is really cool but who truly yearns for love. She is perennially seeking without finding, a Messalina without salvation, passing from one disappointment to another; she goes through one love affair after another, always afire, always looking for the supreme ecstasy with which she remains un-

acquainted because sober reality is depreciated through previous indulgence in most luxuriant fantasies. . . . No, our alleged frigid woman really expects nothing; nor is she frigid. She merely likes herself in the rôle of the Unconquered one (*Invicta*); in this rôle she regards herself as more interesting; and in the consciousness of her dignity she could not forgive herself if she disowned any part of her alleged coldness upon which she likes to lay much stress.

A classical illustration of this type of frigid woman who hides her passion so adroitly that she herself believes in her own deception is Mme. Warens, a woman excellently described by Jean Jacques Rousseau. She "mothered" the famous philosopher as a friend and became also his first sweetheart. Without much ceremony she introduced him to the mysteries of love after a week of suspense (prearranged). Under the circumstances her confession to her protégé, whom she always regarded as a being of a higher order, that "she could not understand why so much significance is attached to love," is nothing short of remarkable. She never respected abstinence, a virtue which she practiced so little, but which she never dignified with the designation of "virtue." Otto Adler (*loc. cit.*) to whom we are indebted for a fundamental scientific study of dyspareunia, accepts her confessions in earnest and attempts to prove that this remarkable woman was burdened with mental inhibitions which the "morbid sexuality" of a Rousseau was not adequate to overcome. It will not be at all difficult for me to prove that this was not the case; that Mme. Warens play-acted the rôle of a frigid woman for certain reasons which remain to be pointed out.

The story of her life sounds so improbable that it may be regarded as mere fiction generated by an overheated, fantastic brain. But we always appraise such matters with reference to current possibilities and we forget too readily that other customs prevailed during the centuries long since past.

Mme. Warens, an intelligent lovely girl of a noble family belonging to the Waadt Canton, married at a tender age a certain Monsieur de Villardin. This marriage was sterile and "not too happy"—according to the biographer's expression. Merely "not too happy a marriage!" The artist-biographer

describes this woman as follows: "Her beauty was characteristic of those who retain it the longest because it is immanent in the vivacious play of expressions rather than dependent upon mere facial traits. She had a pleasantly impressive and delicate set of features, a very soft look, an angelic smile, a mouth resembling mine and ash-colored hair of rare beauty; she bestowed so much attention to the arrangement and care of her coiffure that it lent her an uncommonly bewitching air. She was of small stature, perhaps diminutive in size, and her waist was pronounced, though not unattractively so. A more beautiful head, a more charming pair of hands, a more bewitching breast or a more alluring pair of arms one could not expect to see. . . ."

During her marriage this woman became acquainted with Monsieur de Tavel, a philosopher who lectured to her at length on the unnatural and ridiculous character of marital faithfulness, until he attained his aim and became her lover. Rousseau defends the woman, maintaining that Monsieur de Tavel had turned her head without winning her heart. Monsieur de Tavel, the philosopher, who ridiculed loyalty, experienced the application of the principles he advocated to his own love affair. Mme. de Warens turned tables on the betrayer and repaid him in the same coin by bestowing the favor of her charms on Peret, a preacher. This was done, it should be noted, by a "frigid" woman, who "felt herself unhappy."

She was not yet 21 years of age when she heard that King Victor Amadeus was in the neighborhood. She was a Protestant, while he was a zealous Catholic. She sought an interview with him and throwing herself at his feet, implored him to release her from her hellish marriage bonds. It seems that the release she obtained was very thorough; this rather austere Prince settled on her a pension of 1500 Piedmontese *livres* and, to allay the rumor that he had fallen in love with her, he sent her to a Catholic cloister as the only ready explanation for his clement act. There she abjured her Protestant faith; then she lived at Chambéry with Claude Anet, the caretaker, with whom she also maintained intimate relations. She was adroit in covering up these intimate relations until Anet's severe illness led her to make confession.

Young Rousseau found protection and a friendly asylum with her. When he grew up there occurred that well-known seduction episode, famous in literature, so excellently described by the genial artist in his *Confessions*. He characterizes Mme. de Warens, during the critical moments, as "neither depressed nor passionate, tender but quiet." After living ten years with this woman, Rousseau travels to Montpellier[9] to seek a cure for his neurosis. On the journey, the meeting of Mme. Lanarge completely cures him before he arrives at his destination where he had intended to place himself in the care of the famous Montpellier physician. He returns home cured. But, oh, misfortune! He finds his cozy little place preëmpted by an ordinary barber's apprentice. Mme. de Warens, the frigid woman, wants him to share his privileges with the other male. Rousseau, endeavoring to cover with noble excuses the woman's fickleness, states: "This young man came to her as a treasure fitting in with her needs. Desirous to fetter him to herself she employed all the means at her command, not forgetting also the one means on which she chiefly relied." A masterpiece of rationalization and apology!

Rousseau cannot bear the thought of sharing her favors with a barber. He prefers to deny himself. The effect of this, however, is to render the frigid woman increasingly colder and more distant towards her former "son" and lover. . . . Rousseau rightly points out that no woman forgives one the act of renouncing the possession of her. "In a short time my life became unbearable. I felt that the personal proximity along with the inner aloofness of a woman who had been so dear to me was only keeping alive my anguish."

A deep insight into the mental state of this frigid woman is disclosed at this juncture. The woman is jealous and at the same time perseveres in flirting with her numerous erotic subjects. She maintains for herself a harem of young admirers on whom she bestows her womanly charms without achieving happiness for herself by this conduct. A ridiculous farce, apparently too thick and too threadbare to be taken seriously! But we discover also the motives of this unbelievable game. A trivial detail betrays the inner incentives for this form of play-acting. *She could love only unfortunates.* Men in ex-

cellent situations tried to gain her favor but in vain. Nor was she purchasable; although financially she was always in straitened circumstances, she preferred to give herself rather than sell herself.

This shows us a proud woman bent always on maintaining the leading rôle in the sex struggle. She wants to domineer, she wants to be the one who stoops, the one who bestows happiness. Hence her love for servants, gardeners, barbers' apprentices, unfortunates, helpless boys, in short, for men and half-men before whom she stood on a higher level. In her relationship with the male she had to preserve her feeling of personality: this was her love requisite! This was also the reason why she could not afford to acknowledge to herself the pleasure and gratification of sex. She refused "to accept any gifts." She wanted to be the giver. Truly loving some one means giving one's self to that person, it means subjection of self, it means self-surrender. She wanted always to be the one who rules, the one who dominates the situation. Her marriage met shipwreck on account of this craving to rule. There was but one man before whom she would bow: the king. Before him she fell on her knees and humbled herself. In that situation she was the humble servant. But was not her prostration at the King's feet merely the adroit game of a dangerous flirt aiming at the highest prize, angling for the most precious goldfish in the love stream?

Grillparzer, in his masterly psychologic drama, *The Jewess of Toledo,* analyzes the mental mechanism involved in such an act of prostration. During the act of prostrating herself before him, the clever Jewess grasps the king's foot in order to rouse his sensuality. She humbles herself in order thus to triumph the more securely and overpower him with her charms.

Mme. de Warens, too, wanted to raise her self-esteem to a supreme level by such a triumph; she wanted to be able to say to herself: "How irresistible is my beauty when even the King cannot withstand me!" She made use of every device, including recourse to faithlessness, in order to demonstrate to her admirers *ad oculos,* that she was free, that no one has yet succeeded in claiming her as a trophy to attach to his triumphal love chariot, that she is no one's abject slave. The

acknowledgment of her passion would have deprived her of a valuable trump card in this contest. She received nothing that she wanted or needed! What were mere men to her? What use did she have for men? Only as a pastime, to distract her with philosophical discussions, as Tavel did, or with recitations, as Rousseau did; she needed their petty services around the house and garden. But their love she did not need! She could bestow love but it could never be bestowed on her! The men who imagined that they were important, the wealthy, the famous and members of the nobility she frankly despised.

There are women who fall in love with cripples: with hunchbacks, the disfigured, the halt and the lame; women who prefer bed-ridden lovers, dependent on their magnanimity, to the proudest hero. They enjoy the precious differential sense of their personality heightened by such a contrast. The less the male counts the more precious they appear to themselves; they rise in their own self-esteem.

This explains a number of manifestations in the love life of women which would be otherwise unintelligible. Of course, women cover up these tendencies with their "maternal" feelings, with the whole noble range of "loving one's neighbors" and charity. All our mental mechanisms are bipolar. The lofty instinct to help the weak is counterbalanced in the jungle of the soul's abysmal depths by the cruel instinct of measuring one's fate; we contrast it with another's misfortune and feel superior because another is "down." This gives us also the key to the understanding of the so-called frigid woman who in reality is not at all frigid, but who merely play-acts the rôle. . . .

Fortunately women of the Mme. de Warens type are rarely found in such extreme form. But transitional stages towards this type of woman, who fundamentally is not a woman at all, in spite of her maternal rôles and pretensions to charity, are met often enough in our daily life. Princess Chimay, who eloped with a gypsy violin player, and wealthy Elsa Siegel, clandestinely frequenting the negro quarters, disclose the same trait; in their sex life these women require the heightened feeling of personality engendered by their higher social position.

In their own circle they may have passed for frigid women, or "cold" girls. They are capable of being aroused only upon abandoning the ethical heights to which they have otherwise laboriously climbed. They yearn also to span within themselves the contrast between the heights and depths of life; "the heights and the depths of the human soul," as Goethe beautifully expresses the thought in his wonderful ballad entitled, *Der Gott und die Bajadere.* The gods must tumble down to the depths and the fallen must allow themselves to be lifted towards heaven in "passionate arms": this makes life's infinite riches. But frigid women of Mme. de Warens' type always soar serenely at the same level. They think they are dwelling upon the heights. . . . They are like balloons tossing back and forth in the midst of heavy clouds. They have lost all sense of altitude. They have the illusion of having reached the proximity of the pure ether; but the next wind tosses them against a tree, bringing them swiftly to an unpleasant realization of the workings of the law of gravity. These alleged frigid women, too, would have us believe that they are absorbed in listening to the divine music of the spheres. This, they imagine, renders them more interesting. Another extreme type which I shall describe more fully is the alleged hot-blooded woman who in reality is not hyper-sensual at all, the innocent angel who would have us believe that she is the embodiment of refined depravity. Many men believe these malingerers; they fail to recognize that these women are posing, play-acting; that the clothes they assume are theatrical costumes. This very pretence yields a charm of its own; it proves to these refined comedy-players their own adroitness. The rôles they assume are taken for genuine; their life consists of a more or less adroitly played rôle; and in this show and pretence they find majestic amusement. Inwardly these women always ridicule the victims whom they fool by their assumed rôle; this gives them a feeling of superiority and aloofness.

Many persons find their greatest satisfaction in remaining unrecognized. They go through life without unmasking themselves. The woman who passes for frigid, without being so, wears the mask of chastity, but parts readily with it because

a woman's chastity merely serves the purpose of overcoming her inner inhibitions. Chastity has an ethical sense only with the strongly sensuous type. Then it makes either for victory or for defeat; in either case it is the sign of a severe conflict. A frigid woman's chastity is no merit because in her case it is a convenience, not an accomplishment. Women like Mme. de Warens exhibit the sad spectacle of chastity wearing the clothes of a vestal over the heart of a Messalina. They represent the note of comedy in the midst of tragic situations which cause the hearts of the really frigid women to bleed. Artists and philosophers, too, are but children at heart. One has to share Jean Jacques Rousseau's naïveté to believe in the higher motives with which he so charitably invests Mme. de Warens' hidden sexual propensities. In matters of love most persons feel and act like artists and children. Thus cool deliberation and artistic fervor alike will always claim their adherents; and the Mme. de Warens type of woman will no more disappear than will the victims chosen by her type,—the men who take her seriously and who are humbly grateful for the opportunity of offering their whole heart. Beggars of love and its Crœsuses occasionally change rôles. Crœsus thinks himself poor and the beggar thinks he gives, whereas in truth the latter lives off the former's alms. Certain persons are incapable of spiritual love. Allegedly frigid women of this type are spiritually at sea; they deny their bodies precisely because they can love only with their body; their soul is like a lute whose strings have long since broken, a meaningless whirlpool! What do they know of the sweet melodies that bewitch the senses? What do they know of the miracle of a true, great love with all the heartstrings responsive, a love which sanctifies all human qualities, which stirs everything that is divine in the human breast, a love through which nature celebrates her greatest triumphs? Their love life narrows down to trivialities, their whole life consists of a swaying back and forth between various persons in the same mild rôle. They do not live intensely; they glide along the surface of sentient existence; they experience amusement but no intoxication, excitation but no ecstasy. Their soul never reverberates to the devastating storm of a great passion. One person displaces

another. If it is not Jean Jacques Rousseau, it is a barber's apprentice. The worth of individuality sinks in a mire of commonplaceness; mischievous *amor* blushing at so much make-believe and stage paint sneaks over to simple folk who still feel the pain engendered by his arrows.

We note that the psychogenesis of the orgasm is explainable on a bipolar basis. Certain women are aroused only by big, strong men, before whom they feel themselves small. (At any rate, the love of such a man raises them to his stature; they feel themselves a part of his personality!) On the other hand, other women are aroused only when they feel themselves to be stronger, greater, socially or economically higher than the male who possesses them. This means: the male really never possesses them. He is possessed by them. They domineer; and the feeling of power, of taking possession, of being "on top" is the bridge over which the orgasm takes full possession of their body.

This process we find continually recurring in the psychogenesis of sexual anæsthesia. Often the orgasm sets in only if the woman feels at the time that she is superior to her sexual companion. As already mentioned this explains a whole series of manifestations which I shall analyze in greater detail in connection with my study of Fetishism, such as love of the halt and the lame, the blind, the ugly and the crippled, the helpless, the downtrodden, the unfortunate, the socially disinherited, the eccentric—all instances in which the woman feels that she is the savior, the protector, the guide, in short, "on top." Many women are gratified only by men who are weaker than themselves in some respect or other. This is illustrated also by the remarkable manifestation of love for boys. This preference for boys on the part of certain women is partly traceable to strong infantile influences in Freud's sense. However, in every case of this type I have found also that psychologic feature upon which Adler lays great stress and which he calls the "fear of the sexual partner." Many motives coöperate to bring about this preference for young boys—the fear of pregnancy is removed; the lofty feeling of maternal wisdom [10] enhances the woman's sense of her personal worth, the partner's inexperience covers her own inade-

quacy (impotence!); the satanic joy in destroying purity, too, acts as a strong stimulant. In my analyses of chaste women I have often found this desire to seduce boys. Ordinarily this is true of the women who are anxious to nurse and take care of the sick.[11] Such women are relatively anæsthetic with potent, prominent men, whereas in the intimacy of the weakly potent or ailing sexual companions they find themselves hyperæsthetic.

CASE 72. Miss R. H. was seduced at the age of 17 by a strong man who, according to her testimony, used force. She felt only pain and indignation. Nevertheless the relationship continued for two years. Her coldness goaded the man into a frenzy. He tried all possible procedures, including cunnilingus . . . without the least success. She was always glad when he came to her because she was very jealous and could not tolerate the thought that he may be enjoying other women. He was a strikingly handsome man of Herculean proportions who attracted the attention of women on the street. Her greatest pleasure was to be seen with him at public places. This was the reason why she gave herself to him. Finally he got tired of her because she was too unresponsive; although of late, for fear of losing him, she had been simulating responsiveness during sexual intercourse, he took another woman. Then she became engaged to a man who was so seriously ill that he was thought to be dying. His caresses found her much more responsive, according to her testimony. After his death she became intimate with a man who confessed to her that he was impotent. During cunnilingus by this man she felt her first orgasm. Then she fell in love with a 14-year-old boy whose rare beauty made a strong impression on her. She began to masturbate with her fantasies centering on this boy and gave up all other relations. Finally she succeeded in becoming acquainted with the boy and seduced him. Then her orgasm reached its highest crest. This relationship was kept up for a number of months. Afterwards, seized by deep remorse, she devoted herself to the care of the sick.

Here we see plainly the interplay of pride. She hated her first lover because he had used force; therefore she denied him the satisfaction of arousing orgasm in her. At least, she hides it from him so as not to give him the satisfaction of triumphing over her. Then she simulates gratification in order

to hold him and save herself the humiliation of being abandoned. Her greatest satisfaction is to show the world that this handsome man belongs to her. Thus she triumphs over her women rivals. This is why she is jealous: Not because she loves the man, but because she does not want any other woman to have him. Many women who are anæsthetic find their chief incentive for attracting men in the satisfying thought that they are enticing other women's husbands away. They thus triumph over all other women. They remain frigid during the sexual embrace, thus triumphing also over the man they have lured. *Thus they trample triumphantly over men and women alike.*[12]

Sexual anæsthesia is an important weapon in the sex struggle. The anæsthetic harlot shows that women attain certain advantages most easily when they remain cool. The woman who responds cannot remain calculating and deliberate. The harlot who shamelessly exploits her victims gives her last penny to her "cadet," or procurer, for the reason that he, at least, is not ashamed of her. Anæsthetic harlots may respond also to ordinary customers who take them out and show themselves in public with her. (An instructive case of this type has been reported by Havelock Ellis.)

On the other hand there is a type of flirting woman who aims at nothing more than to entice men for the purpose of humiliating them and thus avenge their sex. They behave almost like harlots. Their conduct is so provoking, and they exert so strong a lure as to give the impression of lending themselves easily to conquest. When approached they hold themselves aloof or keep the lover dangling in uncertainty until he gives up hope; or they may give themselves only to break the relationship suddenly and take up another admirer so as to render the first lover furiously jealous. Many crimes are committed on account of such women, who fundamentally are anæsthetic; their will to power annihilates their will to subjection; their rapturous feeling of triumph counts with them more than sexual pleasure.

CASE 73. Mrs. G. H. is anæsthetic in her marital relations. She does not understand the reason. At the same time she is

much pleased when men court her. She has devised a remarkable method of achieving triumphs. Day by day she strolls along K——[13] Street, attractively dressed. She flirts with every man who passes by until one follows her. Then, without looking back, she turns around the next corner. Presently the man is at her side with the usual question: "May I walk along with you?" She gives him a scornful look and without saying a word she continues on her way. If the man is persistent, she says to him: "You seem to have made a mistake, sir. If you don't leave me alone I'll call an officer." Often she repeats this game several times in the course of an afternoon. . . .

The next case shows us the type of the anæsthetic woman who plays the harlot in order to triumph over the male and to give herself the appearance of being a "modern" woman. This psychic mechanism deserves particular study. I call this manifestation the "unmoral imperative." Certain men, contrary to their real convictions, pose as Don Juans and "rounders," certain women act promiscuously to give themselves the illusion of being great sinners and extraordinary, dissolute characters. In Paris many women of the higher social circles are said to keep lovers because the unmoral imperative demands it.[14] Such women show an inversion of the usual occurrence. Marital intercourse satisfies them and leads to orgasm, while their clandestine lovers leave them frigid. (The reverse is the rule!) Women who always want to rule and step on the bridegroom's toes at the marriage ceremony (figuratively speaking, though this is said to be a widespread custom)[15] remain completely anæsthetic in their husbands' sexual embrace. Their marriage ceremony is a duel challenge, their married life a continual struggle for domination. If the man is unadroit enough openly to manifest his desire to rule, vaginism sets in during the early months of marriage as the first symptomatic expression of a stubborn "No" on the woman's part, while the husband may be consumed with desire. Then anæsthesia follows. Wearily the woman finds that her husband's breath is offensive; that he is unclean; or that his body emits an insufferable rank odor. Briefly, he is deprecated in every possible and imaginary manner.

Then these women bestow upon their lovers everything that they deny their husbands. Towards the lover they do not retain that stubbornness which plays such a great rôle in their married life. The married couple unconsciously make each other responsible for the shackles of monogamy. There supervenes also the unpleasant mixing up of economic and erotic problems, the dulling effect of habituation. Moreover husbands are very reserved; with their wives they do not permit themselves many of the practices in which they indulge with "free" women or with other men's wives. The wives avenge themselves for the reserve with which their husbands treat them by taking a lover in whose intimacy they conduct themselves like a professional harlot. They are happy to have the opportunity of throwing off the burdensome varnish imposed by culture and morality. It sometimes happens that wives malinger during marital relations; they deny their husbands any opportunity of indulging in so-called perverse acts on the ground that such acts are disgusting; they call him a beast to want to act thus, while permitting their lovers these things; in fact they expect these practices of their lovers. Thus I know a woman who was always willing to carry out *fellatio* on her lover. When her husband approached her with such a suggestion she raised a scene and threatened to leave him.

CASE 74. Mrs. Z. T., a woman who has never been sexually roused, is married to an intellectual man of high standing. She cannot endure his superiority. First she tried to keep pace with him and studied his specialty. Soon she found this too tiresome and during the engagement gave up the attempt. The man is highly prized; he has many women pupils who run after him and court him. But on her part she resolved not to yield to this popular worship of her husband. During their marital relations she has been frigid from the beginning and has remained thus. She can attain orgasm only through masturbation. Whenever her husband leaves her to herself, after satisfying himself, she masturbates; she has even told him about it. She repulses his attempts to rouse her through manual friction to the point of inducing orgasm because she finds him unadroit and because she finds this procedure painful.

Soon she began to ridicule and deprecate the man's professional

and avocational activities. She could not understand the "stupid geese" who were running after him. She could see the great man as he was "behind the stage." In the course of their quarrels she would exclaim: "I am not impressed by your scribbling!" Or: "Because you smear up bits of canvas you think you can do with me what you want!"

The man began to give more and more of his attention to the pupils. On the other hand his wife surrounded herself with a bevy of young men. Every one of them thought she was a frivolous woman who would easily "yield." In spite of her liberal smiles not one of these men could rightfully claim the least advantage. She was a *petite bourgeoise* practicing all the allurements of a *demi-mondaine*. . . .

She kept this up for many years until she noticed that her husband fell seriously in love with another woman. His petty liaisons she had overlooked patiently. Whenever the "poor, stupid girls" were abandoned by him and they cried their eyes out, she felt triumphant. Indeed, she became their consoling friend and mothered them; she went so far as to admit them to her circle of admirers, obviously to worry and harass her husband.

This time her husband fell earnestly in love with a society lady. This ended her attitude of reserve. She gave herself, for one time, to the first young man . . . but experienced no orgasm. The latter was proud of having acquired such a sweetheart. However, he was but a means to an end—merely a pawn in the marriage conflict. She confessed to her husband that she had been unfaithful once, expecting a great scene. Her intention was to avenge herself impressively for his first actual breach of marital faithfulness. Great was her humility when the husband told her that he understood; that he was able to see in the right light this act of unfaithfulness on her part. He was willing that each of them should freely go his or her way and separate. At this her true character broke to the surface. This woman, who had contended all along that she did not love her husband and that the marriage bonds were unbearable; this woman who lectured on woman's rights and spread propaganda in favor of free love, hesitated to free herself from her husband because she begrudged her rival the triumph. They talked over the situation and their candid mutual explanations culminated in a touching reconciliation. Then, for the first time after a long interval, they indulged again in sexual intercourse. The woman abandoned herself with contrite tears in her eyes; and thus she experienced her first great

orgasm. The husband had conquered over her. She gave up the struggle.

Many anæsthetic women belong to this type! Wise are the husbands who do not deprives their wives of the illusion of being the masters! They lead, but permit their wives the illusion of being led by them.

The next case is most instructive because it reveals several of the determinants of sexual anæsthesia. It discloses the power of the vengeance-impulse and a flight from sexuality when the latter endangers the feeling of personality.

CASE 75. Mrs. E. W., 29-year-old wife of a prominent official, relates a lengthy story of suffering. She comes to my office because a recent experience had tremendously shaken her. Completely anæsthetic in her marriage relations, she suffers keenly on this account. (I pass over the vast array of her other nervous symptoms.) She has sought the advice of many physicians and has also been at numerous sanitaria in search of a cure. She has thus spent a fortune. Mother of two children, she finds herself unable to attend to her household affairs or to look after her husband. At the last sanitarium where she sought to recover her health she became acquainted with an assistant, a pleasant, very intelligent young man who subjected her to "a psychoanalysis." In the course of this they fell in love with each other. The young physician insisted on her complete surrender. Although she thought that in his embrace she would be responsive she refused persistently to yield to him and returned home untouched. But she no sooner returned than she began to be tortured by her insistent fantasies: she reproached herself for having missed the supreme satisfaction of her life. The beloved man continually bombarded her with stormy letters imploring her love. Finally she strangled all her inner resistances and came to him: "Now you may take me. I belong to you. I am yours!" The man may have been scared off by the magnitude of her passion; he may have awakened to a realization of the great responsibility he assumed in breaking up a family by attaching her to himself; or it may be that he had meanwhile pledged his affection elsewhere—at any rate he coolly and cynically repulsed her. What did she think? He could be her physician, possibly her friend, if she suppressed her sexual desire for him. . . . The woman broke down; she was on the verge of insanity.

I succeeded in calming her; thereupon I became acquainted with her eventful, extraordinary life story.

She belonged to a large family and became early acquainted with the raw side of sex. I mean, she masturbated and, through friends and reading, she learned many facts about the physical aspects of love. She began to masturbate at the age of fourteen. Her first sexual experience she had at sixteen. During the summer she was visiting a girl friend whose father, an earnest, handsome man impressed her very much so that she began to flirt with him. One evening while she was in her nightgown admiring herself in the looking-glass, suddenly the door opened and her friend's father entered the room. This scared her but she soon recovered her poise when the man reassured her that he intended no harm; he wanted merely to admire her beauty. "Let me see you as God made you!" he begged and implored. He did not have to insist long before she let her nightgown drop off her shoulders. It lifted him to ecstasy but also roused him to frenzy; regretful that he could not possess her, he left. On the following night he came to her bed. They never had sexual intercourse. He played with her and had her take hold of his phallus so that he had ejaculation. It roused her tremendously; whenever he had an ejaculation she, likewise, had a strong orgasm. After four weeks she left the house. The man's letters left her cold. In a short time she gave up the correspondence. The fact was that about that time she became acquainted with a certain man whom she liked extraordinarily well, a man who was altogether her ideal. He looked like Marlitt's ideal hero: well-built, blond, with blue eyes, a typical German hero, not lacking even the customary soft, prettily undulating beard. She fell "over her ears" in love with this man; fortunately this man was no less deeply in love with her.

Their relationship lasted two years. He kissed her frequently; every time he kissed her she experienced the keenest orgasm. How will it be when he actually takes complete possession of her? The touch of his hand made her shiver with emotion; she felt she could not resist him no matter what he might ask her to do. Indeed, she went so far as to anticipate being solicited by him and was actually disappointed when this did not happen. The man had his own good reasons for not going too far. Obviously he was not ready to commit himself.

Great was her disappointment when business reasons compelled him to remove to another city! He was a clerk with a modest

private income. The change meant a promotion; they were glad thus to advance a step nearer to their goal.

There followed a fervid correspondence, filled with renewed confessions of love and many endearments. Gradually his side of the correspondence lagged. He was very busy; he could hardly find time to write. One day she received from him a letter thanking her for her love: he will never forget her; never will another take her place in his heart; but he was only a humble clerk, without means of his own. It was essential for him to marry some one with money. She must forgive him; she must look upon this step as something dictated by cruel fate.

The girl's despair was boundless. At first she could think only of suicide; she wanted to drown herself. Then she thought of devoting herself to nursing the sick and enter some order. She was "angry at all men"; and resolved never again to love a man.

During this period of her deepest despair and depression she was invited to a social affair. She sat next to a gentleman who was as badly depressed and sad as she was. This man had gone through a similar experience. A certain man whom he had regarded as his friend had taken his sweetheart away from him and married her. Inasmuch as the man was wealthier this had been an easy thing for him to accomplish. They exchanged confidences and sympathized with each other. She consoled him as well as she could; he, too, tried to divert her mind from her trouble. After that evening they met almost every day, usually at the cemetery, where there were not many other visitors; they went together on walks discussing their common plight. Emotionally she was indifferent towards the man.

Matters reached the climax they usually reach in such cases. After a half year they exchanged a kiss, which left her indifferent. It was purely a "fraternal" kiss—as they called it. These fraternal kisses became frequent, though she was never roused by them. After several months this friend and "brother" proposed marriage. She promptly rejected his proposal, saying: "I like you very well. I am a good friend of yours; but marry you I cannot, because I do not love you!"

Very unhappy over this he begged her at least not to rob him of all future hope. He would patiently bide his time.

At this juncture I want to add an important psychologic observation. Frequently we learn from women who are anæsthetic in their marital relations that they had met their hus-

bands' first proposal of marriage with a decided "No!" This first "No" expresses the instinct. Subsequently the intellect comes into play and throttles the instinct. So-called sober reason asserts itself. A second attempt to win the woman's consent meets with less resistance and the next renewal of the marriage proposal is perhaps accepted on grounds of "reason." In nearly all cases, however, the instinct was right; the result is an unhappy marriage.[16] Thus in the present case, too, the first "No" was of incisive significance. She knew the man had a good heart, knew his excellent character; nevertheless an "unknown something in her" (the sexual instinct) strove against this union. In connection with another case we shall revert to the significance of this first "No." We now resume the patient's history:

The "brotherly" friend did not relax. He started an eager correspondence, writing her almost daily the warmest letters. The day on which she shall give her consent will be the happiest day of his life. But she persisted in her refusal. Meanwhile she passed through another love affair. She attended a social. A barrister who happened to be present courted her eagerly, danced almost exclusively with her and, at the end, escorted her home. It was a moonlight night. She leaned softly on his arm. In front of her door he took her in his arms and kissed her. She sank softly, helplessly in his arms. His kiss roused her as much as her first lover, perhaps more so. A delicious sense of warmth spread throughout her body. Every fiber of her body shook and trembled as she tore herself out of his embrace. That night she did not close an eye; her mind dwelt continually on the kiss. She did not know that anything in the world could be so thrilling. . . .

On the following day she received from the barrister a letter which was a declaration of love. He had to leave town; but he would never forget her. He was already engaged; but he would give up his previous engagement. She answered his letter. They arranged to meet once more. They met at the railway station, where they had but little time to themselves. Between trains they strolled together and exchanged ardent kisses. Again she felt the same stormy upheaval. Then he formally proposed marriage. Something remarkable happened. She asked for time to think it over. She had already been through a sad experience. She

must take a little time. On returning home, flushed with excitement and very happy, she found a letter from her "brotherly" friend. He could not wait any longer. This was his last letter. She must decide. If she says "No" he will write no more and will try to put her out of his mind. He had another raise in his position and could not keep up the life of a bachelor any longer.

She was confronted by a dilemma. She loved the barrister. Towards the other man she was rather indifferent. The latter's material condition, however, was somewhat more favorable. . . . She could not conceive herself as very happy with him. Nevertheless she wrote the barrister a letter rejecting his offer of marriage; to the fraternal friend she wrote a final acceptance.

This conduct would be unintelligible if we did not understand the psychology of the love conflict. This woman had gone through a sad experience with a man who had shamefully abandoned her after betraying her. This experience roused against her will a wave of animosity towards all men. She could love no longer. She could only hate. She fought against her own passions; and the passion to domineer became more precious to her than gratification or love. With the barrister she would have become the victim of her own passions. He could have done with her whatever he pleased. With the other she knew that she would always keep cool; that she would be the one to dominate the marriage. Moreover a strong ascetic tendency also came into play. Two powerful tendencies struggled within this woman's soul: the harlot and the saint! Each strove for supremacy. The depths of her passion alarmed her because it opened the pathway to harlotry. She wanted to be satisfied with a smaller flame and go through life as a chaste wife. She was afraid of the licence of marriage. She was aware of her polygamous tendencies; often she entertained herself with such thoughts as: "I should like to be kissed by all the men; each one must have a different way of doing it!"

Another determinant: Certain persons are afraid of "great joy." A secret guilty conscience prevents them from arriving at a free choice. With persons of this type it is as if an inner voice whispered: "You do not deserve it! This would be too

much happiness for you!" [17] Briefly all these considerations jointly influenced her; she chose the unloved man.

We now continue the story of her life with an account of her marriage:

The bridal night was a tremendous disappointment for her. She had expected to experience the highest thrills but remained entirely cold. She was merely roused to a tremendous pitch and exhausted. Thereafter she was always tortured by the craving for the orgasm which failed to supervene. Nor did matters improve in time. She shifted the responsibility on her husband, although he was extraordinarily potent. According to her testimony he persevered in the sexual act for a whole hour or for an hour and a half in the endeavor to rouse her orgasm. His kisses became torturesome to her because she thought she detected a bad odor to his breath. Many women who do not love their husbands come upon such a discovery. Sometimes it seemed to her that the orgasm was about to set in, a very extraordinary sweet feeling began to steal over her . . . only to vanish, leaving her exhausted and unhappy, so that she gave up any further endeavors. She thus arrived at the *idée fixe* that she could achieve orgasm only in another man's embrace, which was very probable, indeed, as she had married this man without love.

Inasmuch as she repressed this thought, there developed various nervous symptoms which brought her to a sanitarium. In spite of cold hydropathic and electric treatments her condition did not improve. Her relations with her husband grew day by day more strained.

At this stage she became acquainted with the physician and went through the disappointment already mentioned, which brought her to me. Now the roots of her dyspareunia came to the surface. She resented being roused by any man because she wanted to be stronger than the male; and because she hated all men. The first disappointment sprouted in her mind the thought of vengeance. This is the reason why she failed to choose the beloved barrister. She avenged herself by leaving him in the lurch, just as she had been left in the lurch by her beloved companion. The groping for security against further errors of conduct also came into play; also other determinants which can only be touched upon here. The love affair with her friend's father shows us a fixation on the father. Furthermore, the never-absent homosexual component must also be taken into consideration.

In every case of dyspareunia we must ask ourselves: Has the woman any definite reason for hating her husband? Though she assure us a thousand times that she loves only her husband, that she is supremely happy to have him, animosity may lurk somewhere, preventing the occurrence of the orgasm.

The sexual trauma of the bridal night I have discussed in Chapter V of the present work. Women do not easily forget an insult or indignity inflicted on them during the wedding night. They avenge themselves on their husband by a lifelong avoidance of the orgasm.

I record below, in brief outline, several illustrative cases.

CASE 76. Mrs. G. B. has maintained a remarkable marriage relationship with her husband during the past ten years. They indulge in intercourse only once a month; and even that one time she is completely anæsthetic. She relates that her husband has grievously insulted her during the bridal night. Tearing off the bed covers he exclaimed: "My God! What an emaciated body you have. . . ." Then he started to caress her. For her this was a horrible, an unforgettable experience. Think of the brutality! A woman is bared for the first time; on this significant occasion when she expects the man, intoxicated by the spectacle of her charms, to take her in his arms, she has to submit to such an indignity! Subsequently the husband endeavored to win her love, but in vain. She remained cool, permitting him intercourse but once a month, although he assured her again and again that the unfortunate exclamation had escaped involuntarily from his lips. . . .

CASE 77. Mrs. Z. W. is likewise completely anæsthetic. In the seven years of her married life she has not learned the meaning of an orgasm. She wonders why human beings expose themselves and take such risks, even endangering their life, for the sake of physical indulgence. Her great bridal night trauma was her husband's exclamation, after the first coitus: "You are too big! You have deceived me!" She started to weep and wanted to return to her parents at once. For she was entirely innocent and rather ignorant about such matters. Then the husband withdrew his remark. Subsequently, however, she thought she detected signs that her husband still retained doubts about her virginity in spite of the fact that she had sworn on her mother's

life that she was innocent. Her love died in her; and all his efforts to rouse an orgasm in her were in vain.

Where he failed a young clerk in her husband's employ succeeded. She gave herself to this young man whom her husband ridiculed, precisely because the husband always referred to him as "that green little whipper-snapper!" Thus she avenged herself for the insult he had hurled at her. In the young man's embrace her coldness melted away; and for the first time she experienced orgasm. Anonymous letters apprised the husband of his wife's intimacy with that "green little whipper-snapper!" He only laughed at and ridiculed those who suspected his wife of such poor taste.

We are still disposed to underestimate the infantile obstinacy of most women, their predisposition to "resentment," their vengeful attitude, their inability to forget an insult and their play-acting propensities which enable them to mask the inner motives of their emotional aloofness. There are women who refuse to be made happy; they resent the thought that the man has saved them, that they owe him everything.

CASE 78. Mrs. G. L., 34 years of age, is wholly anæsthetic in her marriage. A remarkable feature is the fact that before marriage she was keenly responsive to the sexual embrace of the man who became her husband. At the age of 17 she began an intimacy with him, without any promise of marriage. She was pleasure-loving and wanted to "taste the joys of love." She experienced tremendous orgasms at the time. At 19, in spite of the lover's precautions, she became pregnant. She was a girl belonging to a respectable family and had had a strict moral upbringing. Her lover had never contemplated marriage. His financial condition was not of the best. He hesitated for a time; wanted her to have an abortion. This suggestion went against her grain. She hesitated, insisting that she would die rather than be guilty of infanticide. After three weeks of uncertainty he declared himself willing to marry her. She became his wife. *But she could never forgive him these three weeks of torture.* She was unaware of this motive. She complained merely of unresponsiveness; and learned only from me that in order to find herself again responsive she would have to forgive her husband, who was treating her very well and with whom her married life was otherwise very satisfactory. After an understanding with her husband her

orgasm returned, *i.e.*, much to her joy she was again responsive in his embrace, because she really wanted it.

CASE 79. Miss G. S. has been carrying on a love affair with a certain man for the past 10 years. She is 28 years of age, but has already a somewhat faded appearance. She wants advice, not knowing what to do. Her lover wants to marry her. But for the past two years she has felt no orgasm in his embrace. How can she marry a man who has nothing to offer her and to whom perhaps she, in turn, has nothing to offer?

Analysis of this case reveals the following facts:

She had given herself to this man, expecting he would marry her promptly, although she always said that "she was not thinking of marrying and did not want to bind herself." These words were meant merely to hide her longing for a conventional cover to her unmoral "liaison"; for although she had assumed the pose of a free, unprejudiced, independent, unconventional person, superior to the common ranks, in the depths of her soul she was, as a matter of fact, a devoted slave to the ordinary conventions, like the rest of her family, whose moral scruples she secretly shared. The lover, taking her at her word, never spoke about marriage. Her inner obstinacy grew until it rendered her frigid. Now when circumstances forced him to make a marriage offer she avenged herself by confessing her frigidity and refused the offer. She did not want to be made happy. There had been too much waiting. Moreover she was extremely jealous of his conquests and of his family which he always praised to her. His praise of his mother, in particular, rendered her frantic. She always said to him: "I am not jealous. You can pick up another sweetheart every day. I have no claim on you, I am not holding you. You are free. You can marry any one you want, I won't be angry if you do." All this was mere hypocrisy. Inwardly she was torn with jealousy; his "lack of character" worried her immensely; and waited with tense anticipation for the day when he would propose marriage in order to have the satisfaction of assuming the proud pose of refusing him. Then she intended to commit suicide, an act which would have meant inflicting additional refined punishment on the lover.

How could she have been responsive so long as she was filled with hatred, jealousy, and hurt pride? Her lover did not under-

stand the riddle of hysterical women: inwardly they always crave precisely contrary of that for which they express a desire.

The next case also illustrates this inability to forget. The analysis of this case has been carried out by Hilda Milko, my assistant. This case shows us the feeling-attitude of hatred between man and wife in a most extreme form.

CASE 80. Mrs. K. S., 31 years of age, married for the past seven years, suffers from troublesome compulsions which render her life well-nigh unbearable. The trouble broke forth approximately four years ago and is now at its worst, so that she feels herself compelled to seek professional aid.

Her marriage was a love match. She comes from a family of modest circumstances and had been employed as a bank clerk. Her husband belongs to a more pretentious family and married her without the consent of his family so that they broke with him. She claims to love her husband very devotedly. Orgasm she never experienced; during intercourse she does not get aroused at all but remains indifferent. Claims that at the first he did not know how to carry out the sexual act and had asked her about it; she knew as little about it as he. When the first intercourse was finally achieved she found herself badly disappointed because she had felt only pain and no gratification. Anxious to avoid children they practiced *coitus interruptus;* usually the husband fingered her and carried on cunnilingus. This roused in her a slight pleasurable response, but she thought it was an unhealthy practice; also, she was ashamed to be roused in this way. Therefore she gave her husband to understand that this form of indulgence was obnoxious to her, whereupon he reverted to the ordinary form of intercourse. For years past she has thus remained wholly unresponsive. She wants to bring about the desired change while adhering to this "normal" form of intercourse. She is also very anxious to have a child. During the beginning of their married life her husband was very passionate; she had always repulsed his advances because she felt indifferent and was unaroused. Although at times she has the desire of being tender with him, shame compels her to suppress this impulse. She fears him *because he always wants to train her.* As far back as during their engagement she was already afraid of him for this reason. She could not understand how he could find so

much to criticize her about, if he really loved her. Much to her horror she frequently detects in herself a feeling of aversion against her husband. It started with the fear which she always entertained already as a young wife that some other woman will capture her husband's heart; this groundless jealousy has caused her endless suffering.

A certain neighbor, Mrs. X., she suspected in particular of flirting with her husband. She hated this woman thoroughly. She thought the woman was doing it deliberately because she knew that it would hurt her. However, her keen hatred of this woman persisted even after she convinced herself that her suspicions were without grounds, although she admits that the woman was "very good and kind." If she succeeded in thinking a kindly thought about the woman she was glad. She came no longer into contact with the woman, who had removed to another part of the city; nevertheless most of her compulsive thoughts centered around this woman.

Her compulsions are varied; most common is the following thought: Mrs. X. will find out that she is not well and will do something "for spite" to plunge her into insanity. Or, if she should give a beggar any alms, or something to eat, the beggar might go to Mrs. X. and tell her that she received "good pay" for what she had done. She is always afraid that somebooy will do something to her "for spite" to drive her insane. She entertains the same fear regarding her sisters, of whom she is otherwise very fond. She is suspicious of all persons, always thinking that they are bent on avenging themselves on her for something. Money plays a great rôle in her compulsions; for instance, she imagines she failed to pay her servants and looks for the money among the onion or potato peelings. For the past few months her most troublesome compulsive thoughts are centered on a certain letter. She looks for a letter everywhere, everything she gives out of her hand, such as money, becomes a letter to her mind. She cannot send out her laundry because she is afraid that the letter will be found in the laundry bag. She cannot clothe herself or change her underwear because the letter may be stuck somewhere and get lost on the street when she goes out. Before she leaves the house she examines the soles of her shoes to make sure that the letter is not accidentally stuck on them. On account of these compulsive precautions it takes her hours to get ready to leave the house. In short, she has arrived at a state in which it is no longer possible for her to

undertake the least thing because back of anything she tries to do there lurks the fear of the fateful letter.

This compulsive thought she traces back to a certain letter which she had written to her husband many years ago, in the endeavor to arrive at an understanding with him over a matter about which she could not bring herself to speak to him. She wrote to explain her extreme jealousy which rendered her so very unhappy and emptied her whole heart to him. She knows positively that she has burned the letter after he read it; nevertheless the fear continually pursues her that she may have neglected to do so and that at any time the letter may turn up somewhere.

Her marriage relations were badly shattered at the time, but the written confession improved the situation a little. She is still fearfully obstinate and stubborn with her husband. Although he lays great stress on seeing her well dressed she never gives him this satisfaction. Often when he arranges her gown on her, his touch engenders in her a strong feeling of resentment.

As a young girl, before she became acquainted with her husband, she was in love with an elderly man who wanted to marry her. Her parents opposed the match because the man was a Jew and because he was not in a position properly to take care of her. She loved this man very dearly because he was very tender with her and because she felt that he understood her. He was firmly determined to marry her and figured all possible plans, including a possible elopement, in order to compel her parents to relent. However, she was tired of the continual fight she had at home on his account and with a heavy heart she gave him up. She was particularly sorry for her mother. Her father, who was a very austere man, inveighed mercilessly on the mother when the latter showed an inclination to relent in favor of her daughter's heart's desire.

She had considerable trouble giving up the man because he would not be dismissed. He threatened to kill her if she abandoned him. He watched for her and threatened her with a revolver so that she was compelled to turn him over to the police to keep the peace.

At the time she was but slightly acquainted with the man who afterwards became her husband, but suddenly fell in love with him and threw herself into this love affair in order to forget the other man. She does not regret having abandoned her first lover at the time, because she herself believes it would have been a most unfortunate step for her to have married him. His violent

temper revealed itself to her only after she gave him up. Nevertheless she yearned very much after him during the early period of her married life because the marriage proved a severe disappointment to her. She missed the tenderness and appreciation she expected from her husband and she was unhappy from the beginning.

An unpleasant experience she had gone through during her girlhood days threw its shadows across her later years. A young colleague who was courting her once tried to seduce her. She was saved at the last minute by the unexpected appearance of a girl colleague on the scene. She recalls having been filled only with great fear when he seized her and shut her mouth by pressing his against it to prevent her from crying out.

As a girl she suffered so severely from morbid blushing that for a year most of the time she wore a bandage around her face, telling her friends that she was suffering from toothache. This morbid blushing continued after her marriage and for this reason she avoided going out with her husband during the daytime, inasmuch as she did not want him to notice it. For this reason, too, she could not go with him to any public place.

She relates that as a child she always told fibs, but that she was always convinced of the truth of the stories she told. This frequently happens to this day. She masturbated by pressing her thighs together; later she gave up this habit because she regarded it as injurious and sinful. She is much surprised to note that her compulsions engender a pleasurable excitation; they culminate in an overwhelming sense of fatigue which is also far from unpleasant.

Hilda Milko's Statement: The analysis of this patient, which I undertook with the aid of Dr. Stekel, brought to light the following data: She was strongly homosexual, emotionally fixated on her mother and on her sister. Her father she hated because he was unfair towards the mother. She dreamed often of intercourse with women. Her homosexuality, which she was unwilling to acknowledge, was the basis of her feeling-attitude of hatred against the neighbor as well as against other women whom in the course of time she suspected of enticing her husband from her.

As a child of 12 she had already well-developed breasts and was ashamed because her playmates teased her about it and tauntingly offered her their dolls to nurse. She began to strap herself with towels and to walk bending forward so as to hide the

fulness of her bust. Afterwards when her fiancé asked her why she assumed such a peculiar gait she was ashamed to tell him the reason; but she wrote him a letter in which she confessed that she was ashamed to be a woman.

After her homosexuality was explained to her, she thought of certain peculiarities of her husband which she could never understand. Thus on Sundays he always cooked and attended to the household cares. He wanted her to be admired by all the other men; and during the summer seasons he left her with his friend for long periods. She never acquiesced to his wish to lie on top of him during sexual intercourse. Her dread of insanity expresses the fear that the homosexuality will break to the surface. On the other hand she harbored the wish of becoming insane because then she could carry out freely whatever her impulses led her to do.

In her compulsions money represented merely love. She doubted whether her husband still loved her because he had become very indifferent towards her. She wanted to do everything in her power to restore his love for her.

The analysis revealed a strong feeling-attitude of hatred against the husband. She felt he had deceived her and inwardly she considered him a scoundrel. She regarded him as responsible for her illness which prevented her from enjoying life. She had been a pleasure-loving, light-hearted girl; and now her husband had deadened everything in her. Her reproaches were not altogether unjustified because her husband was an ailing man and she had to endure much on account of his peculiarities. Above all she felt she had been cheated out of enjoying love; and no woman forgives this to a man.

The analysis awakened a tremendous zest for living in this woman who previously had entertained thoughts of self-destruction. She also learned to understand that the responsibility for her alleged frigidity rested chiefly with her. *She recalls having thought that it was sinful for her to be roused by her friend's kiss. She went to church and swore to keep herself chaste and pure and to permit no man to touch her;* by this she meant that she wouldn't allow herself to be hugged close while being kissed, because this brought on her orgasm. She suffered much when she weakened and allowed herself to be kissed again in this manner. On such occasions she was tortured by the keenest self-reproaches and always ran to the church to purge herself of the sin. As a young wife, unhappy in her marital state, her despair

drove her to confession. Although she remained wholly unresponsive, the fear of carnal sin still persevered.

The malicious sex conflict raged in her married life with all its fury. Husband and wife continually tested their powers to prove who was the stronger of the two. The man repressed her altogether; he did not grant her the least freedom of choice even in household matters. All her recent attempts to come to an understanding with him have proven fruitless. He insisted that they would never arrive at an understanding unless she first gave up her obstinate ways with him. He embittered her immeasurably on one occasion when he complained of her to her mother and she heard him say: "It is a case of either bending her or breaking her."

In the course of the analysis her attitude towards her husband improved because she learned to recognize her own shortcomings.

We also succeeded in dissolving the compulsions which were linked with pleasurable feelings. On becoming very excited, dreading, for instance, that some one will find the letter, this excitement "brought it on." She declares that she had never experienced such a feeling during her husband's embrace.

These compulsive thoughts covered a "seduction" fantasy. Her mind always dwelt on the episode between herself and the friend. But while going through the episode over again, and re-living it, as it were, her fantasy carried the incident to its logical culmination; she went through a seduction scene, thus achieving a modest orgasm. She now recalls having experienced similar feelings on reading rape scenes in novels. Next she confesses that she had always wished that her husband would be very passionate and assault her. *"Such a tame intercourse"* does not rouse her at all. She admits having often goaded him into anger, expecting him to strike her. At the same time she was very much afraid that this might happen; and she believes she could not have endured it. *She wanted to be coerced into womanliness by force so as to overcome her masculinity.* After this fantasy was brought into her consciousness she became more passionate in her husband's embrace; she found herself craving intercourse and somewhat responsive.

The complete weaning from her compulsive thoughts was brought about through the solution of her compulsive concern with the letter. Dr. Stekel surmised that the letter she was always afraid of losing stood for a "memorandum." The patient, unable to forgive her husband something, must have decided to present

him with a "memorandum." She admitted this to be the case. Suddenly the following incident came to her mind: They had a terrible quarrel. Some neglect on her part had so roused her husband's ire that he flew at her with a knife. Quick as a flash there crossed through her mind the thought of killing him with the axe. Subsequently, too, she remarked once to herself that her husband was a light sleeper, but did not carry the thought any further.

One day, before I had solved her compulsive thoughts, she came to me in despair. She was so unhappy about herself, she hated herself so that she could not look at herself in the mirror; she feels like shooting herself. Her husband deserves a better wife; he ought to be free. Her conscience was troubling her; because her husband was again very tender with her she felt remorseful on account of the vengeful thoughts which were threatening to break into her consciousness at the time. Taking her life meant carrying out the *pœna talionis* (eye for an eye) on herself. After she realized what this letter may mean she said that for the past couple of days she had been searching for a "statement." This she could not understand, particularly as the statement seemed to have to do with an error on her part. As a matter of fact she had never presented anybody with a statement in her life. But now she understood: it was the "account" with her husband.

This patient's unwillingness to "see" expressed itself very handsomely in a symbolic manner. Throughout her illness she was never able to look at her image in the mirror.

She was discharged from the psychoanalytic course entirely cured. The analysis had accomplished wonders in her case. It changed an unhappy marriage into a happy one; it brought together two human beings who were drifting farther apart. The wife is extremely happy to experience orgasm during marital intercourse. This frigid woman has turned into a responsive wife. Since the husband discovered that he was able to render her responsive during the sexual embrace, he, too, has changed. She has no occasion to complain of indifference on his part any longer. In fact she is thoroughly satisfied with the tenderness he displays towards her. Thus both have been helped. The sex struggle between them is apparently stilled. At any rate the husband has learned to give up his attempts at training her, to desist from contrasting disparagingly his prominent family with her humbler family circle. Moreover he treats her with greater confidence and

no longer watches minutely over her household expenditures. Many petty misunderstandings between them have been cleared up, barriers which had seemed insurmountable have faded away, the feeling of sinfulness in connection with the orgasm has disappeared. She has discovered the courage to be herself.

CASE 81. Mrs. N. M. discovers that on the second day after marriage her husband met an old sweetheart of his. Her orgasm disappeared never to reappear again. She attributes her frigidity to her firm belief that her husband does not like her and is probably disappointed in her. Afterwards he tried to convince her that this was not so, but he had hurt her pride so badly that the mistake could not be undone. This woman, too, had refused a man whom she had passionately loved. Afraid of her tremendous passion she chose a man for whom she did not care and made herself very unhappy.

The mechanism I have outlined above plays an important rôle in the sex struggle. Women flee from the man they loved best—the man whom they most passionately yearn for. The fear of one's own passion, the dread of losing oneself in self-subjection proves stronger than the instinct; therefore the women take blindly some unloved man, imagine they love him and play-act this apparent love with great virtuosity. The desire to domineer triumphs over love. The will to power outweighs the will to subjection. These women avoid genuine love; they seek escape in half-love or part-love which gives a lesser glow to life but which also decreases the prospective dangers as well as the risks of defeat.

CASE 82. Miss L. A. becomes acquainted with a young man with whom she falls in love at sight. Theretofore she had been proud, unapproachable, cool, shy and had ridiculed men's attempts to arouse her interest in them. Above all she was stubborn—always insisting on carrying out her will. With Alfred—this was the young man's name—she felt herself powerless. At a wink from him she followed like a dutiful dog. He kissed her and she melted—powerless in his arms. Alfred loved her most passionately,—as he had never loved a woman in his life before. Sometimes he found pleasure in teasing her. Once he entertained another young woman in order to make her jealous. She used

this pretext to break with him and became engaged to another man, towards whom she was indifferent. Triumphantly she told Alfred of her engagement, describing in florid colors how dearly she loved the man and how happy she was. . . . Subsequently this engagement was broken. Towards Alfred she retained her feeling-attitude of great animosity and obstinacy, through which alone she was able to preserve her freedom and independence.

This defence reaction—"flight from love"—is the cause of innumerable tragedies and conflicts. It is the mark of an obstinate struggle for spiritual values staked against physical values. It amounts to a great social problem; no other theme illustrates so well the changes which love has undergone in the course of centuries.

It is an undeniable fact that in the course of the past centuries —*i.e.*, so far as we are able to trace its development—love has grown continually more complex. Emil Lucka,[18] in his very interesting book, *Die Drei Stufen der Erotik* (The Three Stages of Erotism), has attempted to prove that originally love was purely sexual. Later—especially during the Middle Ages—under the influence of the Catholic church there set in a purely spiritual, or metaphysical love. But modern culture requires a union of both forms: the fusion of physical sexuality and spiritual erotism. This he claims is the modern ideal of love. I do not believe in this historic sequence. However, it is true that all these tendencies coexist in every one and that the more highly organized individual tends to prize more and more the spiritual values along with the physical qualities. It is inconceivable why Lucka regards these developmental stages as holding true of the man's love but not of the woman's; he holds that woman's love has always been both spiritual and physical and that she has not suffered from a division between the two. Lucka states:

"The generations back of the twilight period slowly leading up to the twilight age of mythology had no inhibitions about fulfilling the needs and requirements of the sexual instinct. That an occasional pairing, soon overlooked, might bear some intimate relationship to child-bearing, in some woman or other of the tribe, became obvious only after the lapse of a long time, for it is a conception implying greater intellectual facul-

ties than can be ascribed to primitive man. Any attempt to regulate sexuality at that period could have appeared only as criminal and sacrilegious. The sexual instinct prevailed in its raw form; it was little individualized—or not at all. Even where occasionally individual predilections made themselves felt, it was still a case of raw craving rather than "love." Love was unknown in the ancient world; and although the myth of Orpheus involves an emotion corresponding somewhat to modern love, it is but an exceptional instance in the whole Greek antiquity. Plato was the first to contrast the lower, or common, eros to a divine eros—spiritual love. But platonic love evolved in the direction of the purely spiritual, finding its climax in the ideas of beauty, goodness and truth; it stands for a super-mundane ideal and points the pathway thereto."

This metaphysical love of Plato's, therefore, implies love of a general character; it does not mean love directed to a particular person: the latter Lucka looks upon as the peculiar characteristic of the true or—as he might more properly have called it—European ideal of love. This development came about through the influence of a new religion which placed its emphasis upon the soul, upon the concept of personality. "Through the influence of Christianity the new concept arose that the soul of man represents the most obvious and the highest quality of life,—the very core of life and faith—a standpoint which even Plato had not attained." One must turn to Lucka's work for a remarkable and lucid account of the renascence of Europe wherein he shows that, after the period of sensuousness and of esthetic idealism, typical of antiquity after the age of abstract speculation and historic formulation of belief characteristic of the Middle Ages, the feelings arose to capture the soul of man.

In Christianity the spiritual love of the divine ideal has become the pivotal point in the emotional life, its highest value. This capacity for spiritual identification applies to all erotic relations. A new, hitherto unknown feeling arises: the spiritual love of man for woman. This feeling presents three features: The basic idea of Plato, that the striving after perfection represents the highest value; this is the concept of love

as the path to personal perfection. Second, the spiritual love of divinity, wholly non-sensuous, evolved through Christianity, a love conceived as self-sufficient and, later, as the true object of existence; finally, the appreciation of the worth of the individual—which is the natural sequence of the preceding attitude. Thus we see that the ideal of Antiquity, Christianity and the spirit of the New Age jointly have evolved the second stage of erotism—the spiritual love for woman—through which woman is deified, placed on a pedestal; the same woman who theretofore had been treated merely as a servant, child-bearer or even looked upon as the incarnation of sin, the alluring she-devil. Thus the various Troubadours sang: "I am not a lover, I am an implorer." Another: "Beauty, which God Himself wanted to hide, He has chosen to bestow upon a single being." This spiritual love has a distinctly religious tinge; it finds its highest expression in the cult of the Madonna. This is the period characterized by an overvaluation of spiritual love. It is a delicate, tenuous love, not craving for possession. It develops erotism to the highest point but it neglects entirely sexuality.

Next a split takes place between sexuality and erotism; this becomes the burning problem of our day. In *Tannhäuser* Richard Wagner has graphically portrayed this split, giving it expression in the two figures, Venus and Elizabeth. With the solution of this conflict he had preoccupied himself for a long period. He sought the solution until he found it in the fusion of Venus and Elizabeth into a single person.

Lucka calls this the third phase of erotism: the union of sensuousness and love. We experience to-day a higher form of love which has its roots on earth and which, nevertheless, is capable of the highest reaches. We yearn for the union of souls; this becomes the object of life. Lucka has thus given fitting expression to a commonly known fact. I say "commonly known" although I am aware that many persons are unwilling to recognize this truth. . . . But I have been in a position repeatedly to observe that this fusion of sensuality and erotism plays a supreme rôle in the spiritual life of modern man. . . . This is the reason why happy marriages are rare and why our age displays more tragic life histories than any

other. A satisfactory adjustment between mind and body is so rare! . . .

Man in his materialistic manner is accustomed to underestimate this influence and to neglect the spiritual factor. However, any one who looks deeply into real life must acknowledge that Lucka is right. As a matter of fact there are numerous highly differentiated human beings with whom love must pass the spiritual test. Where this fails or where it leads to physical dissonances, the background is set for an unhappy marriage. Only the physician has the opportunity of knowing how many persons suffer nowadays on account of these conflicts, how many human lives are wrecked by them. The history of this form of love's tragedy is largely an epitome of the life of modern man. The conflict is expressed by Ibsen (*Nora, The Woman of the Sea, Hedda Gabler*), by Hauptmann (*Lonely Men, Griselda*) and in particularly fine form by Schnitzler, who in his two works, *Reigen* and *Zwischenspiel,* portrays the boundaries of gratification and love.

The love life of the more highly organized woman has also undergone a marked change. Formerly the senses led the way to her heart and soul. Nowadays the reverse course is the only pathway. Man must first appeal to her spiritually, then she is ready to yield her whole body. The psychoanalysis of *anæsthesia sexualis feminarum* again and again proves this truth. At the same time it is undeniably true that the reverse type is still current and rather common. Not all the women are responsible for the harlots in their midst. In the course of our inquiries into these matters we come upon higher and lower levels of appraisal. . . . Our clinical histories have revealed to us the significance of these facts. I know that in this respect I stand in direct contradiction to the standpoint recognized by the narrower Freudian school which identifies but one type or form of love—the sexual. Even if this were so, the process of love sublimation has reached far enough so that the various manifestations of love, despite their common origin, can no longer be considered as identical. The love ideal of a person typical of our modern culture is the fusion of these two components—the spiritual and the physical. Of course this renders our love choice extraordinarily complex; it makes

marriage one of the most serious problems of our age. For it is in marriage that the struggle of the sexes entangles the phenomenon of love, while economic and practical problems force solutions. However, to deny the spiritual factors of love is to do violence to the relationship. There are cases of dyspareunia which may be explained only in the sense that the man has neglected to seek contact with the woman's soul or at least has failed to find it.

The pathway through spirituality wins! It is the surest way also for women to secure their husbands' love. Goethe has shown us both ways with two episodes from his own life: his purely physical love for Vulpius and, the spiritual pathway, in his love for Frau von Stein.

For a long time I have held that the woman "nobody understands" is an ungratified woman. Of course, a majority of the women "nobody understands" are sexually unsatisfied. But this is true only in the sense that they fail to accept sexual gratification—in spite of the opportunities that richly present themselves; they remain cool in the man's embrace because, as a matter of fact, he fails to grasp a spiritual understanding of her. In this respect, too, we find two types: The woman hungry for physical love but mated with an impotent or weakly potent man who shifts her love hunger upon the spiritual plane and assumes the rôle of a misunderstood wife, because she is ashamed to acknowledge her lack of gratification; and the physically over-satiated, or apparently indifferent, woman who yearns for understanding, who longs for the recognition of her own personality which she wants to find reflected and loved in a male image. Between these two extremes we find innumerable transitional types so that every investigator finds typical women to prove his particular contention, inasmuch as all possible types are met.

Modern woman demands an appreciation of her spiritual peculiarity; she means to stand forth as a personality; she proposes to throw the weight of her testimony in the scale of male decisions; she refuses to be merely a tool or a plaything (Ibsen's problem in Nora!). With this requirement fulfilled, every inhibition which otherwise stands in the way of her sexuality is released. Nor is this merely a question of potency.

There are sexual athletes incapable of gratifying a wife, while men of weak potency easily succeed if their wives love them. Weininger's legend that all women, figuratively speaking, prostrate themselves before the great phallus, holds true of many women; it is not true of the choicest members of the sex.

CASE 83. Mrs. P. H. has been married for the past eight years to a man who is a member of an athletic club. She visits the gynecologic clinic on account of a slight inflammation of the ovaries. There she complains that her husband gives her no peace, that he tortures her for hours. She perceives only pain and does not know the meaning of gratification. The man is rough and violent. She fears him and contemplates abstaining from all marital intercourse. On the physicians' express advice she enjoys abstinence for periods of four to six weeks, whereupon her husband threatens to seek gratification outside their marital bonds. Finally he takes a sweetheart. This does not trouble her in the least. On the contrary. She is happy to be able to enjoy peace and looks upon the months that follow as the happiest period of her married life. Because her husband mistreats her and once actually assaulted her she wants a divorce and calls on an attorney. In his office she meets a clerk who is the exact opposite of her husband. The clerk is humble, delicate, weak, but he is also loving and tender. They become closely acquainted and he begins to court her. He writes her tender letters. His petty attentions flatter and please her. The husband had always assumed a lordly air towards her. He is always the first to pass through the door and never offers to help her with jacket or coat when they go out. These petty matters trouble her very much. Her husband never shows her the usual courtesies. The clerk is always courteous; he always opens the door for her; he is always attentive to her wants. He courts her. They find that they have similar intellectual interests. Both are fond of the theatre. They feel an intensive love for nature. With his first kiss her anæsthesia vanishes.

The clerk consults me because he suffers from *ejaculatio præcox;* being in a very delicate state of health he is afraid he will not be able to gratify the woman. He is reassured on these points. I point out that women's taste differs in this respect; a woman's love overcomes such difficulties. In practice we frequently find that spiritual harmony favors the occurrence of the orgasm. He is also instructed in the proper *ars amandi.*

Several weeks later I have occasion to speak with both. This man's relatively weak *potentia* has roused the keenest orgasm in the woman. She was as happy as a being introduced into a new world. In the course of their relationship his *potentia* progressively improved.

After the divorce they married; now they live very happily together. He confesses that his *potentia* is still far from what it should be. But he is as tender as ever with his wife; and thus he succeeds in bringing on simultaneous orgasm during their sexual embrace. He recognizes this by the convulsive motions of her muscles. He is able to rouse this woman's orgasm also with kisses and other caresses. This was the same woman whose frigidity in the embrace of a highly potent man drove her to take a lover.

Her feeling-attitude towards her first husband was one of animosity. His tyrannical nature wounded her personality. The second husband was able to redeem all her pent-up sexuality. He proved a superior man; therefore she was able to give herself. He knew how to turn to their mutual advantage both the physical and the spiritual trends of her personality.

Strange are the cases in which the fusion of these propensities does not succeed. Such women play a double rôle; they yearn for two forms of love which they try to unite, but never succeed in fusing. They perceive their raw sexuality as a fall, a defeat, a blot upon their womanliness and withhold precisely from the beloved man that which they freely grant a stranger. They do not want to expose themselves as animal-like or harlot-like before the husband's eyes. They want to maintain the proud pose of being interested only in spiritual love. It seems strange that they should be capable of giving themselves to the man they love spiritually without becoming physically roused! Their spiritual overballast counterbalances the possibility of an orgasm. It is as if these women were ashamed to disclose their "animal-like" propensities.

The following remarkable case illustrates this complex love psychology:

CASE 84. Mrs. D. S. is now 40 years of age, the widow of a famous artist. Although she had great love and respect for her

husband she was completely anæsthetic with him. He was a dreamer bent on checking his sensuality. Often he refrained from sexual intercourse for months at a time. Indeed, there were periods of years during which he hardly indulged in the physical pleasures of love. Thus he awakened in his wife an excessive sensitiveness which continued strongly to influence her after his death. She retired to a little village where she maintained a home for frail children. She felt lonely. She missed the spiritual stimulus which she had enjoyed in full measure during her husband's companionship.

One day there came into her life a young man destined to play an important rôle. He came to her home as a convalescent patient. He, too, was an artist and a wonderful musician. The days that followed were full of inspiration for the woman. The two promptly fell in love and she became his sweetheart. Her love was and is to this day so great that she feels happy only in his presence. When he is away she does nothing but anxiously await his return. Her whole life is wrapped in her Lothario. In spite of her great love for him she has remained cool in his arms. She felt only a maternal satisfaction that he liked her and enjoyed possessing her. Sexual intercourse rouses her without gratifying her; after such indulgence she finds herself so sleepless and excited that sometimes she has to resort to masturbation to ease herself and fall asleep.

Another man, too, crossed her path. He was a forester, a powerful, rough individual who, on finding himself alone with her one day, took possession of her without wasting many words. She was so dumbfounded that she submitted without saying a word. In his embrace she experienced the keenest orgasm. Next day he called again, expecting to find this "sensual" woman his willing sweetheart, but she denied herself to him. A whole month passed before she yielded to him again. "In his arms," she states, "I have regained my health for the past months. It is like a wild intoxication, but followed by an indescribable disgust, when I think of my Lothar. Thus I vacillate between Paul and Lothar. Paul I hate; Lothar I love. Nevertheless, Paul is the one who gratifies me. His rough, vulgar manners repel me; at the same time they seem to draw me to him. On the other hand everything about Lothar holds me to him; but it seems I must act like a harlot in order to feel. As a lady I can never respond."

Paul fell ravingly in love with the wise, intellectual woman.

He proposed marriage. She rejected him scornfully. What did he think? For marriage she can have another man. He is good enough to have a good time with and nothing more. In spite of these humiliating remarks this man pursues her like a humble dog. She will have nothing to do with him until her hour of weakness comes. Then she becomes like a person transformed and the raw words which escape her lips she would never be guilty of using on any other occasion.

Here we note that the orgasm is linked with a descent from the spiritual level. This seems to be her specific requisite. She must turn from angel to beast, according to her own expression, before she can enjoy her physical cravings.

In this case the anæsthesia which manifests itself during the woman's sexual embrace with her Lothar is traceable to her false notions about sexuality. She feels repentant whenever she responds to Lothar. This man must not think her a whore. Having split love into a higher and a lower form she panders to both.

Frequently we find a similar mechanism among men. Some men are potent only with harlots, or with women of low caste, while their spiritual love is linked to persons with whom they are sexually impotent. Here we find the interplay of those important mechanisms described by Freud as infantile fixation and infantile feeling-attitudes and the split between "tenderness" and "sensuality" which we have already described.

I want to add a few more data illustrating the remarkable fact that women are capable of splitting their erotism and sexuality apart and that, with many of them, sinking down to the "animal" level is a specific requisite for attaining orgasm. No other manifestation so clearly illustrates the bipolarity of all mental and physical phenomena.

We have referred already to the woman who in her love life must strive forward through the pathway of spirituality (we shall refer to this type again in the following chapters). Such a woman rises spiritually in order to take natural things as natural. The bipolar contrast to this type is the woman who lowers herself in order to enjoy orgasm. Among the American women this type is said to be very common.

I am acquainted with numerous cases in which a return to nature, or "to the people" releases the cravings with an unsuspected intensity. The well-known fact that women of social standing fall in love with such men as waiters, chauffeurs, servants, workmen, illustrates our theme. I have already mentioned the wonderfully accurate scene in Zola's *Labor,* where this writer describes how the factory owner's wife is violated by a dirty workman on a bundle of sooty rags in the corner of a cellar and she is so passionately roused that she cannot forget the orgasm and thereafter she thinks day and night of this thrilling experience. Strindberg's *Miss Julie* deals with the same theme; a countess becomes the lover of a rough manservant.

The finest presentation of this conflict is found in a drama by a Swedish author. I refer to Sven Lange's *Samson and Dalila.* A great artist passionately loves his wife, the star tragedian of the theatre. Next to his creative work she alone lends meaning to his life. He creates for her sake only. But she hates him because he is so great, because she recognizes in him her spiritual superior. She finds the spiritual pathway too troublesome, too complex. She does not want to be listening always to his dramas and his passionate tirades. His complex psyche oppresses her. She takes a lover, "Meyer," the simple, rough, uncouth furniture dealer. How could a great artist be jealous of this simple Meyer? Nevertheless the artist's life is wrecked on account of this stupid fellow. The artist's wife does not need to have recourse to the roundabout pathway of spirituality; she finds this too irksome. With her lover she can be on simple terms. Love is with him the same thing that it is with her: the fulfilment of a physical need. Thus she wreaks her vengeance on this spiritual Samson, this intellectual giant who now bitterly feels what happens to one's heart when Philistines triumph over the artist. Dalila triumphs. Samson hears the terrible cry: *"Philister ueber dir!"*

In actual life compromises, as with Lothar and Paul, are more common. I recall an occurrence which reveals perhaps more clearly than any other, a deep insight into the psyche of woman.

CASE 85. While I was still a student I became acquainted with a typical Viennese girl. One of my friends claimed that he would become intimate with her on the day of making her acquaintance. Another, whom we shall call the idealist, denied that such a thing was possible. Ernst—this was the first friend's name—escorted Mizzi home and invited her to spend the evening with him. Mizzi hesitated, though not for very long. She said he must take her home first; she would change her dress and tell her mother that she will be out late because she was going to a girl friend's house. When they reached her house an elderly gentleman was standing before the door. Mizzi exclaimed under her breath: "Here's uncle!" She left the student standing and disappeared into the house, not to return. After an hour of waiting Ernst went his way.

On the following day the idealist hurled bitter reproaches at him. Although he thought that the elderly gentleman, the alleged uncle, was a wealthy admirer who was supporting the girl, he was affected by the story the idealist told him. The latter stated that Mizzi had wept throughout the whole night. She was a decent girl and had never been insulted so in her life! The idealist thought further that such a girl must be approached on the emotional side and began to make love to her. After a time he actually fell in love with the girl and gave her various little presents. They went together to the theatre and on excursions to the Wienerwald. Occasionally he surprised her with beautiful poems, for he was a lyric poet and now he had the opportunity of singing in verse the praises of his beloved and of receiving, as compensation, a chaste kiss. This relationship continued for a half year without any further developments. He arrived at the conclusion that the girl was extraordinarily modest; she did not tolerate the least reference to sexual matters.

He frequently called for her to accompany her on her errands. On one occasion he escorted her to her aunt who lived in the neighborhood of the inn where he and his colleagues were in the habit of spending their leisure time. He waited for her at the inn. She was to pass by unobtrusively. He was talking with his comrades. Presently a colleague, B., joined them at their table. At the same time Mizzi passed by. "This is my sweetheart," said B. to his colleagues and proceeded to praise the charms of his Viennese flapper. "And her fiancé, a stupid fellow, has escorted her to my house; he is now waiting somewhere in

the neighborhood for her." He did not know that our idealist was the man to whom he had reference. The latter turned white and slipped unobtrusively from the place. He wanted to reproach Mizzi for this. But he was afraid she would get angry and break with him. He did not want to part from her without having possessed her. He attributed the platonic character of his relationship to his unadroitness, to his lack of experience in love matters. On the following day he invited her to his home. A little supper was prepared; they ate, drank, kissed and were in happy mood. Suddenly the idealist grew bolder and bolder. Mizzi was scandalized; she repulsed energetically his advances; she swore she would leave his "den" at once, if he did not behave. His conduct that day, she found, was extraordinarily vulgar.

Now the idealist lost all patience. He became wild and hurled the truth into her face. He knew very well that the alleged aunt was his colleague B, and what she was doing there!

The effect was stupendous. Mizzi had a hysterical attack. She began to sob and cry so that he could not quiet her. Finally she had to be driven home in a cab.

He received an excited letter from her: She had thought that he was better than the others, that he was a genuine idealist. Little did she suspect that he was the same kind of beast as B., or Ernst. . . . She had thought that he truly loved her. She had appreciated his spirit; his "pure" love had been the most precious treasure of her life.

Thus she disappeared from his sight; he never possessed her.[19]

As a matter of fact this love dualism is far from rare. A woman sometimes has a "heart" lover and another lover for the delectation of her senses and insists on drawing a sharp line between the two relationships. For her "heart" lover she frequently chooses a distant objective. She loves artists, particularly singers or actors, also literary men and writes them tender messages without caring in particular to become personally acquainted with them.

Women's preference for artists is often linked with their vanity and pride and arises out of the wish to be envied by other women. A woman dresses exquisitely usually to outdo her rivals, seldom for the man; so also she enjoys the conquest of a famous man only because other women envy her, because she feels flattered to be preferred above all others.

Her self-esteem too rises tremendously on feeling herself appreciated by a man of prominence. Certain women are always frigid in the embrace of the artists with whom they are intimate; nevertheless they keep up these relationships. This helps their vanity and enhances their feeling of personality. Indeed, they cling to these flighty lovers with all their might, loath to lose them. They exhibit true love madness, endure every humiliation, yield to any form of sexual gratification required of them in order to avoid the supreme humiliation of being cast aside. I know artists who are surrounded by a whole bevy of such women, unable to get rid of them.

On the other hand we must regard the love of modern woman for artists as a symptom of her reaching for spiritual heights. She craves contact with a higher species of human being, she wants to participate in spiritual interests, she wants to be able to sublimate a portion of her sexual longings. She wants to accompany the man on his flight to the highest peaks of human achievement, in order the better to enjoy, by contrast, life's depths.[20]

There are anæsthetic women embittered by their marriage who continually long for an artist who shall enrich their prosaic existence with the lustre of creative artistry. Art is the greatest of "procurers"! In her very essence art is transvalued erotism; therefore art fosters a reversal to its primordial forms. Sometimes a common appreciation of a branch of art is the only link which holds together a couple, preventing their complete separation. A modern woman of culture yearns for the refined psyche of an artist who understands and appreciates her sensitiveness, one who—what is more—respects her without her having to ask for it, and who makes it possible for her to overcome her inhibitions. This, above all, is what the woman wants. The anæsthetic woman feels that her inhibitions are something obnoxious. They prevent her from enjoying life; she finds no sense in living. What do I live for? This is the eternal question which confronts these women. The underlying thought to this question is that life without love is meaningless. Women who love are happy and they never ask themselves such a question. Only the ungratified, the love-hungry, are obsessed with such questions. The artist

reveals to them the meaning of life; he awakens their love. Like all other human beings, these women, too, yearn for love. They want to love a worth-while personality—some one to whom it is but natural to yield, some one for whose sake one may do anything—including things which to others would seem disgusting, unmoral or degrading, some one with whom everything seems self-evident, natural. Indeed the artist has always stood somewhat apart from the moral code of his age.

The pronounced bi-sexuality of all artists also attracts the women to them. They perceive in the artist more than the spiritual bloom of the male genus. The pronouncedly feminine traits of the artist's psyche which are often reflected also in his physical constitution are another lure. Woman's masculine trend seeks its own. The artist has not only pronounced feminine traits, but he is also much of a child yearning to be mothered; this makes for his sweetheart a place in his life; she helps him carry on his creative work.

CASE 86. Mrs. R. Q., a mother of six children, at the age of 40 did not know of the existence of a libido, or that a woman can be roused in a man's embrace. The story of her life is an epitome of human errors and false views. She was the daughter of a famous chemist. She had but a dim recollection of her father; knows that he was a very austere and irritable man before whom the whole household trembled in terror. She alone sometimes dared to spite him; thus she found out as a child that obstinacy may be a more powerful weapon than love. She left home at an early age; this made her very unhappy. On account of her lack of self-control she was placed in a boarding school to be tamed. She suffered immensely among strangers. It seems that her love for her strikingly beautiful mother was the emotional lever which ruled her childhood. She recalls a characteristic childhood episode. Her mother was preparing to attend a dance and stuck a beautiful rose in her hair. She began to weep and begged her mother to leave the rose. She was jealous because her mother would be seen by everybody wearing the rose. She thought her mother was irresistible. At the boarding school she longed for her mother and for her old home; this made her unruly and more obstinate than ever. Then her father died suddenly and she was taken home. This death played the greatest rôle in her life. The thought had crossed her mind: "If father dies

I would be taken back home!" It was on his account that she had been sent to the boarding school, because at home she had always irritated him. A petty incident which occurred on the day of her father's burial comes to her mind: She opened the piano and strummed a few notes. "I have won! I am back home; father won't trouble me any more; I won't have to tremble before him."

She was 13 years of age at the time. She gazed with wide-open eyes at the life around her. The mother was still young, beautiful, adorable; also very wealthy. Many men visited their hospitable home. She was dreadfully afraid of one thing: that her mother would marry again. She felt herself in danger of being cheated out of her mother's love. Already at that time she had the notion of being like Cinderella; she thought that nobody loved her, etc. For her summer vacations she was sent to a relative, a country pastor who burdened her with precepts of morals and religion. She was always restive under his yoke. But she escaped the influence neither of the boarding school nor of the pastor who tried to tame the obstinate child by threats of divine punishment and hell. She ridiculed these endeavors; nevertheless inwardly they took root. She became pious even while she rebelled against this standard with all the force of her keen intellect. Slowly her inner freedom was shattered and her obstinate will power was broken. She developed a keen inner sense of guilt which subsequently, on the outbreak of her neurosis, became the force which played the strongest rôle in her life. Formerly she had ridiculed the pastor's efforts and rejected his teachings. Now most of his teachings clung to her. Her treatment of her father and her cynical rejoicing over his death proved to her that she was a great sinner; this roused in her the ambition to reach out and to become a higher, a better being.

She recalls no sexual experiences during childhood. These are so deeply repressed that they cannot be brought to consciousness. She claims never to have masturbated. At least, she has no recollection of such a thing. She is unaware of other forces than purely spiritual love; nor has she ever been instructed on the subject. All sexual problems are vague to her mind. She was 17 years of age when men first began to pay attention to her. She was strikingly beautiful; her large, dark eyes reflected a rare flame; she seemed full of passion and temperament. A bevy of men, old and young, surrounded her. Among them there was a certain country gentleman of good family and fetching appearance

who fell in love with the beautiful girl and who, after finding that she liked him, offered to marry her. At first she refused him. Here we have another instance illustrating the significance of the first "No!" The man was indefatigable in his courtship. After a time he found a more propitious opportunity. A certain other man, a professor who was courting the girl's mother, was visiting the house at that time. She assumed that the mother wanted to marry this man but that she stood in the way; she surmised this particularly because the mother sent her among strangers for the summer months and spent her vacations elsewhere. This she could never forgive her mother.

She felt herself neglected, not wanted in the home. She thought she was in her mother's way. Because of her obstinacy she chose precisely the man whom her mother disliked. Other suitors whom her mother preferred lost all attraction for her. Thus she fell in love with the country gentleman. This was a make-believe love affair, which she play-acted out of spite against her mother. Her strongest emotion was her homosexual attachment to her mother. The second time her admirer asked her hand in marriage she consented. How often she regretted subsequently that she did not repeat her first "No!" This word of consent has wrecked her life. She became secretly engaged to the man of her choice. This, too, showed her defiance of the mother. The latter yielded to the daughter's iron will only because of her great love for the child. The mother did not understand this infatuation; she could ascribe it only to the sex urge. The man was a handsome, well-built animal; but the mother felt that the daughter was "built of different clay." They were a nervous family with refined instincts. Every member of the family was nervous, oversensitive,—representative fruit of the tree of modern culture in the highest sense of the term. The man in question, on the other hand, was a healthy, strapping individual of rustic habits, simple, slow in thought and action, wilful and rather overlordly, possessing the usual pride of the Pomeranian landed gentry who are inclined to look rather scornfully upon the cultured class. But the daughter insisted that she loved this man; that she must marry him; therefore the mother consented, although with heavy heart.

The engagement period ran its usual course and at first the bride was traditionally happy. She possessed a tremendous craving for love; and now she had a man who showered her with love, who wrote her several love letters daily and who seemed to live for her alone. Nevertheless certain disturbances arose

which were destined to darken with their shadow the pathway of her future life. His kisses left her cold. She prized him merely as a good friend and as a comrade; and since she did not know anything about love, she thought that this was true love. What was there to feel during kissing save the contact of two pairs of lips? Her anæsthesia and the first sign of aversion set in at this juncture. She found that he smelled of tobacco. She discovered about him the odor of spices against which she had a certain idiosyncrasy.

At that time the man exercised complete sway over her. She yearned to be free; wanted to be treated as a self-reliant human being. She wanted her personality to be respected. In this man she had hoped to find a protector. While she wanted to preserve her selfhood, he wanted to "train" her. Her whole life had been one continuous struggle against being "trained." Theretofore all educational devices had brought her only trouble. Duty was to her a hateful word. She was one of those persons who will do anything for love while duty leaves them cold. Her fiancé found that she came from a morbid family and that she entertained "unsuitable" views. She must become acquainted with his family. He raved about his mother and sisters. Jealousy was her chief characteristic. She wanted everything exclusively for herself. No matter how little there was of anything she always wanted it all for herself. Now she found that she had to share his love with his mother and sisters. Thus she felt herself inimically disposed towards the mother-in-law even before she had met her. It was arranged that she should live for a half year at her mother-in-law's house so as to become better acquainted with her and learn to love her.

During the engagement, and subsequently, men frequently discover that their brides do not tolerate them to rave about the mother. They look upon the praise bestowed on the mother-in-law as a deprecation of their own virtues. Thus unfriendly attitudes are easily generated prejudicing the relations in advance. Another complicating feature in this case was the mother's devotion to her only son; she saw in the bride her incidental rival; consequently she was extremely hard to please. What girl is good enough for a proud mother's only son? She, too, started to "train" her daughter-in-law with the result that the two women became embittered antagonists for life, though neither admitted it. The usual friendly conventions were observed during the visit; the two women shifted their mutual animosity and jealousy

to the background. Thus the ground was prepared for a splitting of the personality. The girl's unbending obstinacy made her rebel: "You won't subdue me. You won't change me. You won't make a rural lady of me. I shall remain the daughter of a scientist, an artist." But this thought was co-conscious. Consciously she was obedient, having resolved to do her husband's bidding and to fulfill her duties in every respect.

The marriage was arranged under these auspices. Everybody prophesied a wonderful future for the happy couple. But the first consequences of the false rôle which the girl had assumed appeared as early as during the wedding night. Her love did not flow out of the sexual instinct; it did not have its roots in complete mutual understanding. Neither the spiritual nor the physical forces were strong enough properly to ripen this love affair; on the girl's part it was merely the result of her spiteful attitude towards her mother. Now her inner obstinacy asserted itself also towards the husband. He was unable to accomplish defloration. Her body repeated her first "No!" in the form of an invincible vaginism. The very potent and highly sensuous husband was driven nearly to distraction by her vaginism. The condition persevered a long time and was finally overcome by force. She perceived nothing but pain during coitus; her one wish was: "Oh, I wish the whole disgusting procedure were over!" She was an indifferent onlooker to another's love ecstasy. His kisses became obnoxious to her, because she thought that his breath had an unpleasant odor. This discovery was also a symptom expressing her inner resistance. Like all wives who discover an evil odor to their husbands' breath she justified her strong aversion under this cover. She sought self-justification. Love overcomes every obstacle, including offensive odors—it even utilizes sometimes such odors as a specific stimulant. On the other hand, dislike emphasizes and magnifies a person's specific bodily odors or suggests their presence when such odors are absent. In other words, the husband may not have had any odor to his breath at all. . . .

He might have found his way to her heart, he might have been able to appeal to her senses, if he had not been a man of violent temper. One iron will dominated their marriage—his will. He was lovable, gallant, polite, but most unyielding in his decisions. She was sweetheart, child and toy to him; but he did not know how to awaken in her at least the illusion that she, too, was mistress in her own right. She was mistress only over his senses;

this dominion did not interest her in the least, because she was entirely unresponsive.

Moreover he was neglectful of his attire; he failed to show that refinement of habits to which she had been accustomed at her parental home. Such trivialities played a great rôle with her, the more so since her brothers were highly refined gentlemen in this respect. Her inner life was not yet fully developed at the time; she had to go first through the discipline of suffering. That a man should wear ready-made neckties and detached cuffs was to her something repellent; it made the man ridiculous in her eyes. She placed much weight on appearances because at the time she was unaware of the higher needs of the soul. Thus she found much to criticize about her husband. She was frequently ashamed of him when he appeared socially and she tried to train him with regard to these matters. But he was a man of brute strength, whose whole interest centered on estates and politics—matters in which she was not interested at all. She preferred to sit at the piano, at dusk, playing Chopin's Preludes, interested herself in poetry and began also to paint a little. She had many talents which were permitted to lie fallow. The artist in her craved activity and yearned for creative work; but she did not understand this voice; her customary modesty led her to undervalue her own accomplishments. At first she tried to cultivate interests and preoccupations in common with her husband. They rode together for hours over the fruitful fields and through the wide forests surrounding their estate. They were seldom by themselves. A happy joyful circle always met at their home. Neighbors visited them; there was music and hunting. Increasing numbers of gentlemen took part in their hunting parties, so that the occasions were at times very joyous and lively. When her mother asked her how she was getting along, she said: "I am as happy as a woman can be!" Thus she was looked upon as a happy wife and her marriage was regarded as one of the happiest in their social circle.

In spite of all this the body shrieked its stubborn "No!" Her vaginism disappeared. But the lack of sensation and the disgust remained, rendering her always afraid of the night. She was relieved the moment her marital duty was over. . . . She was to become a mother soon and went through the difficult pregnancy experienced by women who conceive without love.[21] Such women develop the habit of vomiting and various other symptoms; they

regard pregnancy as a burdensome ordeal, not as a happy event; they dread the consequences. . . . Another important symptom of many anæsthetic women: they do not love the child which they have conceived without the joys of love.[22]

The perception that she was unable to love her own child had a depressing effect on her. Her feeling of guilt again strengthened and she concluded that there was something inherently wrong with her. Their earliest marriage disagreements arose when she tried to assert her will. Moreover between her husband and her family there arose a total disagreement. He quarreled with her mother as well as with her brothers. She was particularly oppressed by the disagreements which arose over financial matters. Like many wealthy girls she had been brought up without any orientation regarding the value of money. She could not handle money. Her husband likewise had no understanding of how to manage a fortune. He knew how to control his estate, but in financial matters he was like a child. This brought him into difficulties and led to conflicts with her mother. She sided openly with her husband; but her heart was with her family.

Among the men who visited their estate there was a dashing former officer who had resigned the service in order to devote himself to the management of his estate. He was a highly polished, experienced sportsman and rounded-out society man. They became good friends,—a harmless friendship, she thought. This was her first love affair. She fell in love without realizing fully the fact. While she was in bed with child she was unhappy chiefly because she could not meet this friend. Her husband became jealous and refused to permit her to see this man any further. Now she was isolated from the whole world and had all the time to herself in which to reflect. She arrived at the perception that she and her husband did not match. She visited her mother with the intention of disclosing the misery of her unfortunate married life . . . but did not say a word about this matter, leaving her mother to think that she was the happiest married woman. Her ungratified sexuality began to affect her without her knowing it. She blushed whenever a young man passed by her or looked at her. She suffered from anxiety; suddenly she found herself unable to ride horseback. She was afraid that the horse might run away with her. This dread represents the fear of her own passions. She was afraid that her passions, her temperament, might run away with her.

In company she was suddenly seized by a desire to cry out

or laugh. She would have liked to cry out her anguish to the world at large.

Years passed. She bore child after child and grew steadily worse. She began to have digestive trouble, various spasms, eye disorders, neuralgias—thus gradually drifting into the misunderstood martyrdom of neurosis. One physician thought that he discovered a foreign body in her stomach, another found a stenosis, the third physician found a functional deficiency of digestion. She began to dose herself with drugs, took sleeping remedies, visited sanitaria, took massage treatments, etc.

Meanwhile she developed spiritually; and gradually became more lonely. She isolated herself, finding comfort in good books, music and the contemplation of nature; but she was always in quest of love, choosing objectives which were not dangerous: a singer whom she saw only on the stage, a writer who was ill, unhappily married and who died of tuberculosis soon afterwards in the South. These very innocent attachments increased her sense of guilt. Such unhappy wives play with the thought of death as a redeemer. She had to endure the fetters of this unhappy marriage because she lacked the courage to free herself. Her husband still loved her with the firm devotion of a man aware of his failure to gratify his wife. He would not free her. Was there a quicker way out than death? These sensitive women dare not acknowledge to themselves such a thought. The thought is "repressed"; and the consequence is that it appears in a transposed form as a dread that something may happen to the husband. If the husband went horse-riding and returned later than usual her heart began to beat fast with the dread that something may have happened to him. On one occasion she accompanied him to the attorney's office and he remained upstairs longer than she expected because many matters required attention. She was waiting downstairs in the carriage. Suddenly she was overcome by an insane dread that he may have been taken suddenly ill and she rushed into the office.

Thus life went on in the midst of suffering, hardships and conflicts. Then she became acquainted with a musician who was recommended to her as an accompanist for playing four hands. Meanwhile they moved to the city, her husband having turned his attention to politics. She lived entirely isolated, unable to receive or visit.

The musician soon fell in love with the woman, who was 44 years at the time. She responded and one day they embraced,

Then she learned for the first time what a woman perceives during a kiss. To the horror of her family and acquaintances she divorced her husband and married the musician. He could provide only a modest living for her; nevertheless she was happy and contented with him. All her morbid symptoms disappeared; her anæsthesia was replaced by a wholesome passion.

The history of this anæsthesia is interesting because the musician did not compare with her husband in physical charm. He was also only moderately potent. But he knew how to win this woman's soul; their marriage was based on mutual understanding. Each found his counterpart in the other.

We note here the complete clearing up of a dyspareunia of nearly 25 years' standing. It proves the significance of the psychic factors in our sexual life. If love were but a reversion to an infantile ideal, if love were explainable on the basis of an infantile sexual objective exclusively, such cases as the one recorded above could not occur. Such cases exhibit the highest, the most refined type of love. All highly sensitive women yearn for such love. The pathway to their senses crosses their sense of personality. They gladly yield to love if their sexual partner does not undertake deliberately to "break" their will. They then dare to "feel like a woman" without humiliation; they taste the ecstasy of fulfillment. In the depths of her soul every woman yearns for love and for love's delights; every woman desires to fulfill her mission as a woman. The more "mannish" and "asexual" she behaves the more she hides and protects her womanly traits against disclosure. These observations reveal the complexity of the problem of love choice. With the specific sexual requirements of a physical character we find linked certain spiritual requisites. In genuine, great love the loving pair find their physical and spiritual completion in one another.

Superficial observers may think that now, after the great world war, the struggle between the sexes must relax. The women have won an easy victory over the exhausted "sterner" sex; they have attained their objective; they occupy public positions; they sit in the parliaments, participate in the other governing bodies; they are well organized and add continually

to their aims and achievements. Nevertheless it is not difficult to see that the sex struggle rages with increasing fury as time passes. Woman feels more and more strongly that she is a personality; presently her newly released "will to power" will know no bounds.

It is an error to believe that women are now becoming more "mannish." As I have pointed out in my work, *Auto-Erotism and Homosexuality,* woman becomes continually more womanly and man more manly. This means: *The secondary sexual characters become progressively more accentuated with the growth of culture.* Among the primitive peoples the differences between male and female are not nearly so pronounced as among the civilized races. Progressively stronger stimuli are required continually to overcome the instinctive antagonism between the sexes. *The polar tension between male and female grows gradually more tense also in the physical realm.* For this reason aberrations and deviations from the normal are becoming more common. The paraphilias are increasing in number; this can be definitely asserted with regard to homosexuality, which represents a flight from the other sex, a refuge-seeking in one's own. The homosexual hates the other sex to the point of annihilation, because he has to cover and defend himself against an overwhelming dread of love and fear of subjection.

The mighty development of spiritual love in the course of our cultural progress serves only to bridge over the differences between the sexes and to create a common neutral realm beyond the physical, in which love feels itself secure against the dangers of conflict. Observations from everyday life show us again and again that love's magnitude and force constitute its greatest perils. A small love is more manageable than a great love which seizes a person to make him a plaything of its passions. The stronger the power grows which welds the partners together, the more violent become also the antagonistic forces which make for separation. Every new link in the chain which binds a loving pair is forged at the cost of new wounds engendered by the endeavor to break the chain. Love expresses the complete will to submission; it is the wish to become fused with another human being, to sink one's identity

in the beloved, to form a new whole by giving up one's personality. He who loves always yields at least a portion of his selfhood; sacrifices his habits, needs and original inclinations. The usual touching harmony of lovers, their common tastes, their enjoyment of similar indulgences, their sharing the same sympathies and antipathies are partly the result of mutual sacrifice,—a compromise.

Finally there comes a time when the lover feels that his personality is almost destroyed or in imminent danger of becoming completely absorbed by the other. The dangerous reaction to love sets in at this juncture. Suddenly there arise differences which theretofore were impalpable and undiscerned. Depressions and disorders of sensation arise; the orgasm weakens or abates altogether; various little differences become acute—until one day the catastrophe breaks out and hatred shows itself in all its pristine rawness. Hatred aims at the annihilation of the antagonist. Swoboda rightly remarks that all hatred is deadly. Every lover is often surprised by dreams which portray the beloved person as dead or dying. The wish to get rid of the beloved person manifests itself also through overcompensation as a morbid dread that the beloved is in danger or may die. Usually this hidden death wish is associated with the hypocritical thought that one could not outlive such a disaster, that one would rather follow the beloved to an untimely grave. Death is a releaser; it frees one from unbearable bonds that shackle. As a matter of fact certain love ties are so strong that only death can sever the chains that shackle the pair. The couple torture one another; they quarrel and break apart, resolved never to meet again only to unite again on the following day and renew their pledge of eternal allegiance, thus drawing tighter the ties that bind them.[28]

Sometimes the desire for freedom and independence proves stronger than the self-abasing power of love. This is the reason why many persons instinctively avoid love—as we have shown already by several illustrations. Their feeling of personality does not tolerate this burdensome state of mind. Their sense of personality is more important to them than the craving for love's fulfillment.

The means to which lovers resort in order to free themselves

from the thrall of their affection are various. The most common device is to return to the bosom of their family. Love isolates one from one's family; it creates a new environment. One's family and a great, true love are incompatible. Love claims exclusive possession of a person; it uproots him in order to transplant him to a new kingdom. *One's return to the family signifies a critical turn in one's love.* Every person adheres to family pride. Family differences on the two sides already mark the beginning of a conflict. Women are particularly sensitive when they come from a humbler environment; they do not tolerate with good grace the husband's praise of his family.

Another critical circumstance arises when either husband or wife is strongly attached to a homosexual friend. So long as the love is great the pair find themselves mutually sufficient and the intrusion of a third person is resented. If the husband seeks a male friend, or the woman clings to a woman friend it means that their heterosexual companionship is not enough. It signalizes a deviation towards homosexuality. For this reason the shattering of a great love may cause one's hatred to extend over the whole opposite sex and accentuate one's homosexual tendencies; indeed, it may lead to a homosexual relationship or to the upflaring of a new homosexual love.

Other means of escape are regression to infantile sources of gratification and sudden flight from the love partner;[24] or a surprisingly sudden new love affair arises only to prove too soon to have been an "imaginary" love affair. Meanwhile this passing "flame" fulfills its purpose: it frees the individual concerned from the fetters of his old love.

Another (unconscious) device in the sex struggle which mediates the release from the bondage of love is the sudden, unsuspected development of an inexplainable indifference. *Between love and hatred there is a neutral zone of "no feeling"* to be overcome. Lovers go through untold tortures on account of this indifference on the part of their beloved; indeed nothing is more unbearable than indifference. Love has its continual ups and downs. Lovers demand the impossible; they expect the beloved to be swept by the ebullience of their emotions. Love is like the sea: it has its ebb and flow. During the

period of indifference the beloved does not respond to this recurring tide of the lover's emotions. This indifference represents a morbid low tide. Suddenly the lover's emotions, too, reach their lowest ebb. The lover is horrified to find himself wholly indifferent: he feels no passion and no desire; the kisses leave him cold; he feels no jealousy; he neither loves nor hates: he is indifferent.

A wise woman observer has called this condition a state of *"mental cocainization."* The soul seems anæsthetized in order to prepare itself for a painless separation. Woe when this operation is over! Then the tidal flow again rushes in. The remorse which follows is endless; and the despair over the total loss of the love objective may lead to suicide.

The saddest lovers are those who have reached the parting of the ways, although they cannot live without one another. Siamese twins, spiritually intertwined but blinded temporarily by this spiritual cocainization, they pay for their release from each other with their health and happiness!

What a pathetic picture is man! How anxious he is to preserve his personality—no matter how pathetically humble that may be. He protects his ego like a fortress, buttressing it with his predispositions and habits, fights for his independence, wrestles for recognition, and hopes for "success"—even though he be fighting for a mere wreck incapable of survival.

Husbands frequently undertake to "train" their wives—to change them in accordance with their heart's desire. Lovers are also prone to do likewise. Genuine love involves a mutual adjustment; it implies renunciation—a willingness to learn for the sake of the beloved. On the other hand the ego rebels against being transformed; it endeavors stubbornly to maintain its integrity against all "foreign" or outside influences. Many human beings dream of a new life, of a revolutionary inner transformation which shall turn the current of their existence wholly in a new direction—but only a few accomplish this end. Their inner inertia, the grip of *"things as they are,"* shatters them. Ibsen has dramatized the *"law of transformation"* or change. He should have emphasized rather the law of *"reversion to the old self."* The nagging husbands who criticize, catechize and lecture their wives, trying to train and teach

them, one day encounter a revolt which they have been slowly but surely preparing the ground for by their behavior.

In the struggle of the sexes this reversal of the emotional stream to the older self plays a great rôle. One's personality struggles against its downfall. Every one has enough self-love to fight for freedom. Then love collapses; the will to subjection is paralyzed; the will to power restores the old personality on the throne. Egoism triumphs over altruism—self-love over the love for another; the struggle for power and for the maintenance of one's personal integrity becomes the driving energy in life's game.

When love succeeds in accomplishing the great miracle of fusing two personalities harmoniously into one the sex struggle fails to affect its blossoming forth. Unfortunately, with the deification of the love objective the calamitous process of deprecation, too, sets in; eventually this means the end of love. He who tides over this crisis has brought the ship of love through the severest storm safely to port.

If the lover experiences a change of heart, if the wife's orgasm suddenly ceases, if the husband's orgasm or potency decreases—it is a sign that the age-old sex conflict is flaring up; and this struggle usually signalizes a quick ending to the love. . . .

I have emphasized repeatedly that the dyspareunia signifies an inner negation. This "I-will-not" attitude is due to the inner obstinacy which, in its turn, is very adroitly screened from consciousness. The task of analysis is to uncover this obstinacy and reveal its underlying motives. A person's petty side is thus brought to surface; woman, in particular, discloses the least enviable side of her character. These persons avenge themselves for petty humiliations, for trivial remarks which had apparently been overlooked, for alleged slights, for the tortures of jealousy they have been made to endure. It is not a frank and open fight; it is not carried out in consciousness. It is "subterranean." The fiction of a great love is still held to—long after obstinacy cancels the will to submission and reopens the struggle for the maintenance of the feeling of personality.

The recognition of these phenomena alone enables the psy-

chologist to understand every case of dyspareunia. The social aspect of the problem, too, unveils itself before our eyes. We recognize plainly that dyspareunia is a social problem; it is one of woman's weapons in the universal struggle of the sexes. This broader aspect of dyspareunia links it to the problem of homosexuality and to all the other paraphilias.

XI

CONFESSIONS

It is an important question whether all women suffering from dyspareunia belong to the type of persons capable themselves of giving a clear account of everything that is going on during the act of intercourse. There are women who go through the sexual act in a state of tremendous excitation; others go through it in a trance-like mental state. . . . While in this trance-like state of mind these women are highly responsive; nevertheless they claim to have "felt nothing." It happens not infrequently that the testimony of husband and wife on this matter is contradictory. The husband says: "My wife responds!" "I am in a better position to know," retorts the wife. "No, I know better than you," insists the husband.

There are women who every time go through the whole sexual act in a state of hysterical dissociation so that subsequently they show complete amnesia for everything that happened during the act. Precisely such women are often those who seek the physician's aid on account of their alleged unresponsiveness. They torture their husbands with reproaches, they repeat these reproaches in front of the physician, they emphasize and underscore their alleged anæsthesia so often and so painstakingly that their conduct cannot fail to impress the experienced physician-analyst. Everything that is so obvious, so hypertrophic, one may say, requires psychologic insight.

I have already pointed out that many women and girls do not want to respond, lest they should lose their grip on themselves and be exposed, as it were, to the man's mercy. They either suppress the orgasm or refuse to acknowledge to themselves its occurrence. These are the women—and particularly girls—who are afraid of their own sensual cravings, afraid that once they let themselves go, they will drift into

harlotry. These women always dream of falling into deep precipices, of sliding on ice, etc.

CASE 87. Miss E. K. has never experienced orgasm during sexual intercourse, whereas through masturbation she always achieves the keenest orgasm. In order to force the orgasm to supervene "in the natural way" she has given up the masturbation habit. She suffers from various forms of anxiety which disappear whenever she masturbates. At such times she feels again reassured—feels that nothing can happen to her. During intercourse with her lover she never finds herself responsive, although she loves him very dearly. Her thoughts always wander off. A kind of flight of ideas seizes her: "Suppose somebody sees us!" Or: "Suppose mother finds this out!" Or: "What have I to do to-day!" Briefly the thoughts that intrude lead her away from the situation and compel her to concentrate on something else.

On the other hand her lover declares that at times she goes through an intensive orgasm, judging by her pelvic motions. She deceives herself on this matter, by going through the orgasm in a kind of trance so that her consciousness takes no cognizance of it. She shuts her eyes, as it were, and knows nothing about it. When she comes to herself expecting the onset of the orgasm it is already over.

In this case, too, the situation seems brought about as a kind of self-punishment for sinful thoughts, besides being the expression of a reassurance tendency.

As a contrast to this type there are women who bring on their orgasm with the aid of certain thought-images, or fantasies. They conjure up the situation, or think of the man capable of releasing their orgasm.

CASE 88. Mrs. I. O., 31 years of age, mother of two children, never experiences the orgasmic acme during her marital relations and has the habit of following sexual intercourse with a mild indulgence in masturbation in order to achieve her orgasm.

She relates that she has discovered another means of enforcing satisfactory orgasm. She imagines that she and her husband are in the midst of carrying out the sexual act. Some one is present in the room. They are ashamed and must hurry through. With her mind centered on this fantasy her orgasm never fails her. She indulges also in other similar fantasies:

There are callers in the room. She and her husband step into the next room and hurry through intercourse in a standing position or *a posteriori*. This fantasy always brings on orgasm. The orgasm sets in more promptly if she imagines that somebody suspects them and that her husband must hurry so as not to be caught in the act. She has never carried out these positions during intercourse and she does not know how the knowledge of them has ever come to her.

On being questioned she admits that as a child she had often spied on her parents while they were having intercourse and that this had always tremendously roused her. Immediately, or soon afterwards, she indulged in masturbation with this fantasy in her mind. She also conjures up such situations for herself in her dreams, including pictures of various positions and memory-pictures of her father's acts during sexual indulgences with a certain maid in the house, which she had occasionally the opportunity of spying upon.

I asked her to send her husband to me and when he called I suggested to him to imitate to a certain extent her favorite dream situations. On the following day he tried it . . . with excellent success.

I am acquainted also with corresponding peculiarities in the sexual life of men. Certain men are potent only if they do not retire to bed but go through the sexual act in a great hurry. Anxiety is often utilized as an aid to sexual stimulation. I shall refer to this peculiarity at greater length elsewhere.

These relationships are more complex when the woman's specific love fantasies unfold themselves entirely in the unconscious, holding her attention, while the husband carries out an act or scene which is entirely different than that upon which her mind dwells at the time. It is certain that the great art of love, so rich and varied in itself, is reduced to very meager proportions among neurotics; in their love life neurotics limit themselves to a particular episode and repeat that episode over and over. Frequently the dyspareunia is caused by the woman's fixation on a specific love episode.

Observe that this is not a matter of an erogenous zone which the husband is not adroit enough to discover in his wife, it is a question of a lack of psychic requisites. A defi-

nite series of experiences fails to unfold in accordance with the woman's cryptic wish. These women's whole libido is anchored to an infantile episode which assumes the character of a compulsion; therefore the latter must be treated and cured like any compulsion. Mere suggestion or persuasion therapy never proves adequate. Nothing short of a thorough analysis, or a genuine love, holds the promise of a satisfactory cure. Indeed, true love overcomes all obstacles including infantile feeling-attitudes and imperatives.

Any one who has had experience in analyzing hysterical subjects knows how complex these infantile episodes are, and how next to impossible their fulfillment is in real life. It is easier to conjure up their fulfillment, as in the woman's last mentioned above. This woman plays with the thought of being surprised in the act. Her fantasy revolves around the wish to carry out the sexual act in some one's presence, the wish to be surprised in the act. Only in situations which render this a close possibility is she capable of experiencing orgasm. Most of these fantasies also serve the purpose of covering the woman's pronounced tendency to pluralism. Many of these fantasies stage veritable orgies. A third, and a fourth, and a fifth person participate in the act.

Certain sexual types require the powerful resonance of others in order to become roused to the proper pitch of excitation; other persons are capable of achieving the maximum of excitation only in their proud autoerotic isolation.

On surveying the manifold determinants of dyspareunia, one may appreciate the difficulty of giving an exhaustive and satisfactory account of the possible inter-relationships. All I was able to do, in every instance, was to give merely a few extracts from the records of the complex life histories revealed in the course of the analyses.

The best point of vantage in the study of dyspareunia is furnished us by those fleeting disturbances to which nearly every normal woman is subject. These disturbances sometimes disappear promptly; at other times they tend to persevere as more or less permanent handicaps. So-called "passing dyspareunia" discloses all the forces which sometimes lead to permanent disability.

In nearly every marriage, and among nearly every loving pair, we encounter such transitory disturbances inasmuch as these disturbances almost regularly accompany the critical phases of love. The study of these disturbances is difficult because they are seldom brought to the physician's attention while they are slight. In order to be able to form a correct picture of woman's mentality in this respect we need numerous confessions by intelligent women. In this respect the analysis of the Viennese "flapper" was a masterly illustration because it gives us a typical cross-section view of the life story of a whole social category.

In this work I have endeavored to include a series of such confessions and to trace, in every instance, the mental forces which have affected deleteriously the love life of the individual concerned. Of what use are to us the scanty reports of sexologists, if they fail to record the details about the subjects' early life, fantasies, wishes and fulfillments? We need greater clarity about woman's real life. The realm of stories and novels, false and retouched as the latter are, is useful as an aid to fantasy-weaving. Physicians and psychologists, however, must familiarize themselves with the true realm of woman, with her genuine thoughts and feelings, her real wishes and hopes, and her actual attitude towards the world. This we can learn only from the women themselves. Our own version would necessarily include involuntary traces of adulteration. Unwittingly we alter whenever we translate anything into our own language.

The next case introduces us into the depths of the psychological problem of love. It is the case of an intelligent woman, 28 years of age, who has gone through psychoanalysis and who, strengthened with the knowledge she has acquired through her psychoanalytic discipline, looks back upon her life. She gives us a deep insight into the depths of a woman's soul: it is a piece of true, pulsating life that she unfolds, simply and candidly before us. The scientific significance of this confession is very great. In contrast with the Viennese flapper's confessions we have here the self-disclosures of a girl from a prominent family brought up in the midst of refinement and culture.

Before going into the nature of the disorder which brought the girl to me for treatment I want to place on record my patient's confession.

CASE 89. I was a very stubborn, obstinate child and extremely shy. I accepted the tendernesses of those who surrounded me in early childhood only when I needed them, otherwise I rejected them. Already as a very small child I leaned very much on my mother's youngest brother with an affection which persevered until I was 15, when he became engaged to marry. On one occasion—I may have been 4 years of age at the time—I refused to give mother a kiss. I asserted that my kisses were reserved for my much-beloved uncle who was my favorite. Approximately around the same period I threw myself on the ground on one occasion, stamping my feet with excitement and shouting: "I like Mr. N. N. very, very much." This man was the husband of my cousin, entirely a stranger to me, a man who had never paid any particular attention to me.

I was unable to keep myself preoccupied as a child. Playing with dolls seemed too dull to me and my stereotypic question was: "What shall I do now?"

At school I was a model pupil. Conscientiousness was my foremost trait; and my diligence made up for my lack of talent in certain studies. My shyness persisted, however, and I did not "mix well" with my school comrades. For my teachers I had an uncanny respect, almost bordering on awe. I preferred to play with boys, because I felt myself strongly drawn to them, but I never indulged in playing boys' games. Men, too, interested me already at that time.

After the birth of my youngest brother—I was 8 years of age at the time—my mother became deeply melancholic and had to stay at a sanitarium for a year. The circumstance that mother was away from home had the effect of maturing me precociously. I felt I was in charge of the younger children, who nicknamed me, derisively, "the angel of peace" because I always tried to patch up their quarrels. I was almost habitually "ill-humored"; and when mother returned home she frequently took me to task on this account; but, of course, her scoldings did no good, for I could not help my ill-humor. She merely awakened in me a sense of guilt because she reproached me for causing her worry and because she always emphasized that I "was not at all like the other children." *This was really the beginning of my unfor-*

tunate life. I suffered from severe headaches accompanied by nausea and vomiting. The trouble was so severe, particularly after the hour of gymnastics, and became so serious that I was excused from physical exercise. I could neither look at blood, nor hear of bloody operations without a peculiar "creepy" sensation throughout my body which was unbearable. I had an excessive sense of shame, even with regard to natural processes, obviously because they brought to my mind certain sexual connotations. When I was ill the physician had a hard task trying to prevail on me to permit him to examine me. But the ordeal of an enema was my greatest dread. Whenever I felt ill my first thought was: "Now I shall have to submit to that horror." I remember overhearing incidentally my cousin when she expressed her astonishment at the ease with which my younger brother submitted to the ordeal of an enema. My mother replied: "Oh, my children would let me stick a dagger into them!"

At that moment there arose in me a wild hatred against my mother presumably because she had thus boasted of the power she held over us. The thought of the enema, too, agitated me; besides this, I was angered to think that my brother thus meekly submitted to every indignity. I must have been about 8 years of age at the time.

I was precociously a genuine little woman, very conceited, very attentive to externals and liked to exchange gossip with the servants. Of course, the thought came to me that some day I should marry.

I had chicken-pox and I scratched a pustule on my face infecting it so that it suppurated. When the physician told me that this would leave a scar on my face and added facetiously that, of course, no man would want me thus disfigured, I wept piteously and for a long time I could not be quieted. I was always afraid and never trusted myself alone in a dark room. Even as a grown-up girl I was still very much afraid of burglars, murderers and thieves. Indeed, these fears tortured me even as a mature woman. While I never believed very strongly the story about the stork, the subject did not particularly preoccupy my thoughts and I did not reflect much on the subject even when my little brother was born. I must have repressed all these thoughts. I recall having heard the servant girls talk about a man who watched in the hall for women and girls and lifted their skirts. Why a man should want to do this I could not conceive but the story inspired me with a vague fear. For a

long time this conversation, which I had overheard but had not understood, haunted me like a scarecrow.

I was never severely punished. Mother chastised me when I was a very small child and later I received a few slaps. These slight punishments had a very evil effect on me. I did not tolerate corporal punishments. I was filled with hatred and rage because children are thus exposed to the arbitrary power of adults. My sense of honor rebelled at the indignity of corporal punishment. I could not even endure hearing of other children being beaten. It was a horrible experience for me to witness my sisters and brothers being chastised. This always roused in me a strange feeling. It also worried me to see them meekly accepting their fate, instead of becoming *indignant*. Only afterwards, when I grew to womanhood and had children of my own, was I able to understand a child's puzzling feelings. The few times when I chastised my little boy, I had to force myself to do it, and I did it merely because I thought it was essential to his proper training that he should be occasionally punished. At the same time I was too timid to punish him often; I felt I should do something regrettable (though not altogether unpleasurable to me), if I did not control myself, and I thought it would be brutal thus to use force.

At the age of 12 I took a great liking to a boy cousin of about my own age and for many years I held on to his promise that some day he would marry me. Approximately at about the same age I fell in love with a very beautiful Swedish girl who, however, returned home soon afterwards so that we were separated. Curiously at that period I attached myself to my girl comrades much more readily than since. Afterwards I was never so spontaneous in my relationship with them.

Shortly afterwards I entered high school (Lyceum). Here I was very lonely. I did not attach myself to any girl. I learned my school lessons with difficulty. I felt that I did not grasp things, that the lessons did not get into my head, because I was not sufficiently attentive. I learned merely by rote. At any rate my memory served me well in my number work and grammar. I was enthusiastic about every one of my teachers. Secretly, however, this was something that made me ashamed of myself. Moreover, I fell in love with all kinds of persons. My greatest attachment, however, was to my cousin who, unfortunately, was then living in another city.

We had quite a number of young cousins and for a time, when

I was about 14-15 years of age, we were particularly close. We met often and the days when we went to our aunt's, who had four boys in the house and where we met other visitors, were festive days for me. I then felt I was in my element. We always played "horse" and our favorite game was the so-called Count-the-Day play in which the loser redeemed himself with kisses. To my satisfaction I usually had to "defray the costs" of this entertainment because my sisters and cousins often fought against paying and the boys found me a willing substitute, ready to pay the fines. Friends kissed only my hand but even my cousins never kissed me on the mouth. Usually I was so heated and bespattered that before leaving I always had to wash my face [to be taken also as a symbolic cleaning] inasmuch as my parents were to have no inkling of what was going on. The whole week I waited impatiently for these precious hours; meanwhile my cousins often wrote me to ask when I was coming again.

That I was unable to take any interest in my school work in the midst of these day-dreams and distractions is obvious.

At the age of 15 I experienced my first love anguish: my youngest cousin became engaged to another cousin. I had followed with keen anxiety this affair between them and when he was about to be taken from me my old affection for him reawakened. I suffered torments of jealousy and wrote him a passionate letter in which I implored him to give up my cousin. He may have any other woman he wants but he must not marry this cousin!

At last I became very friendly with a certain girl but even with her I was not outspoken. Tendernesses, such as are often displayed among school girls, never occurred between us. The girls knew that I timidly avoided any kissing or any other display of tenderness. My friend was attractive; secretly I admired and envied her. It was my habit always to compare myself with others and it always seemed to me that I was too plump and unattractive. When she called my attention to her physical charms, her shapely feet or hips, I was beside myself and a horrible, painful feeling of shame and envy seized me. I suffered from a very keen sense of physical inferiority which was accentuated by continual nagging at home. Almost every conceivable bodily blemish was detected in me when they criticized my physical appearance. Mother, in her excessive pride, wanted me to appear at my best and she always found many faults which required "covering up" to point out to the dressmaker; for instance, drooping shoulders!

Outstanding hips! Too flat in the back! Bust too prominent! etc. I had a puffed up neck and for years I could not wear a low-neck gown. Father was the one who declared that I positively must not wear low-neck dresses. Evening gowns were an exception because I was supposed to look particularly well in decolleté. I was particularly worried on account of the appearance of my limbs; they were ungainly during the period of my physical development and I was much nagged on account of my gait. Since then I have actually become a foot fetishist. I always observe the feet of women. I envied every woman with gainly feet. As for myself I would have endured more willingly an unshapely nose if I could have had my choice. There was some truth in every criticism but I was rendered thoroughly miserable by the harsh remarks about my appearance. Sometimes I was so embarrassed, particularly during my flapper age, that at times I was at a loss to know how to move about. If I met some one my first thought was: "If I only could hide my feet!"

When I grew up things somewhat improved. Nevertheless, it is a puzzle to me that in spite of the true and fancied imperfections in my physical appearance I should have developed such coquetry. Probably I would have become a greater flirt in the absence of these blemishes. On the other hand my flippancy has helped me overcome my embarrassment as it does to this day. Only the appearance of my face and my hands satisfied me. On the other hand my feeling of physical inferiority had been drilled into me so strongly that a great deal of it persists to this day. I shall probably never get wholly rid of this feeling.

In addition to this I doubted my mental abilities because I learned my school lessons with such great difficulty and my younger sister, who was very talented, taunted me. She was ravingly jealous because I was the older girl, although I was shown no preference on this account; on the contrary her talents drew everybody's attention rather to her. The only regard in which I was ahead of her was our physical appearance: physically I was more attractive than she was. We quarrelled much of the time. She took delight in displaying her cleverness and in trying to show me how stupid I was. I retained my childish stubbornness, although I was never impudent or disobedient. I submitted, apparently with good will, to the parental authority. If I was invited somewhere and some one called to take me home, I tore myself away from the most entertaining company at once because I did not want my parents to wait for me. I was ter-

ribly given to follow the groove of habits. Any new experience or change made me unhappy. At the same time I felt myself constrained to carry out whatever I had undertaken though it may have been something of no particular importance.

Meanwhile my peaceful disposition underwent a radical change and I became very quarrelsome with my sisters. I liked to tease them and get them angry so as to have the chance of pacifying them afterwards. Otherwise I was very good to them and they could have had from me anything they wanted. Among our acquaintances I was considered the most yielding creature. I never lost my temper among strangers, never got angry enough to start a quarrel—probably because I lacked the affect. I still retained my excessive feeling of shame; for this reason I was never willing to join my girl colleagues on bathing excursions. In the summer time we were usually at the shore and I could not very well avoid going into the water with the others, although I should have preferred to jump from the dressing cabin directly into the water. I had the feeling that I was facing an ordeal like running the gauntlet and I envied the other girls who were so confident and so self-assured when they exhibited their charms in their bathing costumes and challengingly flirted with the men. My sense of shame appertained not merely to my bodily appearance; it extended over everything. Thus I avoided anxiously to show my feelings. Already as a small school girl I was unable to utter a sound during the music hour and I begged off so long that I was finally excused from singing.

I had the same experience with my study of languages. Although I spoke French very fluently I would have never dared to trust myself before the class with it. Generally I could make little use of my knowledge in public. I was very ambitious, I believe, and I wanted to achieve something worth while. My sisters had "ready tongues." I regarded myself stupid by comparison. Often when they nagged and teased me and I met everything with forbearance, father said: "Go, you are really a goose!" But he said it in such a mild manner that I regarded it almost as a caress.

At 18 years of age I left school and was introduced to society. I was heartily glad to be through with school. The school had always been a burden to me. In spite of my enormous sensuality my appearance was so childish and innocent that when I attended my first home dance, at the age of 17, a gentleman, very much shocked, said to my mother: "It is a crime, this child still belongs

to the nursery." I was terribly embarrassed, too, because I was not accustomed to meeting young people and really acted like a country "goose." However, I soon "learned the ropes" and became a strange mixture of naïveté and depravity. The gentlemen never quite knew how they stood with me. I liked to give double-meaning answers, but often I did so unintentionally and became aware of it only through the laughter I provoked. I was a well-marked person on account of this weakness. I was allowed to go on and not stop until it was too late. I was entirely ignorant in spite of having read very much, probably because I did not want to see anything and I did not want to hear anything about sex. I went around as if I had blinkers. I never, never spoke with the girls about such things! My sister often told me jokes which I passed on without rightly understanding their meaning. At any rate I must give her the credit of having taken the trouble to try to enlighten me. She suggested meanings which I did not quite grasp, possibly because I did not want to understand. I was stupid enough to think that young men, too, pass through a condition resembling woman's menstrual period. When I was unwell I grew more restive than ever under the fear that this or that gentleman may suspect my condition.

My leaving school precipitated the close of a definite period of my life. My cousin provoked a break between us. He neglected me, began to pay attention to my sister and became so unbearable that my father forbade his coming to our house. This enforced separation caused me keen anguish He was so dear to me that I would have been glad to endure his moods. It had never crossed my mind that he loved me less. He was insanely jealous of me. On one occasion at a dance he told me that I ought not to have appeared "low neck." If the blouses I wore seemed unusually transparent it displeased him. It was unfair to take matters out of our hands and to separate us, as father did at that time, because sooner or later our relations would have settled harmoniously of themselves and this would have saved me much bitterness in later life. In addition to this it is said that I bore a grudge against my sister whom my mother reproved for having enticed the cousin away from me. This shook my faith and destroyed my ease to a considerable extent. Afterwards sister and I often spoke of the affair. Sister maintained that nothing had been farther from her mind; indeed, the accusation had robbed her, too, of her mental ease.

In later years it often happened that an admirer of mine trans-

ferred his attentions to sister; sometimes the young man turned back to me. Whether she deliberately pursued the policy of enticing my admirers away from me I do not know; however, it is a fact that she was very jealous of me because I was already introduced in society. She declared that she did not want to play "second fiddle." She made me feel her power by acting in this manner.

A strange feature about the relationship between my cousin and myself was that, except for the conventional kiss at meeting (customary in Europe among relatives and close friends), we seldom kissed on the mouth in the presence of others. A peculiar shyness held us from displaying our tenderness for each other. We were like two children fond of each other. At the time my whole passion for him was in full force.

Shortly before we separated he gave me to understand that he was afraid of my passion. After we parted I felt a deep void, a painful longing. I had to love some one, I had to have some one to dream about. It was a period of great hardship for me rendered somewhat more endurable by the fact that around that time I began to go into society.

Our other cousins we also met very seldom because my parents wanted us to avoid meeting the cousin in question.

As a pastime and to avenge myself for having been slighted I began vigorously to flirt. I had to have, what I myself then called, a "nerve tickler!" I flirted with several young men, but one was always a favorite. I was a passionate dancer and while dancing I always shut my eyes the better to enjoy it. I hardly ever danced with a stranger. I preferred to dance with the young men who always hovered around me. Only with them could I get full enjoyment out of my dancing. During the dancing I was somewhat exhibitionistic; my sensuality seemed to overcome my feeling of shame. I could dance before a crowd. Indeed, to be seen dancing was a pleasure to me.

During the first year I danced with avidity and great enjoyment. Gradually, however, this form of pleasure failed to fill the void in me. My tremendous yearnings, my insatiable love-hunger, growing with the passing of time, interfered with the full enjoyment of my youth.

It was at this time that I first became aware of living chiefly in my dreams. I sat for hours listlessly wool-gathering; or if I did some sewing, it only helped me lose myself in my day-dreams.

I dreamed of love and tenderness. My fantasies spun themselves around a "patch of reality." But I did not always dream of beautiful or pleasurable things. Very often my mind dwelt on unpleasant experiences. I seemed to take pleasure in depicting painful situations for myself. Thus my masochistic fantasies broke through! For instance, I saw myself unhappy, etc. I slept many hours, masturbated daily, often keeping it up for an hour at a stretch—though never in the day time—always before falling asleep or in the night, if I awoke suddenly. I masturbated by pressing the hand against my sexual parts. This aroused a lasting pleasurable sensation; but a real orgasm I never had. Inasmuch as I missed complete gratification I masturbated often until I was bathed in sweat and, too fatigued to continue, I fell asleep. Usually I masturbated with the fantasy that a young physician was giving me an enema; sometimes, though rarely, I thought of the young man who happened to attract me at the time as fondling me. Strangely enough—I knew nothing about masturbation, much less that I was addicted to the habit. Probably I masturbated already as a child but I do not remember anything about it. My mother was a highly moral person who subjected me to a very rigorous upbringing. She told me that a girl must not let herself be kissed. A girl who does anything like that is outside the pale. This disturbed very much my ease and robbed me of much pleasure. I was always afraid of this temptation; in addition to the inhibitions induced by my feeling of physical inferiority I lived in a continual clash with my passions. On one occasion I was embraced by an unmarried man. He was a distant relative whom I liked very much. He touched me on the breasts at the same time. I repulsed him instantaneously. His touch gave me a sweet sensation but I reacted promptly with such anger that it made me ill. However, I did not have to withstand many temptations. The young men were afraid of my passion—as I subsequently learned on a certain occasion. As a matter of fact I was afraid of myself.

My parents were seriously dissatisfied with me. I withdrew more and more from the companionship of my girl comrades. To be sure I had found another girl to take the place of my schoolmate; nevertheless I was reproved for running only after young men. Father found fault with me because I lacked pride.

My moody disposition had not changed much. I was not interested in anything in particular. Though I read much father

upbraided me for my lack of imagination. Nobody suspected that I had a vivid imagination which revolved chiefly around sexual and erotic matters. I myself thought I was rather unimaginative. I always envied the other girls for their ability to feel a real zest in their day's doings. For my part I held that I could not be happy as a girl. Aside from my ungratified longings I was badly handicapped by my unfortunate apathy. Nothing seemed to arouse me to enthusiasm. I suffered from severe attacks of migraine. Our family physician thought that I was anemic; and in spite of my rosy cheeks he prescribed for me iron, a tonic of which I took immense quantities in various forms.

I could have hardly been suffering from anemia; I must have been rather full-blooded. Inexplicable appeared to me my absolute lack of feeling, especially on occasions which required me to show some concern. I recall that on various occasions mother, who was nearly always ailing, complained bitterly about me. To me, too, it seemed strange to find myself moving about apathetically in the midst of the other excited members of the family while sister was severely ill with tuberculosis. While the others were running around excited I was as calm as if I had been a stranger. When my parents noticed this (inasmuch as I was never clever at play-acting) they were horrified at my lack of feeling. Nevertheless in other respects I was very soft-hearted. I myself complained of feeling a weight over the heart region. I could never enjoy anything by myself unless I thought that the other members of my family, too, were having a good time.

After the break with my cousin my mother accompanied me to the Tyrol mountains for a couple of days' rest. Away from home, and alone with her, I was happy. The sky seemed to me full of harmony. I permitted several gentlemen to court me. One of them, an attorney from the provinces, fell in love with me. My youth and freshness had attracted him. As yet inexperienced in the art of making heart conquests, I was glad that a real grown-up gentleman had taken a fancy to such a young thing as I then was. Moreover he was well read and a highly educated gentleman; of course, this only nursed my pride. On several occasions he made the remark that, unfortunately, he would either have to marry a wealthy woman or not marry at all, because he was not in a position properly to maintain a wife. I was seldom alone with him. Warned by mother I was always afraid that he would want to kiss me. On one occasion he ac-

tually tried to do so but this disquieted me so and made me feel so fidgety that I begged him to refrain. After our sojourn at that place was over we parted and we maintained correspondence.

On returning home my heightened self-consciousness asserted itself and a certain engineer, who was hovering around me at the time, promptly felt the effect. I took pleasure in letting him cool his heels. Strange to say, my father would not have objected if I had chosen this man, because he was particularly courteous to father, although he was a very plain individual and held a minor position. This man told me outright that he wanted to marry me. This direct manner—without any effort to win me first—spoiled his chances with me. Moreover, at that time my mind was not yet set on marriage.

Our family life was very unhappy. The home atmosphere was continually heavy—as if charged with electricity—and threatening, as if the least spark would set it off. The trouble was that my parents did not agree. I realized only afterwards that they did not harmonize at all. They liked each other very well; nevertheless each one rendered the other one unhappy. Father, in particular, was a man whom perhaps no woman could have made happy, for he was surly by nature, in contrast to mother who was of a happier and more resilient temperament. Often when she wanted to kiss father he avoided her; for this reason we children, too, were never demonstrative with him and only dared to kiss his hand. He, too, was ashamed to show his feelings. The whole family suffered from this form of over-stressed sexuality; least of all sister, who knew how to sublimate her feelings into artistic endeavors. Father was always ill-tempered and taciturn so that days passed without a pleasant sound in our home. He was a haughty man and tremendously dignified in his bearing. So lofty was his sense of honor and morality that he limited his contact to very few persons inasmuch as his views were too rigid for this world. He was most appreciative of intellect and steadiness of purpose.

Already as a child I stood in great awe of him. Although he almost never scolded me I never could enter into conversation with him. It would not have been possible for me to feel unrestrained in his presence; nor was he ever spontaneous with us. I always avoided his invitations to go on walks with him. I liked light conversation but he did not; moreover I did not care to appear stupid and did not trust to express myself when I was with him. He was indifferent about his own needs but for his

daughters he spared nothing. He wanted to see us always well dressed, and in all other ways he was liberal with us, at least after we grew up, for until we were about 14 years of age he paid little attention to us.

He was passionately devoted to very small children whom he pampered and spoiled, whereas with older children he did not know how to get along. He could not easily penetrate the soul of a child and failed to realize that a child likes amusement and should not be coerced into following only the dictates of wisdom. He was tremendously fond of my sister. His affection for her showed itself particularly when she was going through her serious illness. He was literally at her feet. He was as tender with her as a lover would be. The least off-color word from her wounded him. It was not easy for her. She was his favorite child. They conversed for hours.

One evening I found him in tears because she had injured his feelings. On that occasion he begged me not to think that he loved me less than he loved sister. Seeing father in this chastened state of mind made a deep impression on me. Sister often remarked that she would have preferred a lesser but more even-tempered affection. Indeed, when she was particularly nice to one of our brothers father sometimes did not speak with her for weeks at a stretch. He was surly also when a certain young man became interested in her. (Father treated this young man so coldly that in the end he drove him out of the house!)

Whenever we entertained company at home father found that he had to be away. He must have suffered great tortures of jealousy when sister, without much opposition from our parents, chose the stage for her career. At any rate afterwards his pride was greater than his jealousy. He asked her over and over whether she was being treated like a lady.

How great his affection was for his daughter may be gathered from the following incident: While he was lying bed-stricken with the fatal illness from which he was never to rise she asked him whether he still loved her as much as ever (she was very jealous of me) and he answered: "You have always been the 'comble' to me," *i.e.*, the highest possession in his life.

This unnatural love on my father's part had a large share in disturbing the peace of the family. It caused mother infinite anguish. Frequently he was too demonstrative towards sister and she could not avoid his display of tenderness, especially in the presence of others. This stood in crass contrast to his atti-

tude towards my brothers whom, I may say, he almost hated. They were boys below the average who required a different training. The marriage of my parents would not have turned out such an unfortunate one but for the quarrels and bickerings over the boys. Mother always tried to undo with kindness the damage perpetrated on the boys by father's excessive harshness.

Strange to say, brothers failed to recognize the gratitude they owed mother for always standing in the breach; the younger brother, a morbidly irritable and impossible boy, did not get along well with her. In his fits of temper he often threatened her so that eventually he had to leave the house on this account. Both brothers contended that if they were alone with their father, austere as father was, it would be much better for them and that father would be much nicer to them. (Obviously he was jealous of mother's love for her sons; and the more she defended them the worse his irritation grew.)

In our family every one was jealous. I may say that the whole family was swayed by a morbid jealousy of one another. Although I myself was of an extremely jealous disposition I was not apparently jealous of the family. Mother and I got along very well and because we were always together the other children of the family called us "the twins." They were jealous, too, although mother was very severe with me. She clung to me so because I was the only one she could depend on and the only member of the family into whose ears she could pour her complaints. Indeed, she was continually ailing. She passed through all possible nervous complaints. What a depressing influence for a young girl to live with a mother continually ailing and not to know what nervous development to look for next. Father expressed the situation well when he said that he always lived on the *"qui vive"* (on the alert!). Only after my marriage I understood that mother was an "ungratified" wife.

In the Spring of the year my tortures grew worse. I had to endure the stirrings of my own passion and mother's condition always grew more unbearable in the Spring. I felt perplexed, baffled. When everything burst into bloom I was loathe to behold nature's beauty, for my heart was heavy and my mind was burdened with the depressing question: "Of what use am I in this world?"

Of course, it was supposed that I had no feeling for nature. The truth was I had a keen feeling for nature but could not

enjoy it alone. Notwithstanding mother's great affection for me she did not understand me very well. I had no opportunity of speaking myself out to her. She hurt my feelings more often than she realized. This was something she never grasped at all; moreover, I was extremely sensitive. To-day I believe that those human beings who struggle with their evil craving are precisely the ones who are most sensitive. I was certainly in that state at the time, so far as my feelings were concerned. A mother always thinks she is kind to the child when in her ignorance she is often precisely the reverse.

On the other hand I must acknowledge that I was not an easy child to bring up; that very special psychological insight would have been required to have brought about a better outcome. Mother was too unsophisticated properly to bring up her children who in the main resembled their father. Every one of us was immeasurably obstinate.

The attorney with whom I kept up a loose correspondence visited us at my suggestion. Inasmuch as my memory of his physical appearance was not altogether favorable I had made up my mind to try to like him when he called. His voice was somewhat disharmonious and I, who put such emphasis on the voice, disliked it. Then, too, I could imagine myself as loving only some one whose hands I admired. At least the appearance of the hands had to please me. This was true also of the voice. Sometimes it happened that I was involuntarily attracted by the hands of a man towards whom I was otherwise indifferent. Only his hands fascinated me. Probably I connected with the appearance of the hands the fantasy of being caressed.

While we were alone this man, in spite of my vigorous resistance, succeeded in kissing me. In fact, he gave me a few tongue kisses. At the moment I felt a wild hatred for him because he did me violence; at the same time I was suffused by a pleasurable feeling.

I felt indignant and I was very angry with him. Although this state of feelings did not last long my confidence in him was shaken. He had mentioned previously that he intended to marry me. I had consented and wanted to consult my parents about the material particulars. On that day he left without displaying any particular tenderness towards me. I had not the least idea what marriage really involved. What a crime against myself I would have committed! I was ready to accept this man without loving him.

I was not in love. I merely surmised that he was a refined man and that he had seen much of life. This attracted me to him. At the same time I felt uncomfortable, almost afraid, in his presence.

That unfortunate kissing episode sealed my fate. It aroused my slumbering passion. For the first time I had been in close touch with a man. From that moment I was on fire. I would have accepted the first man who would have asked me to marry him. I did not seek the man, but a man. I felt that it was beyond my endurance to keep on living alone and I thought that marriage was my only chance for right living.

I continued to correspond with my attorney but I received his letters at the "general delivery," because my parents would have been unwise enough to forbid my corresponding with a gentleman. This secrecy only heightened for me the charm of the adventure. Moreover, in the end, my parents would have not approved this match because, aside from other considerations, they had no confidence in the man. On the other hand they did not oppose it very strenuously. My father began to gather information about the man's standing and did everything he could but the matter took too long and I was impatient. When I look back now I shudder to think that I was so stupid at the time.

Several months later the man wrote me that he was sorry but that he had to give up the idea of marrying me because he had come to the conclusion that he was too unstable and unsuited for marriage, etc. This cancellation of the marriage offer rendered me terribly unhappy. I was a prey to very mixed feelings.

The letter wounded me deeply; my pride and my vanity were hurt. Above everything I was angry at him because he had turned my head. It was he who had first spoken of marriage. I would never have thought of marrying him in the first place. As things stood, upon his insistence the thought had taken root in my mind and it was difficult for me to give up an idea, once it entered my mind. I was very much ashamed before my parents. When mother endeavored to console me I said to her that I must marry; that I would wait no longer. Of what use was my youth? It was pure—what would I have missed if I had waited? This impatience was the cause of much of the misfortune which subsequently befell me.

Until then I had maintained pleasant social relations with young men without any after-thoughts. It was already generally known that I had a propensity for "calf love" affairs. Now things

changed. I began to look for the *"epousseur"*—the "marrying kind!"

Mother and I journeyed together to Prague to visit relatives. I was happy to get away from Linz and quite disposed to seek compensation for my disappointment. There we met a young physician who was an old acquaintance of ours. He had often visited us. At that time he had paid no attention to me but had been interested in my sister. Any one who was interested in her could not be interested in me. This was a foregone conclusion because we were different in our nature as well as in our appearance.

II

In Prague I had a glorious time for a few weeks, according to my conception at the time. Our acquaintance, the physician, placed himself at our service and undertook to show us the attractions of the city. Every day we went somewhere. Evenings we went to the theatre or to some other place of amusement. I was not accustomed to this and it seemed glorious to me for I was far from blasé. I did not want to hear about our home town. The physician introduced us also to his brother. Referring to his brother on a former occasion the physician had said to me: "He may be somebody for you!"

This conversation had taken place one year before I met the man. I had always liked the physician but my flirting failed to captivate him. The brother I liked at first sight; he was not handsome and his knowledge of the German language was poor. As a matter of fact I appraised him very well at the first glance: very good natured, not over-bright, very easy to capture him.

I reflected: Since I can't get the other man why not try the brother! I began to flirt assiduously and the man "caught fire." At the same time the physician, too, began to be more attentive to me. For me it was enough to discover that I can capture a man! Then, too, I had cousins galore, who were fighting among themselves over their natty girl cousin. The fumes of triumph intoxicated me. My feeling of inferiority vanished to give way to a delusion of grandeur. I felt I was the ruler.

In the physician's brother I thought I found a suitable match. He belonged, I knew, to a good family and he held an excellent position. After I brought things to the point where he felt he was in love with me he asked me, before we left Prague, whether

I cared enough for him to become his wife. He did not dare so much as hold my hand because he was of a very modest disposition and I seemed a very special being in his eyes. He was uneasy over the great difference in our age—he was 14 years older than I—uneasy over the fact that I was unfamiliar with his native tongue, afraid that his family was not good enough for me, etc. Unfortunately, in the end it turned out that he was right.

At the time, however, I recognized no obstacles. I meant to love him. I believed it was to be a love at first sight and in my imagination I painted a rosy picture of our future.

During the few days when my head reeled with the intoxication of happiness I had forgotten that there was such a thing as everyday existence.

The idea of moving to another city and getting away from my parents appealed to me. I wanted to be away from everybody and from everything I had previously known. I wanted to live for one only.

I did not know at the time that there is a physical love and a spiritual love. His ripe manhood attracted me; and I had mistaken my sensual craving for love. I imagined that he was a man of the world and that he had had considerable experience with women. These reflections incited me.

On one occasion when we were together at the opera I became tremendously excited while sitting near him. The proximity of a man combined with the sensual music in my ear roused my senses to such a pitch that it intoxicated me.

That evening we had our decisive talk. When I left town he gave me six weeks' time in which to think the matter over. Then he intended to come to Linz to ask my parents for my hand.

Meanwhile he wrote me only a few cards. On account of my parents he did not trust himself to write me at length. Mother was fearfully uneasy. She seemed to suspect that something was in the air. With the intention of preventing developments she had remarked on the first day: "Too bad that Mr. N. is not married, for he is now too old!" He was 36 years of age. Another remark she made was: "Poor fellow! He is hard of hearing and this trouble grows worse with age." His hearing was not keen. He understood me with difficulty at the time also because I had the habit of speaking very softly and he did not understand the German language very well.

The intervening weeks were a period of great excitement for

me although I had decided to take him because I thought I loved him; on the other hand I realized that I was facing a momentous decision. At the time I was not over-ambitious to marry well. I wanted merely a man whom I loved and with whom I could be tender; for my desire for marriage was not altogether a sensual desire. I yearned for the affection of a man. I wanted some one to take care of, some one with whom to share my life.

Conversations I had with my sister only fortified my resolution to accept this man's marriage offer. She told me that father was much concerned about me; that he was afraid I will sink in a morass if I should ever yield to my impulses. I myself stood in fearful dread of my terrible passion. I did not know whether my moral inhibitions would prove the stronger of the two. Therefore I saw only one solution and escape: to marry Mr. N.

Mr. N. came and I gave him my word of acceptance. My parents were not overjoyed at the surprise I had prepared for them. Mother was particularly displeased and worried because I had not told her in advance what had been impending. Although I had no reason to think that they would have been against my marrying Mr. N., I did not feel towards my parents in this matter as I usually did. I was actuated by a certain feeling of antagonism against them.

My parents gave their consent although they did not altogether approve my choice. They had nothing against the man, his family they held in high esteem, but they thought he did not suit me as a husband. They had good reasons to feel so. My father wished us to become at least better acquainted before entering into a formal engagement but I would not agree. I claimed that I knew him well enough, which was not true, and that I would marry him and no one else, because I loved him very dearly. I did not consider at the time the fact that my parents were interested only in my welfare. Any further opposition would have only rendered me more obstinate.

After our engagement both mother and sister suffered from severe migraine and father was running from one bed to the other applying compresses. Naturally mother's nervous condition grew much worse during my engagement. As the time of my marriage approached she was entirely exhausted. She had to go away for a few days' vacation to recuperate her strength and it worried me very much because this happened just before the date set for my marriage.

I was a happy bride. Suddenly I was somebody. For once everybody's attention was centered on me. Some one had found it worth while to take the trouble of choosing me. The event spoiled me. I was unaccustomed to all this and I behaved towards my fiancé as one who was being badly pampered. I was not considerate of my parents. I did not trouble myself about them. I was not interested in anything or in anybody. I went around like a person in a fever, obsessed by one thought only—to marry as quickly as possible.

My marriage was to take place in six weeks. The thought that the attorney will read in the newspapers the announcement of my marriage pleased me very much. Let him see how quickly I consoled myself over him! I did not care to show myself with my fiancé among my acquaintances and relatives because he did not understand our language very well and he did not make a very favorable impression. As such times I only pitied him. Sometimes I was ashamed of him, particularly in front of my family, because they had a high opinion of me (I refer, of course, to my parents and my sister). He was anything but bright; at the same time I should not have tolerated the least critical remark about him from any one. But he was good-natured and they liked him. Obviously his contrast to our family, and consequently to me, his bubbling spontaneity and good-nature and his freedom from critical bearing had appealed to me. Often I said to myself: "You cannot expect to get another man; fickle and stupid as you are, you should be satisfied to have found him!" His calling (he was a merchant) too, was not to my liking. I belonged to another social set. A professional man would have suited me better.

As a bride I was very passionate. I responded physically to kisses. I did not know what this meant and when my sexual parts became moist under the excitement I felt alarmed until my fiancé explained matters to me.

I had a very strange habit. Whenever my fiancé came to town to visit me (for he did not live in Linz) instead of stepping forward to greet him upon his arrival I let him look for me and though he searched the whole house I did not stir from my room. This habit, which I kept up also as a wife, he could never understand. It seems that a certain feeling of pride prevented me from hurrying forward to greet him on his return. After considerable inner resistance I confessed to him my horrible weakness: I was extremely sensual! I pointed out to him that

I was afraid one man would not be enough for me. When I found that this did not horrify him I was badly disappointed. He allayed my fears, merely saying that matters were not as bad as I feared them to be. In other words he was not very seriously impressed by what I had disclosed about myself.

The kissings (other caresses my fiancé did not attempt) so enkindled me that I could hardly wait for the day of marriage. My mother assumed that I was already well informed. All she told me, under considerable display of shame, was that I must not allow my husband with me when I was unwell. I did not understand the meaning of this admonition; and I did not understand why the date of my marriage had to be postponed merely because I happened to be unwell.

On the morning of the marriage day I was so excited that the moment I put on my undershirt it turned wet with perspiration. I was excited over the thought that on that day I was to enjoy, at last, the unknown, yearned-after, mysterious Something! I had the infantile notion that the man urinates into the woman's sexual opening. Another thought that troubled me was how to avoid bearing eight children. This number stood out in my mind as a scarecrow.

During my engagement my excitement was so great that I could hardly sit still. My parents seemed very depressed. At the table when the conversation turned to the bridal pair, father threw himself in uncle's arms, sobbing. When I saw my father, who was usually so well self-controlled, thus breaking down, my heart melted; it was hard for me to get over the haunting memory of this spectacle!

When at last I sat with my husband in the train on our bridal journey I sighed with relief. It was no particular hardship for me to part from my parents. At first, comically enough, we spoke about irrelevant matters, neither of us uttering an endearing word. Obviously we were both embarrassed.

My excitation was boundless by the time we reached our destination. In our room I was somewhat disappointed when my husband asked me whether he should retire. I asked him to do so because I really felt ashamed in front of him. As a matter of fact the undressing episode had played a great rôle in my fantasies!

He returned when I was already in bed. He seemed very perplexed. Afterwards he confessed to me that he had become embarrassed on looking at me.

I was the embodiment of expectant, yearning, radiant youth. As soon as he undressed himself he turned out the light. I waited most anxiously for developments. After kissing me very lightly he attempted to get at me at once. I felt apprehensive. Weepingly I begged him to leave me alone while inwardly I wished I had been miles away. It struck me as abominable on his part not to be tender with me, but to want to possess me right away. I thought it was brutal; and afterwards I frequently reproached him for this. In reality he was not brutal; it was his unadroitness and his lack of delicacy that made him act in that manner.

Afterwards I often said to myself, facetiously: "If I ever marry again, I will see to it that things are different."

That first night he attempted sexual intercourse several times, without success. At first I was fearfully unhappy about it. I was ashamed and stupid enough to think that it was my fault. I thought that I must be malformed in some way. However, he reassured me, telling me that this often happens with a young married couple.

On hearing this my first thought was: "If this be so why have I married? Perhaps I ought to go back to my parents!" Finally I reconciled myself and I was satisfied merely with his kisses. It did not occur to him again to try to satisfy me in any other manner. During the succeeding few days I was extremely happy, although he was unable to accomplish anything further. I blossomed forth! A man's atmosphere about me and his tendernesses seemed enough for me. I wrote to my parents letters overflowing with expressions of happiness. What made me particularly happy was the fact that he was treating me as a child. He thought he was ever so much older because I acted so unbelievably naïve. He called me "baby" and I liked it.

After ten days he succeeded, at last, in deflorating me. The intercourse lasted only a couple of seconds. I felt nothing except a slight pain. My disappointment was great but I consoled myself with the thought that in time I will respond.

This was my bridal experience: nothing but that brief intercourse during which I felt nothing!

On account of business my husband had to cut short our bridal journey and he took me to his parents who lived in the country. There I felt far from comfortable because I was in a state of extreme excitement, ungratified by my husband, and I also had to bear his absence. I was ashamed in front of my

parents. I could not bear the thought that in their mind they were dwelling on what was going on between my husband and myself. I was so unbelievably ashamed that I could not bear being kissed in their presence.

I was likewise uncomfortable among our old acquaintances. I felt no longer in place among them because I was always obsessed by the notion that they were curious about us. Because I myself had no other thought in my mind than sex and still continued to be interested in the sexuality of every one I met, I transferred these thoughts to all the others.

During this time mother found me particularly unbearable. My moodiness rendered her extremely uncomfortable. In my relationship to father I exerted better self-control. Towards him I was not swayed by such a deep affect as towards my mother.

My husband returned and because I insisted that there was no room for us with the parents we lived apart. (The real reason was my strong feeling of shame!) During intercourse I began to find myself a little more responsive but it was still a troublesome ordeal. My husband went through considerable exertions before he could accomplish the sexual act.

We journeyed to our new home. First I had a talk with mother who reproached me for my inconsiderate behavior. I begged her forgiveness. Already on the way my conscience began to trouble me very much on account of the unpleasantness I had caused her and this spoiled several weeks of my bridal period. As soon as we arrived at our destination I wrote her a conciliatory letter. She forgave me; nevertheless I ascribed the aggravation of her state of health to the trouble I had caused her.

At Prague we could not take possession of our home at once and my parents-in-law suggested that we take up temporarily the bachelor apartment of my brother-in-law, who happened to be away at the time. At first I objected strenuously to this idea and I was angry when my husband agreed to the plan. I was afraid that the brother-in-law would resent our taking possession of his apartment during his absence without his permission.

My first thought in the new home was: "What has taken place here in the past?" Then I reflected: "How will the brother-in-law feel when he finds out that I have slept in his bed?" In connection with this thought I had my first orgasm and I was supremely happy. Throughout my marriage I yearned for the

return of this feeling, always asking myself: "Shall I feel again as I did then?" Perhaps my husband was also more potent at the time. He was considerably attached to his brother whom he admired very much. Probably the thought of his brother increased his potency. Whether the thought of the physician-brother-in-law likewise increased my excitation I do not know. I believe that the bachelor quarters as a whole exerted peculiarly stimulating influence on me.

My husband had indulged daily in intercourse with me. Meanwhile we moved to our own residence. I had slight orgasm every time but I was far from fully gratified because it was over too soon. The first attempt only whetted my desire. Often the excitation caused me to break out in tears; but my husband was never able to carry out the act twice in succession. He said it was not advisable to attempt it twice because it was injurious to one's health.

There was nothing else left to me but to masturbate. I found myself going through the same experiences as during my girlhood days. I was unable to achieve orgasm. The favorite fantasy on which I relied during the practice of this habit also brought on a mental conflict. I was ashamed to indulge in masturbation with the old fantasy of taking an enema. How I got rid of this conflict in the end I cannot recall any more.

A couple of weeks after my marriage one of my sisters-in-law gave birth to her first child. We visited her and her mother told us what a difficult labor the daughter had gone through. I put myself in her place so vividly that I became very excited. I thought that to suffer for the sake of one's man must be a majestic feeling. At first I refused to enter the sister-in-law's room and I was ridiculed for my diffidence. I almost wept. I merely know that I was thoroughly abashed. Subsequently, too, the presence of a pregnant woman always excited me; of course, erotic thoughts may have entered into the situation.

I was relatively quick to adopt myself to the changed conditions. I enjoyed very much my new home and was a fairly efficient housewife. My parents-in-law and particularly the other relatives-by-marriage were very kind to me and this made me very happy, although my heart was not altogether with them. As a young housewife I made myself entirely self-reliant. In order to avoid the least suggestion of dependence I refrained from asking even my mother-in-law for any advice, so that she, a housekeeper of acknowledged efficiency, was much displeased.

I preferred to consult a sister-in-law who stood in a certain aloofness from her family on account of her marriage. If I had been adroit enough to take advantage of my father-in-law's affection for me, he would have worshipped me. But it was not in my nature to flatter any one or to say a word that I did not really mean. I had the same feeling about gifts. I disliked fearfully to receive presents. I felt that it placed me under an obligation and I did not care to feel so except towards those for whom I really cared. I could never do this merely to curry favor with this or that sister-in-law, or to get this or that from my mother-in-law, as my husband often advised me to do.

Exchange of favors always seemed something hideous to me; for this reason I abhorred the holidays on which gifts are exchanged. In fact I disliked all festival days and celebrations. I disliked also meeting arrivals at the station because I regarded this as an ostentatious display of one's feelings. My father had the same habit. When he returned from a journey he usually disappeared at once to his room and did not show himself to us for some time.

I was not accustomed to the pleasant relations which prevailed among the members of the family I had entered. The members of this family were simple folk, easy to deal with. This was something unusual for me. There were no surprises, no excitements of any kind! At first this relief from the high tension which customarily prevailed in our household was quite welcome.

I was happy to have escaped the thralldom of my parental home. Then letters from home informed me that conditions had grown worse since I left. I was very thrifty because I realized that my husband had to earn every cent we spent and the thought that he worked so hard was unbearable.

My parents visited me alternately. Their visits made me inexpressibly happy. I was particularly rejoiced by father's visits. He seemed different than I had known him—joyous, tender and attentive. Suddenly I conceived for him a tenderness which I had never felt before. I felt so happy that it was almost painful. This was temporary. I was no longer afraid of my passion. My husband was good to me. I had a man who devoted himself exclusively to me. As for myself I had some one to care and do for, as I had wished.

On one occasion while unpacking father's laundry I came across a torn shirt and this made me feel so sorry for him that I broke into tears. I did not understand how mother could

neglect my father and to hear him refer to his laundry was painful to me. I contrasted how well off my husband was because I took such good care of him and it troubled me to realize that father had stinted himself for the sake of his children. My dowry, which made my marriage possible, I owed to his thrift.

The visits from Linz were festivals. Father always brought along special confections which he thought I would enjoy. My husband was well thought of by my parents. There was no reason for dissatisfaction on either side. Both mother and father enjoyed their visits with us. It was a change for them and it took them out of the hectic home atmosphere.

I, too, visited them often at Linz. Home seemed different to me whenever I came on a visit and I liked it very well. As a guest everybody pampered me. Then, too, the marriage had enhanced my self-consciousness. I was no longer as backward as formerly.

At home everything went well until a year later when I had my baby boy. Then there occurred our first quarrels. I was very nervous. We differed about a physician. My husband, prompted by his brother, found that my mother excited me, and so forth. I became depressed and reflected: "Now I have a child and I am not happy!" At the time of childbirth I isolated myself from my husband and I was all alone. Mother did not come until afterwards. I did not permit him to enter my room under any pretext until everything was over. In fact I "played possum" in front of him and he went quietly to his bed. As a matter of fact I could never bear to have anybody near me while I was in pain. I wanted to feel unembarrassed and to give free expression to my pain. This was out of consideration for others as well as on account of my sense of shame.

I believe that after the delivery I felt a slight hatred against my husband because he could not understand what I had gone through. It was more a feeling that, after all, he was a stranger!

I nursed my baby but I took no particular joy in doing so because he did not thrive well. We were both losing ground. The act of nursing seemed something sexual to me. I was always ashamed of it. The child was very annoying and disagreeable. It slept in the bedroom and for months I had no proper sleep because he acted up, particularly at night, and he continually wet the bed.

Unfortunately I had to take the child to bed with me when I tried to get a little rest. It was not much better but at least I

did not have to get up and out of bed to attend to him. Except for the inconvenience on account of the disturbed sleep it was for me a majestic experience to feel the warm little body snuggling up to me, for usually he did not stay where I put him but rolled over close to my body. The touch of his little hands thrilled me.

Things improved when we secured a nurse for my child. I slept better and it was also better for the child. The child was taken from our bedroom and he slept better. Surely I was not as stupid as many other mothers. Instinctively I avoided many things which through my own experience I knew to be injurious to a child.

My beloved boy was a very irritable child. He cried much and he could not sleep well. He got over this nervousness only some time afterwards. He had a horrible habit of mussing himself up in bed; then he smeared everything on him and around him as far as he could reach so that it was quite a task to change his clothes. Occasionally this habit showed itself also when he was over a year old.

Nevertheless I was very devoted to my child. My whole love went out to him; instead of sharing it with my husband, suddenly the boy meant more to me! I would not have thought this possible for I had always said that I could not understand how a woman can love a child more than her husband.

Clouds began to gather around our married life. We began using preventives. I did not like this at all. It disgusted me. Whenever he used a preventive I found myself entirely unresponsive. My husband did not become more potent. I know that every time we had intercourse I was afraid that he would get through before I would. Indeed this happened very often.

The unpleasant outlook had a terribly depressing effect on me. I felt myself more and more handicapped in my movements. I could not visit my parents so often after I had the child. On the other hand my old home had a new attraction for me after I myself had become a mother. The visits were an inspiration to me. I shared with my parents the pleasure they took in their grandchild. My marriage, I felt, had actually drawn me too far away from them and I began to plan our removal to the old home town. Mother insisted that the atmosphere at home would improve if I were near them as I was always the peace-maker in the family. She complained that I abandoned them. Sister, meanwhile, had also left home.

To me the home visits were also a spiritual stimulus. In Prague I seldom stepped out of our home, partly through lack of time, partly because I did not care to do so. I cultivated no social contacts. At first we visited a few times but I did not particularly like the friends we had made and besides—I am willing to confess—I did not care to go out with my husband. I was ashamed of him as well as (comically enough) of his friends. I thought the folks will think that I must be like him because I married him. As a girl I liked to go to the theatre; now I did not care to do so because I did not understand the language well enough. My husband's family provided no pastime for me. Although the younger members of the family were very intelligent they, too, preferred to stay at home. I tried to visit my in-laws often; but there arose a certain tension between his folks and me. I was embittered by their complete ease and unpretendingness. I could not understand their excessive thriftiness because they were well-to-do. I myself was brought up modestly enough; nevertheless these people thought me extravagant.

I yearned for home. I begrudged, perhaps unfairly, the peaceful atmosphere of his family precisely because lack of harmony was the trouble at home. I was accustomed to see everything subjected to scrutiny and criticized whereas with my husband everything seemed all right. In other words that which had at first attracted me now became repulsive to me. I surrounded myself with a mantle of unapproachability so that my relatives thought me unbelievably ill-humored. At any rate, later, if any one touched upon any point on which I was sensitive I flew into such a rage that I could hardly speak.

To-day as I reflect on the occurrences of that period of my life I recognize my partial responsibility in so far as I pursued my own wilful way, and I was unwilling to take the least trouble to meet the others half-way. Then, too, I nagged my husband too much about his family.

I did not fit in with them at all; and because I was so dependent on them our relations grew strained. In my case the reciprocal family relations contributed much to wreck a marriage. Naturally the essential differences of character were the chief cause. My marriage was not an unhappy one from the first; it became so gradually. My yearning for my parents constituted the first rift in the lute of our marital happiness. I searched my mind for a way to make my parents happy. My own hap-

piness seemed to me selfish. I had not known previously that I was clinging to my family with such deep affection. When I thought of my own parents I begrudged my parents-in-law their serene home life.

My parents made the mistake that many parents make: they become fearfully tender with their married daughter. They pampered me. In doing so parents hurt tremendously the husband, because he can not keep up their pace and the woman suddenly discovers by comparison that a husband's love is much more selfish. My mother made the great mistake of letting me participate in the family cares and worries at home. Her letters often plunged me into deep agitation particularly because living at a distance I was powerless to aid them in any way. My husband was rightfully indignant over these letters. Often at night, unable to fall asleep, I poured out my heart to him. Naturally if he dared to say anything about my mother I was angry. All this happened later.

My husband was terribly jealous. Of course his jealousy was unjustified because I never met anybody. At first he was jealous even of his adored brother. He would not have permitted his brother to escort me home while he was away. I was not allowed to go out with my cousins. I felt like a prisoner in a cage. I often ascribed to his brother the responsibility. I was inclined to regard his brother as responsible for our marital squabbles, though his responsibility was certainly unintentional.

Unfortunately my husband had the habit of talking everything over with his family. He was led particularly by the advice of his brother, the physician. Thus I felt myself short-circuited, over-ruled, practically under guardianship. This roused my obstinacy so that I wanted to have everything precisely different. I felt very spiteful towards my brother-in-law because he did not court me and I liked him very much. This is why I was so angry at him. My pride did not tolerate the thought that a man with whom I was thrown so much in contact remained unimpressed. He had liked me very much for he had mentioned several times that he had been on the point of offering to marry me. It hurt my pride to find that, intellectually as well as with regard to his calling, my husband stood below the other members of his family. His outstanding quality was his kindness. He was easy to get along with; in later years he avoided me whenever I started a quarrel. At the same time he was very stubborn, precisely because he was rather narrow minded. It

was painful to see him shouting as soon as something irritated him; but he never dared to have such outbreaks with me.

After a short time I became pregnant again. This new pregnancy rendered me fearfully unhappy because I had not yet recovered from the effects of my first pregnancy. Misfortune started with the advent of the second child. A striking fact about me was that during the pregnant state I became more beautiful so that my husband said I ought to maintain myself always in a state of pregnancy. On account of the expected child I was unhappy until the last month of pregnancy.

I am so strongly sexed that even childbirth means to me a sexual act. I was delivered of the child at the hospital and, as on the occasion of my first accouchement, I kept my husband at a distance from me. I had a very pretty "madame" for a nurse. She bathed me and gave me my vaginal douches. This was enough for me—it kept me in such a high state of sexual agitation that I trembled. I did not want to let the attending physician out of my sight. I hoped that my brother-in-law, who was an attending surgeon at the institution, would be informed in time to look me up during the delivery. My husband was the only one whose presence I did not tolerate for a moment. I quieted down only after he left when he found the waiting too tedious.

My obstetrician was a young man whom I liked very well. When the birth ordeal was over I felt an irrepressible impulse to kiss him; of course, not merely out of gratitude! For I have already emphasized that the birth process acted upon me as a sexual excitant. Probably I enjoyed it in spite of the pain. The preliminary hot bath (and the nurse wiped me dry after that) had excited me so that for a while I forgot the ordeal I was facing. My homosexual predisposition broke through at that time and my old irrigator fantasy received a new impetus. During the birth my masochistic fantasies, too, came to the surface. I was then in the hands of a physician. My ideal! The occasion enabled me to fuse husband and physician in one person. During my convalescence I fell in love with my nurse and although I had always been afraid of a douche now I enjoyed it. I did not acknowledge this fact to myself at the time, for at that time I was conscious only of my fear and of my being ashamed. The nursing care roused in me a mixed feeling of shame and pleasure.

III

The second child caused me more trouble and care than my baby boy because it was very weak. I nursed it for a short time and then I turned it over to a wet-nurse.

From that moment I never yielded for a moment to the illusion of being a happy woman. I confessed also to my mother that I was ungratified. Since this had been also my mother's trouble I met with sympathetic understanding on her part. Then I found out the details of her own unfortunate married life. This was not an advantage for it caused me to picture my own future as fated to take the same course.

Regarding intercourse matters grew gradually worse. I seldom achieved orgasm. He was through sooner than I was; the only thought in my mind: "When will he get through!" While I remained ungratified in the midst of my great excitation, I hated him. Often I said I preferred that he would beat me! I would have gladly endured pain so as to feel something. Sometimes during sexual intercourse my mind wandered to my cousin, or to the physician who delivered my child.

Obviously even these fantasies failed to bring on the proper orgasm or I would have felt gratified. My husband, probably on the advice of the physician whom I consulted about my sexual trouble, tried to rouse me with the finger. However, he was not adroit about it. He merely stuck his finger into my private parts. While this excited me very much it also made me feel much ashamed. Moreover, I thought it was "unnatural"; under the circumstances, of course, gratification was out of question for me. While his manipulation with the finger roused me, the sexual act left me ungratified; at least if he had only followed it up with further finger titillations—but he was not adroit enough to understand such things!

Throughout our married life he had never fondled any part of my body. On one occasion he gave me to understand that he did not dare take liberties with me. Whence this shyness on his part arose I do not know! He never saw me naked; for we always wore our nightgowns and he nearly always carried out sexual intercourse in the dark.

I masturbated very inordinately. This time the practice was accompanied by another fantasy. I always pictured in my mind the following scene: I am in a hospital; and I am informed that I am about to be given a douche. I weep and shriek, I am ter-

ribly ashamed, but all my resistance proves futile. I am held by force or tied.

At this point the fantasy varied. Either I imagined that the young doctors were holding me down or that I was simply tied while the physician administered the vaginal douche. Usually the person who held me was a nurse who administered a douche in front while the physician gave me an enema. In other words, I was being tortured; I was suffering; I was a victim of violence.

This fantasy reflected a childhood memory; for I imagined that I was prevented from emptying my bowels promptly after this operation, as is often done to children, when the fingers are pressed tightly together over the anal opening to prevent the water from gushing forth immediately following an enema. The greasing of the enema tip, too, played a great rôle. The fantasy was so elaborated that not a single detail was overlooked. Usually I imagined that other patients were present in the room and this added much to my excitation; or I first witnessed the enema operation on others, thus going over it twice. Thus it will be seen that pluralism played a great rôle with me. Perhaps this is traceable to the fact that we children of the family were often ill at the same time and had to submit to an enema one after another. The infantile reminiscences fused into an integrated fantasy with these occurrences during my convalescence from childbirth.

During my practice of masturbation I derived the greatest pleasure from the associated fantasy; but I cannot state definitely whether even with this aid I achieved full orgasm or whether in most instances I merely became moist around the sexual parts. The persons of whom I thought at the time were of no particular concern to me; their external appearance played no rôle; the chief feature was their sex. Sometimes it was my obstetrician, at other times some other physician who had attended me. Sometimes I thought even of my brother-in-law; but, ashamed to link him to my fantasy, I gave up thinking of him in this connection (repression!).

I believe that several times I modified my fantasy as follows: I thought I was ill and imagined that my husband was giving me an enema. My violated sense of shame played a great rôle in the masturbation fantasy. These enema fantasies grew so that eventually I saw others, too, undergoing this operation: for instance, a certain sister-in-law whom I did not like.

To-day I can understand why I never wanted to give an enema

to my boy when he was small. To me this was a punishment. I would have gladly done anything to have avoided this ordeal when I was a child.

I was already three years married when a book by Forel made plain to me that I was addicted to the masturbation habit. I recall no longer what impression this made on me or whether the revelation influenced me at the time. When I thought only of men during my masturbation fantasies, which happened very seldom, I never dwelt on intercourse but merely pettings and caresses pictured to myself.

I clung to my boy with great affection. I saw in him a little man. His temperament delighted and reassured me. I perceived that he was my child: he had not inherited his father's phlegmatic blood. The child would cling to me and did not leave my side. It was troublesome to try to keep him away from me. At first he would not go to any one else. When he saw me in bed he crawled up at once—he was 2 years of age at the time—and tried to lie on top of me. At the same time his little hands wandered over my breasts and tried also to reach down. I found this very pleasurable; it was not easy for me to send the child away. Frequently I fought against the temptation of playing with his genitals. It always made him wild to be taken away from me when he was playing with my body. He too must have found the playing with me very pleasurable (Matters never reached actual "playing"; it was only a beginning!)

Perhaps the sexual disturbances would have not depressed me so much if I had not suffered from a general sense of horrible emptiness and futility With great horror I perceived that there was no spiritual tie between my husband and myself. We had no particular interests in common. His occupation did not interest me at all. I needed a husband who should be my teacher, my leader, some one to snap me out of my dreamy existence. As things stood between us I grew more stupefied. I could not discuss a book with my husband because throughout our married life he never read any printed matter except the newspaper. To my horror I realized that I was living with a stranger, with a man from whom I was separated by a thick wall. He never found the pathway to my soul. However, I must also add that on my part I never tried to understand his mental life; it did not interest me—probably because I did not truly love him.

Already in my second year of married life I perceived that I

did not truly love him. Afraid to look around I immersed myself in my duties. I imagined that I was altogether incapable of conceiving a spiritual love for any man and I considered myself condemned to go through life without true love. I thought that I was capable only of physical ties. My tremendous sensuality distressed me very much; I was ashamed of it. I thought it was a blemish. Life seemed to me insipid. After the second child came to us I reflected, at first playfully, on the possibility of a separation. Curiously enough, already as a young bride, during my visits to Linz I did not care to write to him. I did write merely through a sense of duty. After every separation he seemed to me more like a stranger. So strong was this feeling between us that on my return I was ashamed to take off my blouse in his presence. This shyness arose within a couple of days after a temporary separation. The main tie that held us together was habit. I knew my husband liked me; nevertheless I never took the least trouble to dress myself according to his tastes. He was not permitted to express his preferences for I simply decreed that he did not understand such things. Several times he tried to make me jealous by telling me various things, but he did not succeed in arousing the least twinge of jealousy within me.

As a girl I had a fear of burglars; after my marriage this fear grew much worse. When he was away on a trip and I had to sleep alone, the least noise or crackling sound awoke me so that I sat up in bed with a palpitating heart, unable to fall asleep again.

In the Summer there were always bickerings between us because I usually planned on going somewhere for a vacation, for the sake of our children, while my husband persistently fought this idea. He was probably jealous; and for this reason he thought that a vacation was superfluous.

In the third year of our married life I went with the children to a place near Linz, the country estate of a relative where I had spent many happy Summers as a child and as a young girl. There I was practically at home.

I was through with my love for Prague and I felt very happy to be among my relatives again. At this place my parents as well as the other members of my immediate family were often my guests This, living as I then did in the City of Prague, was for me quite a treat.

That Summer marked the beginning of the end of our mar-

riage. I was very unhappy; my health was poor; I suffered severely from migraine and I felt very tired. My child was badly run down in health through a certain physician's bungling and I looked for help to our old family physician of Linz. The child began to improve. A heavy burden was thus being lifted off my mind. A great contrast stared me in the face: In Prague my husband's family, and to a certain extent my husband himself, always looked upon my fears and concern about the children's health as excessive. He wanted peace and I, he claimed, always harassed him. With my family everything was done for the child. I saw that they felt I was right. Above all else they tried to find out the best thing to do for the child. Then, there was my innate sluggishness: Mother attended to everything. I did not have to bother my head. I had always been mentally indolent and the least mental exertion in the course of my housekeeping taxed my strength. I was unable to concentrate. It was not easy for me to prepare the menu or to look after many other trivial household details. Because I got along so well while I was near my parents, I conceived the plan of doing everything possible to bring about our permanent removal to Linz. The fact that the housekeeping conditions at Prague caused me considerable hardship only strengthened my purpose.

My husband visited me several times; but I was not overjoyed by his arrival. I was becoming more and more ashamed of him. On comparing him with my relatives I found that every one of them was more intelligent than he; at the same time I was grateful to each one of them for being very nice to him. My whole feeling of personality was jarred because I saw things with clear eyes. At times when I heard him express some unadroit remark I shuddered. He was an incorrigible optimist; more than that, he never saw things clearly and this enraged me.

My husband seemed little aware of what was going on in my inner self for he was very complacent and happy. Our quarrels did not disturb him very much. He ascribed the strange manner in which I sometimes treated him to my peculiar temperament. In Prague I was thrown exclusively in contact with dry-as-dust persons. Here I was surrounded by the immediate members of my family and other relatives. This reliving of my youth did me good. I was no longer entirely absorbed by my maternal and household duties.

My sister who was engaged for the first time spent part of the Summer with me. The comparisons I drew between her and

myself led to conclusions unfavorable to myself. I envied her because her life was yet ahead of her. She was free and on account of her calling, doubly able to enjoy her freedom. She was also having a love affair which turned out unhappy in the end but which at the time was in its rosiest phase. I begrudged her this adventure. I was tied down, already past playing this game of coquetry and conquest. I felt old and wretched.

My sister made an excellent impression on me. I also liked her general appearance. I found her very charming. After my marriage our relationship underwent a complete change. We no longer quarrelled when we were together. I admired her and was very self-effacing with her. She, on her part, was very patronizing towards me, but in a friendly manner. My greatest pleasure was to talk with her; nothing satisfied me so much. After a talk with her I felt as if I had enjoyed a healing bath. Such was the effect her being and her character had upon me! I have never felt that way about anybody formerly nor subsequently, until the renewal of my attachment to father.

Mother was jealous. She claimed that we were getting along so well because we were talking about her all the time. This was seldom the case. We referred rarely to the relationship between our parents. Sister was on father's side. As a matter of fact when I was on good terms with my sister I felt estranged from mother. This brought on a discord between us which only accentuated mother's jealousy as well as my obstinacy. I felt that my sister did not esteem my husband very highly although this matter was never directly discussed. Of course, this did not fail to affect me.

Inasmuch as my husband was away often we seldom indulged in intercourse. Every time we did so I suffered from cardiac attacks which were so severe that I was afraid my heart would stop beating. I had to cry out to catch my breath or I thought I would choke. My anger was so intense that I felt like doing something to him. I suffered dreadfully during intercourse. At such times I was filled with a hatred which blinded me against seeing his side of the deplorable situation. The intense excitation robbed me of the power of self-control. Afterwards I sometimes felt sorry and tried to be kind to him. . . .

The war broke out; then my husband told me that he was in such an extreme state of unrest that for this reason he now could not gratify me. I was miserable; I could not understand what the war had to do with his impotency nor why I should

have to atone for the war. On that occasion I discovered another trait of his character: he was a coward! This I could not understand because at the time the wave of patriotism swept everybody. The thought that he would be drafted for the army pleased me. This would have given me the opportunity of fulfilling my wish: I would have moved to my parents with my children.

In the Fall we returned to Prague. I parted from my relatives with heavy heart. I was so wrapped up in my inner conflicts that the war scarcely touched me although I had to endure many of the war-time discomforts. My husband who served in a clerical capacity was afraid continually of being called to the colors. Several times he told me he must get ready because he was about to be sent to the front. After the first couple of times I did not take his alarms seriously; I did not even try to hide my indifference. He was surprised at my calmness. Afterwards he even knew that, because his absence would have given me the opportunity of returning to Linz, his departure was not unwished for on my part.

My husband, I believe, began to fear marital relations because he was afraid of me. This only aggravated the situation. Occasional contact with his body even through my night clothes disclosed to me that my whole body was an erogenous zone. I was excitable everywhere. Nevertheless I never asked him to caress me. I was too proud and too ashamed.

Eventually his potency improved but I lost the colossal excitability before and after intercourse. Except for a slight, unnoticeable excitation at the beginning, I remained cool. He remarked several times that he never saw such coolness in a woman; that I was no more responsive than a piece of wood. At the time I myself had no inkling of my capacity for passion and I thought that excitability was a thing of the past, so far as I was concerned. I always said to him that I was an "extinct volcano." Formerly I had been very unhappy over this. I had regarded my continual want of gratification as something abnormal, thus ascribing to myself the responsibility for the lack of harmony in our sexual relations.

I read in a book about perversions; and inasmuch as I had felt certain vague stirrings I considered myself perverse. I pointed out my boy, who was very sexual, to my husband as an exemplar and said that his future wife was to be envied; that he will not be a "cold fish"; that already then he showed

a thousand times more temperament and feeling for love than his father.

Mother's visits always excited me very much. I always wept. She had innumerable ideas which, of course, she was unable to carry out. I could hardly follow the trend of her ideas. Mother bewildered me so that I could not think any more. She meant well; but I could endure neither her restlessness nor her readiness to make sacrifices for me, because this made me feel indebted. The feeling that some one was making sacrifices for me always annoyed me. However, circumstances and my illness brought about a situation wherein I needed mother very much. My love for her was purely selfish: I needed her. During her visit at Prague I was always in a great rush, always afraid of not getting through with the many questions I wanted to ask her.

In contrast with my self-reliance during the earlier period of my married life I now became dependent on her with regard to the least details. My lack of self-reliance often worried my husband. As soon as mother left I wrote her letters of most tender content, because I always had the feeling that I had not been cordial enough with her. Though I loved her something indefinite about her always made me irritable in her presence and I had forcibly to restrain myself. Mother's vacillating, easily influenceable character[1] perhaps aroused my craving to domineer.

Knowing that in her heart mother always agreed with me I was very ungracious towards my husband whenever she visited us, shouting at him and scolding him. My husband noticed this and remarked: "Whenever your mother comes you become insolent." I tried to pick quarrels with him because I thought I had been deceived about something. If I only had felt him to be a man or known that his will was wise and indomitable! But he was a weakling and thus my tendency to domineer was encouraged. Precisely those with a craving to domineer require a strong hand over them; otherwise they themselves become tyrannical.

It was otherwise with my father. His visits did not excite me. His presence at our home I enjoyed without feeling this irritating unrest. My affection for him grew all the time. I felt strongly congenial to him. We understood one another without words. Every utterance of his down to the least and most irrelevant remark made a deep impression on my mind. We were never demonstratively tender towards each other. The sound of his voice was enough to flatter me. He spoke very

slowly and his voice was sweet music to my ear. A hand caress by him was my supreme delight. Sometimes I could not believe that he was the same father of whom I had been shy as a girl. The days he spent with us were happy days for me.

He was a particularly doting grandfather to my children. My husband was never jealous of him. He often remarked that he had never seen a father with such an affection for his daughter. Such attention and tenderness was something extraordinary. We had meanwhile moved to another house which I liked doubly well because my father had liked it. Everything that met with his approval, pictures, furniture, became doubly precious to me.

My husband irritated me more and more. I compared father's quiet, subdued manners with his. My husband was very noisy. He had a rasping voice. Every motion of his irritated me. Moreover, he himself was very fidgety, always fault-finding as well as extremely impatient and unreliable. The children were not kept warm enough, the food was not warm enough! He harassed and nagged me continually with such petty complaints. Obviously this was his manner of avenging himself for my moodiness.

Mother who was seldom confidential with me about her married life now aired her serious conflicts. She complained often of my father whose peculiar character undoubtedly caused her much suffering. I felt infinite compassion for her and thought that she was right. When father visited us and he exposed to me his state of unhappiness I felt as if I had committed a wrong in listening to his side. But I could never be angry with him.

Often I shed bitter tears because I could not help my parents. At the beginning of my marriage, before I became much attached to father, I myself had advised mother to separate from him. Afterwards, on seeing him so depressed I endured most bitter self-reproaches. He knew that mother talked with everybody about their unfortunate marital life, but he himself never discussed the subject. He was a patient and suffering man. To me it was horrible to see that father, who was so kind to me, could be so harsh and cruel with his boys. When I saw him in this light I hated him. His manner revolted me. For this reason I was glad when he was with me. On these visits he was only the tender father. Separation, when the time came for him to leave, was always hard for both. It sharpened my pain to see him actually shed tears.

I grew more and more anxious to leave Prague and lived in

the future. One year after the birth of my little one I had the ill-luck to become pregnant again. At the birth of the third child —a girl—I suffered intense pains. I said to the attending physician: "To feel only pain, without having had any pleasure seems too sad!"

I did not ask myself whether I still loved my husband. I only knew that I was an unhappy woman. I attended to my household duties as well as to my duties towards him. I took good care of him, but the task seemed very burdensome; because it was carried out without any feeling of pleasure. I was glad to be alone, often allowed him to go out on Sundays alone because it was no pleasure to me to accompany him for walks or to join him in doing anything. However, it never occurred to me to complain to my parents about him. I had no grounds for doing so; in the last analysis he did the very best he could; that he did not have better understanding was not his fault. I could not reproach him for that. We did not harmonize very well. He was fearfully petty, jealous and mistrusting and he lacked the subtler feelings which render one considerate.

His distrust of me drove me to despair. Although as a girl I felt very "flirty" no stranger ever suspected it. On the street I was so modest that no one dared to accost me. I avoided scrupulously every occasion when I might have been accosted although inwardly I yearned for adventure and for conquests. I surrounded myself with a defensive wall of inferiorities and imagined that I was not attractive enough. This was a protection against my ungratified passion! As a matter of fact I had a serious physical blemish. On account of the boy's nursing my breasts were badly deformed. This condition became more and more prominent because I was losing weight. My breasts hung like a pair of long, flabby sacks. I wept when I saw myself in this condition. It was truly a sad spectacle! I was troubled by the fact that my breasts had lost their shapeliness. I often reproached my husband because I thought that my figure was ruined and that it was all over with me. It troubled me to see the beauty of my breasts gone before anybody had enjoyed their charm; for my husband had never seen my body. His assurances that he liked me anyway only enraged me. I did not intend to please him alone. The thought had often come to my mind that I ought to have a lover because life seemed so unbearable to me, but when I thought of the condition of my breasts, the idea of acquiring a lover appeared preposterous. A disap-

pointment would have been beyond my strength to endure. This dread of a disappointment acted as a stronger inhibition than the fear of being unfaithful to my husband.

On the other hand I felt genuine compassion for him. Moreover, I did not care for a frivolous affair, I yearned for love and genuine understanding. If I had found what I sought I could not have lived with my husband any longer and I was not yet ready to abandon him. Perhaps my strongest inhibition was the thought that I could not act in a manner which might cause father such great anguish.

Gradually my husband became accustomed to my indifference; even the customary greeting kisses ceased to be a habit between us. Unable to control altogether my tendency to flirt, I tried to make conquests among my in-laws. I was particularly attracted to the husband of my sister-in-law, precisely because he was cold and aloof. His wife I could not endure. I was jealous because she was everybody's favorite. I myself liked her; this is why I depreciated her. Moreover, I probably begrudged her the husband. The brothers-in-law liked me very well. Little did they suspect what a pleasure it would have been for me to make them fall in love with me! In my thoughts I succeeded innumerable times in achieving this; I saw the husband turning untrue to his wife for my sake; I even pictured him as abandoning her to marry me. I indulged in innumerable fantasies, precisely as I had done during my girlhood days, or I should have found the burden of existence unbearable.

During my day-dreaming I rehearsed past situations and conversations which I had found agreeable. Every man with whom I came into contact (even if he did not particularly impress me) became a center for my fantasy weaving. In my fantasies each one became a lover. The fact that in my fantasies I thus proved myself untrue to my husband thousands of times did not trouble me in the least, because my fantasies never weighed on my conscience. In my actual conduct I was a most decent wife, growing more and more timid and humdrum. If I regretted my lack of beauty it was because at the time I knew no inhibitions and would have given free rein to my passions. I was interested chiefly in the sexual relations of married couples and I watched them trying to picture to myself how matters stood with them in this regard.

In my mind I undressed every woman I met. If I felt an inclination towards one I dissected her external appearance very

sharply and usually ended by disliking her. I never begrudged a woman her husband. I was always envious if she had a lover; this seemed to me the height of bliss. I began to envy my servant girls because I knew that they had lovers and because they were still free. I really felt like a prisoner. My happiest moment was when, the day being over, I retired to bed and abandoned myself to my fantasies. My husband often remarked on the happy expression on my face when I was lying down or asleep.

I was not a heavy sleeper; my duties did not permit this and the siren of a neighboring factory always woke me at an early hour. For months I was unable to accustom myself to this factory whistle. It made me weep with distress. Unconsciously I must have associated the whistle with my fate; it, too, roused me from the most delightful dreams in which I took refuge! I was so nervous that I reacted morbidly to every noise. I was so wrapped up in my parents' unfortunate marriage relations that my husband often admonished me that he had married not my parents but me. Probably I preoccupied myself so much with their misfortune to forget mine. I worried also because my unfortunate marriage troubled my parents. I overlooked the fact that I myself had brought on all this suffering!

Several deaths in the family caused me much agitation. My father, I knew, was ill in bed with a severe cold. Then I had an ominous dream. In my dream I witnessed the death of my uncle. In reality his death had not affected me very much, but in this dream I felt such great anguish that I wondered. I reflected that I was mourning as disconsolately as if I had lost father. Subsequently I found out that at that time father was bed-stricken on account of a severe, fatal illness to which he succumbed in about two months. Although father himself wrote me that he was suffering merely from influenza, which was true, I knew he was alone, because my mother was visiting sister in the country at the time and I felt distressed because I was unable to be with him.

Within a few days my husband declared that we must go to Linz. Unsuspecting what was awaiting me I felt happy to go at last to my father. Upon my arrival, brother informed me that I had arrived barely in time to be at father's deathbed. It had been found that day that he could live only a few days longer.

When I heard this I thought that the ground had suddenly slipped from under my feet. I was to have father only a very,

very short time! What I went through during the following night, which I spent at a hotel, is beyond description. I was out of my senses! I shrieked and I stormed and I tore my hair and I threatened that if father died I would slay somebody. I hurled the severest reproaches at my husband because he did not let me go sooner to father. He came near dying in solitude, neglected. This neglect of him during his last days I could never get over! I told my husband that if father died I will never again leave mother. He asked me what will become of him and of the children. I said: "I shall take the children with me." In my horrid agitation I disregarded how unmercifully cruel I was to him when I said that thenceforth I will live with mother—with him if possible, without him if necessary.

After that ghastly night I went to father's bedside, along with mother and sister, who had been called by wire. None of us was in a normal condition. We kept mumbling: if father dies, something terrible will happen! When I looked at father, who could not speak any more, but wept quietly when he saw me (he had been constantly asking for me) I broke down. He did not suspect the gravity of his condition either then or afterwards. He showed sudden signs of improvement; and it was hoped that his life would be spared, though crippled in health, for a couple of years. I swore to devote myself to father if he lived and never to leave him.

My husband returned home while I remained in Linz. I devoted myself to the sufferer. In so far as the care of my father permitted it, I was happy. The situation, sad as it was, at least temporarily allayed the unpleasant home atmosphere. To a certain extent the excitement acted even as a "release" for I was ill from "lack of adventure"; it broke the monotony of existence. I blossomed out when the troublesome care of father was over although I realized that we could not expect him to recover. I flirted unabashed with every man and again began to weave fanciful adventures. I was glad, too, whenever I met my old cousin (my first love!) at father's bedside. Following his marriage there was a reconciliation and he had even become my father's confidant.

After weary weeks my father's condition grew worse; he died a lingering death. I could not bear his protracted agony and often wished the ordeal were over. This again troubled my conscience. After father's death my anguish was inexpressible. Our cousin called on us on the same day. When he took me in

his arms I suddenly perceived a feeling of gladness. I was horrified to find myself capable of such a feeling on the day of my father's death.

When my husband arrived I kept away from him. In my anguish I fled to my sister for whom I felt greater love than ever because she now seemed to me a legacy from father. Curiously enough, she in her turn treated in the same manner our mother, who meanwhile had abandoned her jealousy.

At the burial ceremony, too, I clung ostentatiously to sister. Several days later my husband and I were compelled to return home on account of my father-in-law's sudden death.

I was unhappy because I could not leave my husband and return to stay with my mother.

At this time my illness reached its acme. I went through orgies of anguish; wept wherever I was and wherever I happened to go, thinking and speaking only of father. I was in constant dread that something would happen to mother. Every time the door-bell rang I jumped expecting it was a telegram bringing bad news.

What the future portended I did not know. Mother could not come to Prague to be with me, therefore I wanted to remove to Linz I dreamed for hours of the past until it became the future but I wanted to know nothing of the present. In retrospect my unfortunate youth seemed to me pleasant by comparison; my fantasy embellished the couple of adventures I had experienced.

Pride held me from letting my husband see me in tears. But I often complained to him and in my despair I asked him: what will be the end? When he asked me whether I wanted a separation I told him that such a step was farthest from my thought.

This was four months before our separation. The thought of my children restrained me. I had had a talk with sister who told me that father's last wish had been that I sue for separation because I was unhappy. An attorney whom I consulted stated that I would lose both children because I had no serious grounds for divorce.

I was so indifferent about our sexual relations that during intercourse my mind dwelt on the next day's menu. I became unresponsive because I myself hindered the proper feelings from arising. I wanted to be responsive and at the same time I was afraid to respond to his sexual embrace. I should have despised myself if in spite of my indifference to my husband I had per-

mitted myself to respond to his embrace. Occasionally it happened that I was slightly roused by him, as the result of an accompanying fantasy, or perhaps because I felt kindlier towards him that day. I suggested to my husband that, inasmuch as there was no pleasure in intercourse for me and I was always afraid of pregnancy, we should give up marital relations. He did not agree.

I also gave up the masturbation habit. I had found that this practice made me languid. I thought of this before. I had given up the practice several times without having been able to get completely rid of the habit. I wanted to de-sexualize myself. This endeavor only enkindled my passion. I should have fallen, a ready prey, into the arms of the first man to understand my condition, for my power of resistance was exhausted. On the other hand my inhibitions were so strong that I would never have yielded to a man whom I did not love and I would never have allowed extreme liberties to any one. If the attending physicians

known what I expected of them! How I shivered! My

e for wish fulfillment was the physician. He, above all

iled to my sensuality. The examinations, an ordeal

not avoid, were far from unpleasurable to me.

row I became again pregnant. This time I did not

h it, because my condition was worse than during

My brother-in-law took a deep interest in my

me to captivate him. I went to his hos-

talk with him, but with the half-deliberate

tage of the opportunity of being alone with

returned home very sad and badly disap-

f particularly attracted to him from the

hat a very beautiful woman was in love

aid no attention to her. I reflected that

it wo[illegible] adventure to capture so cool a man.

Deeds of [illegible], such as we heard a great deal about during the war, preoccupied my fantasy and excited me very much. I noticed also that the reports of cruelties had a strongly stimulating effect on me and stimulated my sadistic fantasies.

I passed through the worst time while I was confined to bed after the abortion. I was sexually in a state of continual excitement and very eager for love. When my husband came home in the evening I felt disappointed because I did not yearn eagerly for him.

As soon as I left the sick bed I was taken to a sanitarium at

Semmering for my convalescence. My children were in the country with my mother. When I left our home I knew that I would never return. I was simply through.

IV

At the sanitarium I became acquainted with a gynecologist. At the moment when he was introduced to me I had a peculiar sensation—a feeling that it was to be a momentous occasion in my life. He knew how to win my confidence and I opened up freely to him. In view of my past reticence I felt that I conferred quite a favor upon this physician to be so outspoken with him. Whenever our hands touched I had the sensation that a fluid was coursing through my system. He was infinitely kind and tender with me, because I moved him to pity. What is so pathetic as a young creature of 25, asking disconsolately: "Of what use am I in the world?"

On one occasion, when he became more tender than usual in the endeavor to console me, I kissed him and impulsively bit his tongue. All my passion, subdued and dammed up during the long years, I threw into that kiss. The bite expressed my hatred of the male sex. With this kiss I felt intensely responsive. I had given myself to this man with this kiss. I belonged to him. I loved him. I felt that he was the man my soul had been searching for. All this was revealed to me in that kiss!

When two human beings respond so to a kiss they belong to each other. We addressed each other with the second singular pronoun. After that kiss this seemed natural.

I must have often gone through such a situation in my dreams. I probably regarded that kiss as something long since overdue me. My love requisites, which are of a very complex character, were fulfilled at last. He was a physician, a mature man, a great Don Juan, married. Moreover, he was a highly intelligent man, a scholar and an artist. It had always been my dream to capture a man of a high cultural standing. He charmed me very much. In short I fell in love with him. We became close friends. He was a believer in modern psychotherapy and he made me acquainted with it. He helped me search out the reasons for my mental suffering and helped me understand my various conflicts. For this I felt infinitely grateful to him.

We did not limit ourselves to kisses. Our relations grew more intimate. When I felt his hand on my breast for the first time

I was seized by an indescribable unrest. All my feeling of inferiority had concentrated on that physical region; and when he kissed me I thought I was about to faint, so strong were my emotions—a mixture of delight and shame. I had never surmised that such divine caresses are possible! My rapture was no less intense when my friend touched me elsewhere. In spite of my great bashfulness it would never have occurred to me to deny him any privilege. I enjoyed such ecstasies of delight when my friend fondled me "down there" that I told him I did not think I could ever respond more completely. I responded to every stimulus. If he kissed me on the ear lobe I had an orgasm.

I recall, during the beginning of our acquaintanceship, before we became intimate, standing near him in a railway coach. His proximity so aroused me so that on every accidental contact I had an orgasm.

Gradually my friend introduced me to the mysteries of love. I had no idea that there were so many ways in which a woman may be aroused to gratification. I had merely a vague feeling that there was something more to love than what I had experienced during the five years of my marital life and I yearned for that mysterious something in the dark. My friend was dumbfounded by the intensity of my passion. Suppressed and held in check for years, my passion now broke forth like a torrent. For months he did all manner of things with me, except that we never indulged in normal intercourse.

Noticing my great interest in psychoanalysis and my natural aptitude for it my friend recommended to me various works on the subject.

These books opened a new world for me. The scales fell off my eyes. I recognized that I would commit a crime against myself if I permitted myself to continue to wear the yoke of my unfortunate marriage. I reflected that every human being has a right to happiness.

I could not sacrifice myself for the children; of what use would a sick mother have been to them? I could not reproach myself for my unwillingness to hold on to the unbearable marriage ties because I had reached the end of my resources. Often I had said to myself: I shall go insane if this keeps up any longer! In other words I courted insanity as a means of escaping from these unsolvable conflicts.

The growing love for my friend gave me the courage to renew

my struggle for life. I had implicit confidence in him. This faith enabled him to recreate and rebuild my personality.

What had I been up to that time? An ailing, incompetent creature, wrapped up in my inhibitions and feeling of inferiority. His teachings and views fell on fertile ground. He undertook a difficult educational task with me but he was to meet with success.

Meanwhile we moved to M. My mother was happy at the prospect of my separation. It was decided that I should take the children and live with mother, thus bringing to fulfillment our common wish. She was now alone and in her loneliness she turned to me. I was unhappy and she conceived the idea that it was her mission to make me happy. My misfortune made her forget hers; then, too, she needed some one who belonged entirely to her, some one on whom she could depend and who, in turn, needed her affection.

Unfortunately mother was an ailing woman; and in the course of time our living together did not turn out as well as we had hoped.

I wrote my husband asking for a divorce. This request so surprised him that he came at once to M. It was not an easy task to prevail upon my husband to see the need for a divorce. He loved me and he had been happy with me. His unpretentiousness was beyond my comprehension. Our living together was merely a "living side by side" and yet he had been happy! In spite of our talk at night he wanted to come to my bed. I dreaded that moment because I had no right to deny him. The continual playing with my friend had roused me to a high pitch and I was desiring regular intercourse. However, when my husband, towards whom I was indifferent, wanted to come to me while I was yearning for the other man I felt it was an offence to my personality and I burst out in tears so that my husband was compelled to withdraw. To have given myself to my husband would have seemed to me a breach of faithfulness against my friend, even though he had not taken possession of me; for I belonged to him, to him alone!

I never reproached myself for my relations with my friend, although he was a married man. His answer to the first question I asked him about his wife showed me that his marriage was an unhappy one This merely salved my conscience. In reality I felt the lure of a married man.

I came near spoiling my relationship with this friend. Meet-

ing my cousin at mother's home on frequent occasions I noticed that my old affection for my cousin was not dead. On one occasion I succeeded in having a brief talk alone with him and I told him about my marriage. We both became very excited. He, too, saw the past in vivid colors and he confessed that our separation had been very painful to him. The conduct of my father, who brought about our separation, was something he could not easily forgive. I believed him; and at that moment I felt vividly the flaring up in me of something I had thought was long since dead.

Was I about to experience the fulfillment of my childhood wishes? We both desired to have a good talk between ourselves and we arranged a rendezvous. My friend, who knew about my affection for my cousin, approved. He rejoiced with me at the possibility of my getting together with my cousin. He wanted to make me happy; and should the cousin turn out to be the right man for me, he wanted to be of assistance.

I met my cousin and was greatly excited because I thought that we would have a momentous talk. He asked me whether I trusted him. I answered in the affirmative and he took me to a hotel because, he said, he wanted to talk with me in a quiet, undisturbed place where nobody will see us.

When I found myself alone with him in the room I felt uneasy. However, I did not want him to notice my uneasiness and behaved as if I was accustomed to such situations. My first thought was of my friend: Why was I not with him in this room?

My cousin began to go over what had happened, rehearsing the real cause of our break; then he emphasized that he still loved me; but he liked his wife, though he was not happy with her, and he did not want any public scandal; and he kept on talking like this. I did not quite understand at what he was driving.

Suddenly I felt completely indifferent towards him. I asked myself why I had come at all to be with him? I felt an instinctive urge to get up and leave. He noticed my disposition and said that undoubtedly his cold-blooded talk was sobering me. He was right. I felt disillusioned. I thought he was a coward. I had hoped he would say something about the future; but he did not refer at all to this phase of our situation.

Suddenly I got up. He came over to me and kissed me. For me this was a strange experience! Though formerly I had

yearned for his kisses now his kiss did not thrill me. I felt nothing! I did not even have the sensation that lips had touched mine. It seemed that all feeling had frozen in me. I wanted to arouse some feeling in myself but it could not be done. I was in an abominably helpless state. I wanted to leave but found myself unable to stir. My cousin began to implore me: now that we had the opportunity of fulfilling our old wish of belonging to each other I did not want to yield. I told him that I would feel like a sacrificial lamb if I yielded to him. He implored me: he did not want to do me any harm, he merely wanted to fondle my body. In his excited state when I saw him begging so hard he seemed again the little boy I once knew and I did not have the heart to utter a decisive "No!" Then, too, I thought of father's last will, in which he had requested this cousin to join his father in looking after us, thus placing us partly under his protection.

Mechanically I took off my waist. It was a terribly painful ordeal for me. I had the feeling that I was sacrificing myself. We did not undress. He kissed me and merely touched me with his membrum. He was in a state of such terrible excitement that he could not do anything; besides he had promised in advance that he would not. On my part I had absolutely no feeling. I was absolutely frigid. This made me so angry that I bit his lips. When I felt his membrum touching me I suddenly got over my weakness. A gigantic strength came over me and I pushed him off. I believe that if he had not withdrawn at once I should have beaten him. I felt it was disgraceful for me thus to be made use of without a particle of feeling on my part.

The reason I did not then respond in the least was because the image of my friend stood before my mind. I yearned only for him. My friend had set me afire. Consumed with passion I could hardly wait for the time I should, at last, belong wholly to him. Inwardly I bore him a grudge for keeping me waiting so long to attain that for which I was languishing; and I did not want to wait any longer. My impatience nearly cost me the highest ecstasy; it nearly robbed me of the best there is in life.

After this unfortunate episode I was so badly shaken that I was afraid of the consequences. "What will my friend say?"

He was shocked at my frivolous behavior; horrified that I had thus fallen into my cousin's hands, merely because it suited him to have an affair with me. I suffered much and would have given almost anything to have been able to wipe this experience

out of my life. But perhaps it had to happen. The old unfulfilled wish was so strong in me that perhaps I had to go through this painful experience to get through with it.

My friend's kindness and his depth of understanding enabled him to get over this unpleasantness. I had tried to avoid my cousin; but in this particular emergency mother had woefully failed to aid me, although I had expressly begged her to spare me from meeting him. I tried to justify this request on the ground that my former attachment to him made it inadvisable for us to meet, but she simply lacked understanding. It was all on account of her opposition to my friend of whom she grew more and more jealous. During the first few days I had told my friend that I almost hated my mother. This feeling, unfortunately, did not prove unjustified. For weeks at a time we were not on speaking terms on account of our differences about father. I felt a grudge against her because she had harassed him so much with her ailments and complaints and because she did not mourn his death. My excessive tender affection for him pained her because it meant so much less affection for her. Our respective feelings for the deceased divided us.

I went through great hardships before my husband consented to a divorce. Then I found out that I would have to separate from my boy because he would be given to his father. This was a heavy blow for me. I would never have had the courage to go through these struggles, except for the love I bore my friend. I knew I was not alone.

My love for him grew all the time. I enjoyed the present, unmindful of the future. I blazed and burned with desire until at last my wish was fulfilled and I became his. The happiness I felt after our first intercourse is beyond description. I had participated in a miracle. I had never dreamed of such ecstasy! For the first time I felt what it meant to be a woman. For the first time I knew what yielding meant. Our being together lasted about two hours without interruption. I experienced highest orgasm six times. I believe that such intensive response is possible only for a person with a keen sense of shame, for some one who has to overcome such strong inhibitions as I had.

Much as I yearned to give myself to my friend, I was uneasy at the moment of undressing myself. At the thought that my friend will notice my physical blemishes and that then all will be over, I preferred to postpone the critical occasion. I have suffered for a long time from this dread of undressing; to this

day I cannot get over my bashfulness. However, on that occasion my yearnings proved stronger than my dread of undressing and during our sexual intercourse I had no other feeling than that of supreme ecstasy. I had hungered and I had starved myself long enough. I wanted to gratify myself at last; therefore I abandoned myself unrestrainedly to my passion.

Fate had decreed that I, a passionate woman, should meet a man who was even more passionate than I. After a poor makeshift of a husband I found a love artist who discovered that my whole body was an erogenous zone and he brought out my responsiveness in every possible manner. I, too, discovered a faculty which I had not previously suspected. Suddenly I discovered that I could "telegraph."[2] I was so amazed at the miracle I discovered in myself that I looked admiringly at my lover and said to him: "You are a real love-God!" He himself thought he had not been so potent for years and that he had seldom felt so keenly gratified. In brief, we had found each other.

My great happiness over my good fortune was not unalloyed with a bitter by-taste. I reflected that, after this experience, I will never be able to respond to another man's embrace and I trembled with fear at the thought of losing my lover through another woman's lures. I was afraid that I would always yearn for the enjoyment I had experienced, afraid that I could not live without it any more. This fear pursued me for a long time. I was wholly my beloved man's creature. He, too, loved me dearly. Together we witnessed the great miracle of a light play turning into a great deep love

I felt supremely happy when he began to show his love for me. It was one of the happiest moments of my life when he told me that he rejoiced in feeling a spiritual love for me. Our affair began as an amusement and out of our physical contact there arose a great spiritual love. This love came like a revelation, for it came to me after I had supposed myself unable truly to love a man. Now I experienced the miracle of loving with all my senses and with all my heart. With every fibre of my body and with every drop of my heart's blood I belonged to him. Gone was my obstinacy, gone my desire to domineer!

At first I still harbored a slight feeling akin to hatred. That was when I so yearned for him and he kept me "on the rack," waiting. I was also terribly wild and I bit him all over the body while kissing him so that his body seemed tattooed all over. In time this feeling vanished.

Our getting together was something so divine and beautiful that each time we thought it could never be quite so wonderful again, and whenever we reëxperienced the miracle we thought it was a divine gift. On the contrary it was more beautiful every time! Our passion kept pace with our growing love; it reached its acme only after two years of cohabiting.

We were both so highly sensitive that we reacted to the least disturbance. We were never twice the same. We discovered new charms and we never had enough of each other. We fairly grew into each other. I believe that few mortals are fortunate enough to have ever reached such perfection of physical and spiritual love as we attained. There was no room for inhibitions, no place for shame between us. Our spiritual love and our physical attraction for each other was equally strong and thus ourselves were fused into one complete being. We abandoned ourselves unrestrainedly to the dictates of our passion. It never occurred to me that there was something perverse or unæsthetic about it. We were both animated by the single wish to gratify each other. The rule which we followed was: whatever two lovers do to themselves in order mutually to procure gratification for themselves is beautiful.

My lover could be with me continually from one hour to two hours without the loss of his virility. The yearning persevered as keen as ever and he was able to withhold so long expressly for the purpose of achieving keener gratification. Sometimes he kept up the sexual act continuously for three hours. Of course, he changed position. We both experienced a lasting enjoyment. My orgasm was so strong that the after-feeling of satisfaction lasted for hours. My sensuality, which I had formerly despised in me, and my capacity to respond with every part of my body, rendered me supremely happy. This profuse responsiveness distinguished me from many others. It was through my highly passionate nature that I captured my lover. My feeling of physical inferiority also vanished. My lover liked me as I was and many of my alleged blemishes turned into graces in his eyes. My ignominious mouth and sensual lips were precisely what had captivated him and what he particularly admired about me. He endeavored to restore in me a feeling of freedom. I was happy to believe that this was true. To be sure, sometimes I reflected: "What would father say if he knew what was going on?" Then I said to myself: "It is better that he is not living or I would have conflicts with him."

I experienced also physical miracles. My withered breasts flourished and filled out. My beloved found them charmingly beautiful. My skin, as coarse as a grater, so that formerly I had to consult a skin specialist, became soft and smooth. I blossomed out anew and looked ten years younger.

I subdued my feeling-attitude of hatred towards my mother. This, I thought, was the only way in which I could control my affection for her. She was opposed to my love affair. I bore a grudge against her because she prized petty moral cant more than my happiness. How thankful I would have been to her if she had taken a different attitude towards my love affair! My gratitude would have been boundless. Our strained relations caused me much suffering. I had to hate her. I felt that if I should soften I would be lost. If I had lent an ear to her complaints I should not have enjoyed my happy love. She is an unhappy creature. I was always afraid that the unhappiness which reigned over our family would claim me, too, for a victim.

She committed the serious wrong of branding me as an "unfortunate creature." Many times, when we quarrelled, she exclaimed that I had inherited father's wretched temperament and that, therefore, I had no capacity for happiness. She claimed that it was impossible for one to get along with me. Did I not identify myself with my father? Then she added her criticisms of my temperament as a girl so that it almost seemed a fatality which I could not expect to escape.

Often I wished I had no family ties. I envied my lover who was wholly free from any family entanglements. We never had the slightest misunderstanding. Occasionally we were disturbed. This happened only on account of mother. My beloved often remarked: "This woman is our kill-joy!" It was truly criminal on her part to have attempted to interfere in this great and holy love of ours. My misfortune that I loved this woman! Her reproaches only seemed to brush past me. Unfortunately I harbor a strong trend towards unhappiness. I did not dare to have complete faith in my happiness. Often I reflected: "Why do I deserve so much happiness in the midst of so much unhappiness?" Did I think I was so wretched that I did not deserve my great happiness?

I felt no interest in anything or anybody except my lover. Even my children were wholly neglected. Mother's reproaches hurt me doubly because secretly my own conscience hurt me! Suddenly I had become so self-centered that I was interested

only in the gratification of self. Every duty and everything else that tended to divert me from my lover was an irksome burden. What would I not have given to have been a girl without these millstones!

When differences arose between my lover and my family I wanted to forget everything and everybody. I did not want anybody else to share a particle of my love, for it belonged exclusively to him. I knew I had no skill in dividing love. If I had only been the free, strong person I thought I was!

I broke with my brothers and sister because they did not treat me right. I was indignant when I found that they were kindly disposed towards me only so long as they could think of me as a weak pathetic creature needing compassion. Neither they nor my mother could endure my independence, my self-reliant, dignified personality.

The wretched feature of our family life was that everybody felt unhappy; each member was repressed by the family and still drawn to it, like the moth to the flame. (According to our experience one would think that misery forges stronger family ties than the most serene family life!)

I was happy to have freed myself from the family ties and to have found my sole happiness in love. This is not the place to sing high praises to our love! Words are too weak to render an adequate picture of the cloudless, the unalloyed happiness we experienced! What is so wonderful, what is so soul-satisfying as the realization that one renders one's beloved happy?

Surely not another pair has ever maintained a more beautiful relation. There was never an unpleasant word between us. Our faith and the realization of our mutual love was so great that although neither of us was born to faithfulness, there never arose an occasion for either of us to be jealous. Love made me good! It cleansed me of all pettiness, it purged me of all that was low or mean. I wanted to be the equal of my beloved, worthy of him. Everything in me exulted at the feeling of having, at last, become a human being. My beloved had restored me to life. I was young, in the prime of my life.

Already at the beginning of our love affair I was obsessed by a feeling of uncertainty regarding the duration of our affair so far as he was concerned, although I knew nothing about it.

During our happiest period I was troubled by the following fantasy: I saw myself abandoned by him for another woman and I could not forget him. I came to him because I was unhappy

but he failed to recognize me for I had grown old and unattractive. Another fantasy: I was married to him and had a child. The birth was a difficult one but I had enjoyed the ordeal because I had suffered for his sake and because it furnished me the opportunity of being specially coddled and petted by him. During the height of the orgasm I wanted to die. Later my wish was to die at his hands. I had the feeling that I would not have batted an eyelash if he had stuck a knife into me. I could conceive nothing more glorious than to die in the midst of supreme gratification! Once this wish is attained one knows that the acme has been reached, that nothing further life offers can compare to such ecstasy!

We were rather careless and I became pregnant but I had a severe hæmorrhage and I was taken to the sanitarium where I had a miscarriage. Though I nearly bled to death the only thought that preoccupied my mind was to see my beloved; not for a moment did I feel the least concern over the fearfully critical situation in which our carelessness had placed me. My fantasy was fulfilled: I suffered through him and for his sake!

Although the miscarriage was the beginning of my misfortune I spent the happiest days of my life at the sanitarium. My beloved, realizing by that time what I meant to him, began to plan for our future. Here, again, was the fulfillment of what I had yearned so earnestly for during my married life: while I was ill my much beloved man took care of me and coddled me! For this reason I would have gladly gone through illness again and again, although my beloved was always tender with me and I did not need to be ill for this reason.

There must be something infantile about this! During intercourse, too, I never had the feeling that I was a woman. I felt merely like a child who wanted to give him everything and who craved enjoyment. The sensation of turning myself completely over to him thrilled me. I wanted to be the vehicle for his passion, a creature for him to destroy if it pleased him to do so!

After my operation I passed through the happiest period of our love. I was at a convalescence home, away from my family, so that we did not fear any outside interference. I was happy beyond words. Often I said: "I envy myself for my good luck!" I had not given up the masturbation habit. When I indulged occasionally I always did so with the fantasy of having intercourse with my beloved.

The operation, which caused me suffering on account of much

handling, brought much of my past to the surface, including my enema fantasy. Usually I imagined that the nurse massaged my abdomen or the breasts while the physician was administering the enema. In other words, my masturbation fantasies revolved around manual contacts with my body.

My old homosexual feeling-attitude was also reawakened. I recall how terribly I dreaded the enemas while I was at the sanitarium, only to be disappointed when, instead of enemas, the nurse gave me purgatives. However, I was not at all aware that I was again masturbating with the aid of this fantasy.

The first rift in our love, which for two years had persevered untroubled by the least cloud of misunderstanding, appeared during the Summer while my friend was on his vacation.

I had been alone with my children and had again immersed myself in day dreams. The boy had been with me, before he returned to his father. These coming separations troubled me very much and I unfairly began to hide from my beloved the conflicts I endured on account of my children. Inasmuch as he had to be away during that time from me I indulged rather often in masturbation; unfortunately I often did so to the accompaniment of my wretched old fantasies. The landlady, for whom I felt a homosexual attraction, was obviously a substitute for my mother. However, far from suspecting the oncoming disaster, I wrote to my mother that I was inexpressibly happy. I had to give expression to my happiness.

It is the misfortune of mankind to want everything. On account of the continual reproaches of my mother, who regarded my relation as unmoral, I began to wish that my beloved would marry me. (Although I had always said: "No ties!") However, my middle-class morality, too, came into play. I was jealous of his wife and my pride was also an element in the situation. To be sure, I had wished all along that he might have been a free man, then we would have lived continuously together, though without formal marriage, because formal marriage I considered irksome. I wanted to be all the time with him. Every minute we missed being together seemed to me an irretrievable loss. I did not want to sacrifice a thing; even the little I devoted to my children or my mother seemed to me too much. But—unfortunate being that I am—apparently I must always make

sacrifices! It does not seem possible for me to enjoy my good fortune without interfering wishes. And so by attempting to change the situation I drove myself out of paradise. I wanted to have everything, instead of being satisfied with the good fortune that I enjoyed. It was again my impatience which prevented me from awaiting a natural solution of our family relationships and drove me to attempt to regulate the future.

Here ends the interesting account which the patient had turned over to me in writing before she began the psychoanalysis under me. A disorder suddenly threatened the serenity of her love life. Her orgasm appeared seldom, occasionally it failed her altogether. Sometimes she felt pain during sexual intercourse. Other symptoms also pointed to an inner "No!" with reference to her beloved man. She suffered from a profuse vaginal catarrh which baffled the gynecologists. One would have thought that she suffered from a physical condition. However, at our first session she mentions promptly that, strangely enough, it is now impossible for them to indulge in intercourse. "Do you know, I said in jest to my friend that I will 'close up below' and that I won't let him penetrate me. Now this jest has turned into something serious!"

Words thus thrown out in jest as a rule point to mental revealments. They are usually premonitory signs which betray what is coming. Moreover, the colleague who brought her to me for treatment, tells me that the woman manifests the strangest hysterical symptoms which he had ever witnessed. Suddenly her mouth turns as cold as ice; or during intercourse he feels the vagina turning cold, while the usual signs of sexual excitation (constrictor cunnei contractions?) remain absent. Moreover, on the last few occasions she failed to respond in time during their sexual embrace. This has not happened during the two years in which they have cohabited and it has led him to conclude that there must be some hidden resistance. This is particularly strange because he is about to divorce his wife, on the basis of a mutual understanding, and make a home for his sweetheart in whom he has found his complete physical and spiritual completion. He cannot think

any more of living without this woman. In spite of their conversations and search they have been unable to ferret out the reasons for this disorder.

In the first place I want to emphasize that such physical response alterations as the colleague has pertinently recognized and points out indicate the onset of a spiritual estrangement. We thus have the rare opportunity of investigating the origin of a dyspareunia in the process of its formation!

I am told why she was one hour late (!) to the appointment for the first time. Her brother had returned from the front. They talked until she suddenly observed that it was high time for her to start for the appointed place. Then she ran like insane because she could not get a car.

There follow a number of rationalizations. However, we discover that the conversation with the brother was a very stimulating one, that she would have liked to continue the conversation and that she had been roused against her lover for the first time. She met his reproaches for being late very petulantly and wanted to return home at once.

Already in the account of this first episode we see a reference to the brother who played a great rôle in this trouble. It is impossible to unfold here the whole course of the psychoanalysis. The case has already taken enough of our time. I want to indicate merely its most important feature and the results.

In the first place there came to the surface a consuming yearning for her boy. On account of her tender consideration for her lover she had never mentioned to him how hard she had been affected by the separation from the boy. She would have rather given up the little girl.

We discover with astonishment that this love on her part was physical (at least in its chief feature). In her written life confession she has given a scant and rather superficial account of her relation to the boy. The boy was very insolent as well as very enterprising. He crawled into her bed, caressed her, kissed her, played with her breasts, his membrum wandered towards her genital region. She herself has confessed that she had to fight against the temptation of playing with his genitals. She always had a strong sense of duty

and a tremendous power of self-control. The moment this thought had come to her mind, the playing in bed was ended.

However, she loved this child above everything; obviously she entertained incestuous fantasies with him as a grown boy.

The boy was very jealous, he tolerated no competitor for her favor, treated her friend with obvious depreciation and punished her for her love by continually torturing her. He became so unruly that she was unable to keep him. He had noticed his mother's love for her friend and punished her very effectively. Moreover, he attempted to cool off his erotic temperament on his little sister and induced her to play with him various games which betrayed distinctly their sexual character. Indeed, these "games" led to sexual manipulations so that it became necessary to keep a close watch on the children.

Patient declares that when she took a walk with the boy she always had the feeling that he was her protector, her lover, her "little man!" At any rate she had stood so long by her unloved husband only on account of this little boy.

The analysis of her marriage shows that she had married through obstinacy without any inner inclination for the man. She could endure no longer her father's tendernesses with her sister. She wanted to avenge herself on the man who after trying to capture her love had turned from her. She found that her mother did not love her enough. Finally she observed in herself certain incestuous inclinations towards her brother and wanted to flee from them. She felt herself bound to the family by a thousand chains and she wanted to break off these chains by going away. She imagined herself in love. She utilized the inclination which her husband's brother had suggested to her as a background on which to construct her imaginary love.

A brother motive reiterated itself again and again in her fantasies. She often loved brothers, who were obviously meant to serve as a substitute for her own brother.

At first she denies this feeling-attitude towards the brother; subsequently she finds herself constrained to admit various pertinent facts. Sometimes she herself had wondered why she happened to think of her brother when she went to meet her friend. On one occasion, while returning from Prague,

where she had visited her child, the thought came to her mind: "It would be nicer if my brother would be waiting for me instead of my friend!" In the evening when her lover kissed her on parting, she was unresponsive for the first time, felt nothing and yearned for "another's" kiss. The thought that passed through her mind was: "You are really looking for another kind of a kiss!" She was "flowing" that evening, her menstruation having begun several days earlier than it was due, a thing that had never before happened to her. Her friend had waited longingly for her. The information that she was menstruating would have perplexed him. He would have thought at once of "resistances."

She has more to tell about this journey. In Prague she had looked up an uncle, an acknowledged father-Imago. She kissed him, felt greatly excited and began to burst into tears. She said: "Don't think I am unhappy because I weep. I am the happiest woman in the world! I have found my ideal."

From reading my writings she knew that such tears of happiness refer to an inner cryptic sense of misfortune. In this instance, they betrayed her anguish over the separation from her beloved boy, the impossibility of getting along with her husband and another hidden motive which will be subsequently revealed.

At home she was forced to wage a bitter warfare for her love. She loved her mother with a pronounced homosexual affection. She was immeasurably jealous and fought with all her energy against this inclination. Her mother always spoke disparagingly of the gynecologist; she warned, she threatened, told horrible things she had heard about him. She described him as a conscienceless Don Juan: she will yet find out the type of man he was, he will soon abandon her. The mother told numerous stories to show how loving the gynecologist was towards his wife. He had been seen at the theatre with his wife, to whom he offered a bouquet of flowers. Why does he not want to marry her if he likes her so well? She was not spared moral admonitions and exhortations by her relatives, friends and acquaintances.

Every time the two lovers were to meet the mother put obstacles in the way. She suffered from cramps, colic or attacks

of fainting whenever her daughter had to keep an appointment. She pressed new acquaintances upon her attention. Knowing her desire to be admired she made use of this and arranged to have an officer claim the daughter's attention for hours, dance with her, court her.

Finally these various counter-voices gathered in her soul and she decided that she wanted to get married although she had assured her lover again and again that she would never consent to marriage, that she could love only as a free and unencumbered woman. The more she repressed these counter-voices and subjected herself to him, the stronger grew her inner obstinacy. Moreover, she saw herself faced with the risk of losing her mother's affection. The mother found other women friends and began to show that she was no longer dependent on the daughter.

Her friend went on a vacation. During this time her conflict reached its climax. She was torn asunder between her family, her child and her love. Then the surprising thought came to her mind that something may happen to her lover. Her wish to be rid of the conflict expressed itself in a death wish! Her reactions were morbid, exaggerated, almost ridiculous, as is the case when one reacts over-compensatingly to thoughts of getting rid of somebody. She began to masturbate, thus reverting to infantilism. Whereas formerly she masturbated with fantasies in which she pictured herself as having intercourse with her lover she now reverted to her old enema fantasies combined with thoughts of violence.

Close contact with the brother, whose sadistic inclinations were well-known to her, roused her old incestuous feeling-attitude towards the brother. (She had always loved only "brothers!")

With the renewed onset of the masturbation habit there reawakened her dangerous tendency to fantasy-weaving which she had previously given up altogether. Her lover expected of her activity, wide-awakeness, work, accomplishment, progress. She had to read the books he had read, accompany him on mountain climbing tours, and generally keep up a certain respectable level. Her love imposed many duties on her. She arose early, studied, worked, wrote; she was continually busy.

Now she became again indolent, idled the mornings away in day-dreaming, gradually allowed her old fantasies to flare up again, again harnessed herself in the family ties until the roots of her affection were deeply covered up. In addition to this she felt herself dominated by her lover. She had to recognize that his higher position and his personality outstripped her. Her friend had committed the error of disparaging her family, particularly the theatrical, hypocritical, pharisaic mother, who always revelled in lip-service idealism and gave free rein to her sadism while praising the art of being kind. He censured the other members of her family; labeled the brother a case of "psychopathic inferiority" or "moral insanity!" In this manner he wounded her deepest pride. She seemed to agree with her lover, but inwardly she could not forgive him. She took up the cudgels in the sex struggle; she undertook to free herself from him under the pretext of pain. Her "inner No" showed itself in the absence of the orgasm, in the clammy coldness of her mucous membranes, in her being late for appointments, in her beginning anæsthesia.[4]

However, when her lover, after drawing the logical inference from her conduct, wanted to release her and give her back her freedom she realized that she was about to wreck her life. Her "propensity for misfortune" and her "downward trend" claimed her, only to release her from her friend and lead her back to her infantile pleasure sources. Her mother had almost won the victory over her lover.

However, in the course of the analysis she became aware of her inner mental processes and she wrenched herself free with a sudden start. She left the parental home and freed herself of the mother and the brother as well as of her infantile fantasies. Presently she was again able to respond. Her transitory dyspareunia was cured.

Shortly after the analysis was completed she went to her lover. She broke entirely with her family. This was her only chance for recovery. She felt that otherwise she might subjugate herself to her mother who would have snatched her away from her happiness to keep her to herself as an unhappy daughter who in turn needed her.

Without the analysis she would have been lost. She would

have separated from the man. What would have then become of her life? Her search for unhappiness would have been gratified; but she had already tasted too much of happiness to have been able to derive sufficient sustenance from the pleasure of misfortune. The insight which analysis had furnished her freed her from her infantile influences and ties. Her dyspareunia disappeared, never to return.

XII

PSYCHOANALYSIS OF A CASE OF DYSPAREUNIA

Mrs. M. N. calls on me for advice about her complete dyspareunia. Although she has been married 11 years and is the mother of three children, she has never experienced gratification during the love act. She does not want to become a frivolous woman; on the other hand she does not want to miss sexual enjoyment. She asks for a careful investigation and explanation of her case.

She is a woman of pronounced feminine type, whose face shows certain masculine traits. She wears her hair short—ostensibly because it has ceased growing. I reproduce further details in the order in which I received them.

First Session. Patient wants to tell me the story of her life. It contains a number of interesting details. In such a case I always inquire about the earliest reminiscences. These are of the highest importance. They are usually cover-memories in Freud's sense, or contain a reference to "the patient's *leit-motiv*" [1] (Adler).

The woman's earliest memory is as follows:

"I was two or three years of age—I believe I must have been only two—when my first girl friend was introduced to me. She held a red rose in her hand, which she offered to me."

This first memory may be interpreted as pointing to a slight homosexual feeling-attitude; the first girl friend as a sign of homosexuality. The offering of the red rose—to be taken in a symbolic sense—means: "She loved me very warmly and ardently!"

Such memories should not be regarded always as genuine. Often they are invented afterwards. Nevertheless it is remarkable that this alleged episode was invested with so much

affect that it clung to her mind. Her second recollection is as follows:

"I was playing with a girl friend and two boys. I squat in such a position that one of the boys could see my genitals. He takes a twig and tickles me 'down there.' What happened further I am no longer able to recall."

This memory (heterosexual in character) discloses an experience extraordinarily common among children. The boy has probably touched her with his penis. Obviously repression set in so that nothing further is recalled. This trauma seems to have become embedded in her mind as a warning. There follow a number of reminiscences which exhibit the patient's pronounced pride and obstinacy. Once as punishment she is ordered away from the table; to avenge herself on her parents she, in turn, refuses food when they entreat her to eat; or she runs away from the dentist. In short, she was a very independent child with whom it was difficult to get along.

In connection with the second memory it occurs to her subsequently that her drawers were strikingly *white and clean.* We note that she thus lays particular stress on her purity; and this trauma would warrant the inference of a dread of soiling herself.

Further reminiscences of her childhood show an early repression of her first sexual knowledge.

Second Session. Patient wants to tell me three recurring dreams. Such stereotypic dreams [2] are of utmost significance for the understanding of the unconscious impulses. The dreams are as follows:

First. I see in front of me a swarm of large and small snakes. Although I am filled with great aversion an inner impulse compels me to touch them; I take them in my hand, though I do it with a feeling of horror.

Through our study of the various phobias of women we are well familiar with this fear of snakes. It represents dread of the phallus; her longing to touch the phallus is as strong as her dread and aversion of it.

In connection with this dream she recalls also a childhood memory which expresses clearly a desire to touch the phallus.

At the age of 8 she was playing with her aunt's little boys. One of these boys, a child of three, went around with his pants unbuttoned so that his organ was exposed. Her hand moved involuntarily towards it; and on one occasion she gave it a passing caress. Subsequently this incident caused her severe qualms of conscience.

Another meaning of snake is of greater importance in this connection—the snake as a symbol of sin. This dream says: "I have been fighting against sin all my life, but an inner predisposition drives me to sin again and again. I should like to remain pure, but this is beyond me. Temptation assails me again and again." [8]

The next stereotypic dream expresses the opposite tendency:

I dream very frequently of being in a place where there is a crowd. To the astonishment of those present I lift myself high into the air and soar above their heads, flying towards the sky.

This dream reveals her hidden religiosity. She is an angel. She alone, among those present, reaches heaven, to the astonishment of everybody. At the same time this dream reveals boundless ambition. She rises above everybody else.

When I refer to her piety she shakes her head. She declares that she is a firmly convinced atheist. I expect to be able to prove easily in the course of the analysis that emotionally she still clings to her infantile piety.

She tells the story of her last confession. It was during communion and there were 50 girls in the group. When her turn came and she, presumably, got ready to confess, the dear old priest waved her aside with an "It is all right!" . . . and the confession was over. "Isn't such a procedure scandalous? This paved the way the more quickly for me to get over my piety." She was 12 years of age at the time. If she were really an atheist she would feel grateful towards that old priest.

The third is a very remarkable dream:

I dream again and again of a coffin being taken down from the upper room of a peasant's white hut. The coffin is fallen

to pieces, the corpse decayed and malodorous. A new metal coffin is needed properly to bury the corpse.

The meaning of this dream is as follows: The peasant represents her own lower cravings. These cravings are not hidden properly. She must confine them more securely. This suggests that her anæsthesia is intentional.

The upper story (or room) symbolizes the brain. She wants to rid her brain, otherwise pure (white house) of an evil, low, malodorous thought. It must be a very evil thought inasmuch as she wants to isolate it from the world and bury it so securely. She is afraid that its stench may yet disclose that "there is something rotten in the State of Denmark."

It is interesting that I had been impressed from the outset by the patient's use of strong perfume. Usually the perfume serves to cover strong bodily odors. Her use of it was symbolic; presently she abandoned the use of perfume.

She relates various petty love affairs dating back to her "flapper" age. A characteristic feature of all these stories is the fact that she was always consumed with desire and was very much in love at a distance, but drew back as soon as she became acquainted with the object of her affection.

At the age of 18 she was courted by a 36-year-old man. He asked her mother for the girl's hand. The mother referred the wooer to the daughter, leaving the matter to her decision. The girl said she must learn to know him better and suggested that the suitor continue to call at her home. Several months afterwards she went to a ball where she danced with a number of young men. She returned meditatively home and next morning she wrote her wooer (whom she considered too old for her) a letter definitely giving him up.

Third Session. She relates that the rejected suitor was found dead in his bed two years later. He died suddenly of a stroke. She visited the cemetery and wept as inconsolably as if she had lost a sweetheart . . . although she had never loved the man. On the other hand when her mother passed away, several years later, she was unable to shed any tears. To this day when she goes to the cemetery to visit the grave

of this "noble, high-minded, delicate, good woman" she is unable to shed any tears.

She relates next a number of hysterical symptoms which prove how far the splitting of her personality has reached. Obviously, after having repressed all her sexual cravings she gives vent to them in hysterical attacks.

From her 15th to her 24th year, when she married, she suffered from attacks of fainting. Suddenly her ears began to roar; she lost her senses and did not know how long the fainting attack lasted. These are the "sweet fainting" attacks which I have described extensively elsewhere.[4] She has been free from these fainting attacks since her marriage, but mornings, on awakening, she goes through a similar experience. Something "gets twisted in her head" and she loses consciousness. Obviously this woman must first repress her dream. The probable character of her dreams is disclosed by other symptoms with which we are well familiar through our study of anxiety neurosis. She feels herself bereft of will power, weak, paralyzed, unable to lift a hand or a limb. The attack ends with palpitation of the heart, a strong desire to urinate and diarrhœa.

What is the meaning of these morning attacks? They appear only in persons with an extensive splitting of personality, whose unconscious stands in glaring contrast to consciousness. This woman cannot—and must not—know what she has dreamed. She wants to sleep through her orgasms or experience them only during the state of fainting. These attacks of fainting I have called, for this reason, "sweet faintings"—a designation which applies to those cases in which the forepleasure breaks through very strongly before the loss of consciousness sets in.

Our patient suffers from similar attacks when she is suddenly awakened at night. When she goes to her boy's bed she feels she is about to fall. She must throw herself on the bed because her head is in a whirl; and she is able to turn her attention to the boy only after this attack is over. (Hatred of her child?)

It is self-evident that persons who have much to repress always suffer from headaches. She relates that her headache

sets in whenever she walks downhill. This has also a symbolic meaning. Every steep downhill road becomes a symbol for the pathway to sin. She must again repress sinful thoughts; hence the headache.

Next the patient relates two dreams which she had during the previous night. These first dreams are very important, because they disclose, incidentally, the patient's feeling-attitude towards the analyst.[5]

The first dream is as follows:

My cousin (woman) sat in a corner with my other cousin (man) and they talked about something.

About her cousin she relates: She is a very wise, very intelligent woman, to whom nobody can say anything. The patient does not associate with her any longer because she does not handle her children right. . . .

The experienced analyst observes at once that the woman identifies herself with her cousin.

"You are this wise, all-knowing, somewhat self-conscious woman; and you do not want me to teach you anything. You have made up your mind not to allow yourself to be influenced by me."

"This is true. I said to myself yesterday: 'Let him say what he will; I shall do what I think is right.' "

"You assume towards me, as you have assumed towards all men, an attitude of contrariness. From your identification with your cousin I should infer that you, too, are not particularly fond of your children. Nearly all women who conceive without orgasm are rather indifferent towards their children. . . ."

"Unfortunately, you are again right. . . . This worries me very much. I try to be a good mother. But according to the way I feel, I am not. I have no such 'maternal' feelings as other women have."

"Do you still see your cousin?"

"No. After I told her the truth about the way she was handling the children she withdrew her company and I do not see her at all."

"I want to call your attention to the fact that you are going to give up the psychoanalysis within a few days. You are

concerned about your independence and you are wrapped up too much in your neurosis. The corpse must not be exhumed; it must remain in the coffin. . . ."

"You may be right. I shall give up only if you take my husband into it. He must not know about the treatment. Moreover I find it a hardship to come here every day. I am such a lover of nature and the visits here rob me of the best time . . ."

We note how resistances against the treatment arise. She wants to be wiser and stronger than her physician and turns with all her powers against his authority.[6]

The next dream:

I sat with my boy at a bay window. We were looking at an open field, about three hundred steps distant from us. The war was raging there. I was afraid my boy might get hit by a stray shot and withdrew anxiously from the window. At that very moment a shot smashed the window and passed close by my boy without hitting him.

The patient had already told me the most significant reminiscence relating to this dream. At the age of 16 there lived across the street from her home a young man who was keenly interested in her. She flirted very keenly, waiting behind a bay window to watch him return home. He was an army volunteer at the time. She stepped to the window to look out nonchalantly, as if she just happened to be there. On such occasions the window pane sometimes broke; as the bay window had been added to the old building. On the advice of a friend she finally sent the young man a card suggesting that he be present at a certain gathering which she expected to attend and there they made an appointment. At last, after two years of yearning for him from a distance she was to meet her ideal. They met; but after hearing his voice her infatuation vanished and she did not care to know anything more about him.

This shows the tendency of deprecating men in order to avoid submitting to one of them. The dream is easily understood. It serves as a warning against men and life's conflicts. The child, like every child in the dream, symbolizes the genitals, sexuality.[7] She is afraid that another man's proximity would

endanger her safety. The dream has another important meaning. Every dream has also a direct (non-symbolic) sense. We note here her anxious concern for the safety of her child which points to repressed death wishes. The children are a burden to her. This she admits readily; and she confesses further that she is very unhappy about it.

A third meaning of this dream, more deeply hidden, refers to homosexual excitations. However, we shall speak of this when clearer signs reveal themselves. . . . I want to point out another thing: War in a dream symbolizes an inner conflict She is at war with herself, and she is afraid of losing something precious.

What may that something be? From our experience we may assume that some "ethical possession" is thus threatened. The child often represents the neurosis, innocence, religiosity or sexuality. It is characteristic of neurotic symbols that they express simultaneously the most contradictory psychic forces. The child represents the infantile trends and purity. He who slays the child in her annihilates her purity, destroys her religiosity. Religious symbolism, but little investigated as yet, too, is familiar with the child as symbol of Jesus, the Savior. It appears that our patient fears for her religion, for her childhood beliefs. The deadly shot, however, glanced by. We note, however, the first indications of her religiosity. Not everything she designates as her "atheism" can be taken for true and genuine.

That the revolver is a phallic symbol, that the shots at times represent the sperma, that the act of shooting stands for the ejaculation I need not dwell upon as additional dream determinants.

We now begin to surmise the character of this sin against religion. Sexual intercourse must disturb some infantile predisposition which she harbors. Sexual intercourse is the enemy which threatens to endanger the purity of her soul. (The three hundred steps mean: three steps from the body and—through multiplication with hundred: remote from the aim!)

The patient is told nothing of these possible interpretations. We do not want to influence the course of the analysis.

Fourth Session. First she relates the previous night's dream:

I went through the main street of S. where the railway station is located. My husband was away and I was sorry that I could not be in the country when the weather was so beautiful. I met various persons who detained me on the way so that I could not get to my destination.

The main street of S. is used by all the carriages going to the Central Cemetery. The "railway station" is also a death symbol referring to the "journey beyond the bourne." [8]

She nurses death wishes against her husband whom she regards as responsible for her anæsthesia. The meaning of the dream is that she is looking for the land of love but cannot find it. The dream says: "My husband is dead. I am free to look for another man so as to become acquainted, at last, with love!"

She admits that there have risen serious differences between her husband and herself and that she is very taciturn at home. The story of her marriage is very simple. She became acquainted with her husband on an excursion. Afterwards they met frequently and soon he sued for her hand. She was 22 years of age when she met him. Her mother was bedridden with an incurable illness at the time, but died only shortly before her marriage. After her mother's death she was oppressed by qualms of conscience. Frequently she had left her mother alone in the house as, for instance, on the occasion of the excursion when she met her future husband; she was not at her mother's bedside during the last two hours of her life; she had lost her patience and had wished her mother were dead. She had wished this in order that the poor unfortunate woman should be spared further torture; but back of this thought was also the wish to get rid of the burden of nursing her. After her mother's death she became severely neurotic, began to sleep poorly and to lose weight.

Although the patient states that her future husband's first kisses left her unaroused, we must assume that these qualms of conscience generated her inhibitions against all forms of sexual pleasure. This was her self-inflicted punishment for her death wishes. For a long time she was afraid also that

she had carcinoma of the uterus, which was the cause of her mother's fatal illness. This fear illustrates plainly the workings of the law of vengeance (*lex talionis*).[9]

Fifth and Sixth Sessions. First she brings a dream which exhibits her strong sexuality without any inhibition:

It is night-time. My husband has the intention, far from pleasing to me, of carrying out sexual intercourse. For a long time various hindrances interfere with the carrying out of this natural intention. Finally my husband resolves to lock all the doors. An oil stove on which water is boiling stands near the bed; at the critical moment, just when he is about to carry out, at last, his intention, the oil stove begins to spatter, thus creating a disturbance. A strong vinegar odor pervades the room. During all this time the sight of his phallus in a state of erection gave me a strong pleasurable feeling, which was quite a contrast to my customary frigidity during the waking state. Undecided whether to hold back or to yield to the oncoming excitation, I awoke. . . .

A very instructive dream! It shows us that her anæsthesia is merely apparent, the product of an inhibition. The disturbances which her husband has to contend with in the dream are brought about by her. She is the oil stove that catches fire easily; but she is also quick-tempered; she reaches the boiling point and boils over too quickly. In the dream this peculiarity is portrayed as a handicap. The shutting of many doors, too, expresses symbolically the removal of disturbing inhibitions.

The chief reason for her anæsthesia may be some grudge against her husband.

Next we discover the following facts about her: always anæsthetic; unresponsive to kisses; unaroused during the bridal night. However, many women relate similar experiences. We hear of women who begin to enjoy sexual relations only after weeks or months of marital experience. Thus I know a woman who, on one occasion, exclaimed suddenly during intercourse (though not before the fourth month of her marital life): "My God! What a wonderful feeling! I never thought that such a sweet sensation was possible. . . ."

Our patient relates also that several weeks after marriage she received an anonymous communication which informed her that her husband had a sweetheart and a child—facts which he had kept from her knowledge. When she confronted him with these facts he admitted the truth, but insisted that he had broken with that woman. She arranged for the woman with her child to leave Vienna and to go to America well provided with funds, but she could not forgive her husband for having deceived her. It was his duty to have informed her before marriage of everything that had happened during his bachelor days when he was sowing his wild oats.

Other incompatibilities between them seemed irreconcilable. She thought that her husband lacked character; he lacked will power; he never had the courage of his own convictions. On one occasion when a man insulted her the husband behaved so ignominiously, so cowardly, that she has never been able to forgive him. A man should be a man and not a weakling like a woman. She does not value her husband at all as a man. In this dream his manliness appeals to her without hindrance. In actual life he never rouses her during intercourse. During their marital intimacies she finds him ridiculous. This deprecation of her husband prevents her libido from attaining its acme.[10]

Many anæsthetic women resort to this trick. They protect themselves against excitation by ridiculing their sexual partner. Ridicule is deadly to passion.

Various nervous symptoms led her to consult physicians. Presently she went through the experience which we often find recorded in the history of anæsthetic women. She met a man to whom she felt herself linked by powerful spiritual ties. After a long acquaintanceship with him and arduous love-making she gave herself to him . . . only to meet with another disappointment. The fact that the man was fully gratified by her made her happy; he did not seem ridiculous to her; nevertheless she herself remained unaroused.

We cannot trust the woman's statement on this matter. Evidently she deceived herself about the orgasm, inasmuch as further details of her life confession disclose the fact that she was of an overwhelmingly passionate nature. The nervous

disorders brought on by her mental conflict drove her to a sanitarium where she went through a horrible time. She ran around restlessly without knowing what was the matter with her. Valerian and bromides did not help her in the least. Thereupon the physician ordered a warm bath and a hot vaginal douche. While withdrawing the rubber tip from the vagina it accidentally touched the clitoris and brought on a powerful orgasm such as she had never experienced theretofore.

She thus had her first orgasm at 32 years of age. (The childhood episodes are entirely forgotten and repressed.)

This happened in the warm Southland. She attributes the beginning of her masturbation habit to the sultry sirocco nights of Italy. We know, however, that she had fled from her lover. She had sought a love affair that would at last properly rouse her. In her lover's arms she remained entirely frigid. Fleeing from sin and from the world of reality she sought refuge in her infantile past. The pull of past proved more powerful than all the stimuli of her current environment.[11]

Since that time she masturbates at rare intervals, experiencing powerful orgasm; but she brings herself to this indulgence only under great mental conflict and against enormous resistances. She is extremely punctilious with herself, over-conscientious—even super-moral—if we may translate her symbolic yearning for purity in terms of eroticism. At the same time she would like to respond properly to the sexual embrace.

We find her a proud, self-reliant woman who does not want to owe any man the favor of an orgasm. She wants to be simultaneously, as it were, her own man and woman. The dream already discloses a certain homosexual predisposition; but this root of her anæsthesia is shown even more clearly by the episode which led to her first onanistic experience.

Another striking feature in connection with the last dream, which has led us already to important conclusions, is the dreamer's strong excitement at the sight of the erect penis. This reminds us incidentally of her snake dream and of her horror of touching a snake. The erect penis is also taboo. On the basis of our past professional experience we are justified in assuming that this taboo is linked with some forbidden pleasure, but we guard ourselves against bringing to the pa-

tient's attention our surmise. We note the symptom and look forward to further disclosures in the course of the analysis to supply the required explanations.

Seventh, Eighth and Ninth Sessions. A series of dreams disclosing her repressed sexuality:

I climb to the top of a rolling field and reach a comfortable road where I see a cluster of bird houses fastened to trees. There are birds of various kinds and sizes and each sings its own melody.

This dream is identical with the snake dream where the dreamer saw snakes of various sizes. The birds are a phallic symbol: a new variant of the phallic dream.

Here we observe a strong inclination towards polygamy, an unmoral imperative: "There are so many men. Each one loves differently. You must attain so lofty a conception of the world and of life (climbing towards the heights) as to stand wholly beyond morals. Then you would live as you should and search until you find the man capable of gratifying you. You must search for and capture the bird whose song captivates you." She is an enthusiastic reader of Nietzsche; in her thoughts she soars "beyond good and evil."

In her daily life, however, she is steadfastly overmoral, notwithstanding her breach of marital faithfulness. One of her women friends stands out in complete contrast to her. This friend believes in a "free" conception of the sexual problem and ridicules her reserve and shyness. The deeper determinants back of her reserve and virtue are disclosed by the next dream:

I am looking for my little girl who got lost somewhere. I come upon a rich cornfield where a friend of my father is busily working with the scythe. I wish to help him all I can.

The man with the scythe, of course, is a symbol of death. Her mother's death conjured up the eagerly desired fantasy-marriage with her father. Her husband stands in the way. Her children, too, are encumbrances. She lacks maternal love. Frigid women are poor mothers, *i.e.*, they lack the proper maternal feelings, even though they may seem to be the best of mothers. They do their maternal duty. The father image

fuses the thoughts of death and life, in bipolar form, which is a characteristic of all symbols. The man with the scythe (also a phallic symbol) is the reaper and the sower. He is the peasant of her stereotypic dream whom she cannot get out of her mind. I ask her for the associations without disclosing a single one of these interpretations.

Although her girl is only six years of age, she describes her as already extraordinarily sensual. The little girl wants to kiss and to be kissed all the time. She kisses the father, the governess and whomsoever she can get at; this child symbolizes the genitals and her sensuality. The meaning of the dream: She seeks the missing orgasm; finds it with an old man, a friend of her father. This man is an indifferent person standing for the father. A well-known dream trick. Her sensuality is anchored to the father. . . .

Next she relates the inevitable story of her attitude towards the father, giving a hypocritical, "posing" account. They have nothing in common. She describes him as a simple-minded, plain man without any appreciation for the higher, spiritual things. He loves nature passionately and he is very independent. It turns out that she identifies herself completely with her father. For the past year she has neglected all serious reading. She no longer plays the piano. Her one pleasure is to stroll alone through rural places, like her father. After the death of her mother she did not rest until she prevailed on her father to share her home, so that her woman friend said to her: *"You are very much like your father!"* She imagines that she has differentiated herself from her father whereas the fact is that her identification with the father grows stronger day by day. Elderly men interest her more than the young men. . . .

This identification with the father expresses itself also in her intensive desire to appear masculine. She likes to smoke cigarettes, prefers wearing bloomers during mountain climbing and at winter sports and pretty women interest her very much. She is capable of falling in love with a pretty woman. Recently she stared so steadily at a woman in a restaurant that the latter sent the waiter to ask her why she stared at her.

This homosexual tendency is very plainly expressed in her next dream:

I must again ascend a steep road. My mother is with me to help me. We reach a very lively street. There are many show windows filled with stiff straw hats. My mother enters a store to look for a becoming hat. She chooses one with a feather stuck straight up which looks very becoming. She advises me to choose also a hat with a straight feather. I prefer, however, to walk on with my woman friend and we come to another, handsomer street. Here we find many flowers in bloom and the bushes are full of large, fleshy, red strawberries. I want to pluck the ones on the left, but my woman friend interferes because she wants us to go to the right.

Straw hats, according to Freud, are phallic symbols. Her mother chooses for herself a suitable phallus from the love market (thus expressing a suspicion against her mother). She prefers strawberries—a symbol for the vagina. "Left," in the dream, signifies deviation from "right," or from that which is "normal," *i.e.*, homosexuality and incest. She would do the "left" thing, but her woman friend inclines too strongly to the right, *i.e.*, the friend is pronouncedly heterosexual. The woman friend in this dream is the same girl who offered her a red rose, according to her earliest memory.[12]

Her whole grudge against her husband now comes to light. She knows that he deceives her; women friends have told her so. He does not arouse her. Moreover, this handicap is hereditary. Her mother had told her that throughout her married life she had never felt that which other women rave about. Why did she limit her statements to *"married life"?* She recalls several episodes from her childhood, involving men visitors at the house, obviously displaying the tendency of weaving the neurotic's customary "family romance," that she is not the daughter of her father. This would make her father a stranger and loving him would not be incest. . . . She begins to note that her dreams expose her frigidity as being merely superficial. Another dream:

I am travelling with my mother in a railway coach. A scornful voice exclaims: "There is that frigid woman!" I

see a man and I strike him in the face, then I see another whom I treat likewise. My child is with me and I reflect: When the child grows up the memory of this incident may cause him much harm and perhaps bring on a nervous disorder.

Her conduct in this dream is thoroughly masculine. Of course, she herself is the man. She struggles against the inner voices, against the masculine components within her which rob her of life's pleasure.

Gradually memories of her childhood life and of certain episodes she witnessed at home begin to dawn upon her mind. The sexual act, sometimes witnessed incidentally by children, often becomes embedded in their memory as a "fight." She is afraid that her child will harbor unpleasant impressions about her marriage and about her love-life in general. This leads us to surmise that she must have similar childhood memories, although she is unable to recall for the present. The most significant determinant brought out by this dream thus far: She does not want to hear that she is a frigid woman. She does not want to be frigid. . . .

Eleventh and Twelfth Sessions. She recalls two incidents from her youth which have made a strong impression on her. On one occasion—she was 15 years of age at the time—while returning from school she met a man wearing a long raincoat. There was nobody on the street. He opened his coat and exposed his big, erect penis. His eyes popped out of his head and his mouth was distorted. To this day the man stands out so clearly in her mind that she could draw him.

This trauma, acting as a terrible warning against sexuality, must have played a strong rôle in the development of her dyspareunia. (She is looking for the bigger phallus as her imagination pictures it.)

Two years later she passed by a lonely house and saw in the hallway a man rubbing his penis; she happened to pass just at the moment when the man had achieved ejaculation. It filled her with a terrible disgust and for a long time she could not get the picture out of her mind. The after-effect of this experience may be plainly traced by reference to the dream

in which her husband shows her his erect penis. To this day this disgust interferes with her libido and prevents the occurrence of the orgasm.

Thirteenth Session. The next day's dream again reveals a new perspective. The dream is as follows:

I was in a mountainous forest-glade which rolled downhill and which was curiously fenced around by a living hedge. I was lying near the hedge covered with a thick white flax cover, as if sick and wanting to rest there. . . . Suddenly, yielding to an inner impulse, I began to sing and was very agreeably surprised at the vigor and the tone of my voice. . . . While singing I heard a man's sonorous voice coming from the forest. I reflected: "I have time to finish my song before he comes up!" When I thought he was near I jumped up and began to run downhill. Suddenly I found myself in the open among several women who were busy with a dead body. The corpse was hardly visible to me; I saw only a dark outline and, more clearly, a foot. A black stocking covered the leg only to the ankle and I thought I had to complete the covering of the foot by sewing on the heel part.[18] I was looking for needle and thread. I found only white thread, but thought it did not match. At last I got ready to begin work; but instead of the foot part I saw in my hand only a finger's width of a black strip and I had to give up. Meanwhile I was reminded that it was time for me to start; the train on which I intended to leave was due.

I hurry off and first I come to a river. I see several persons standing at the river. Long seats span the river—a clear mountain stream with fairly steep waterfalls. Back of the stream a woman holds in her arms a small baby wrapped in napkins. I have the impression that this locality is infested with the germs of some infectious disease. I want to protect myself and my children against this infection by bathing in the stream. I can bathe only my feet. The children were not in the water. I reflected: "It is useless, the danger is too close!" Stepping out I think of my children: it is high time for my train! I ask them to run ahead; they can get there more quickly. The cook accompanies them while they run

ahead. The train is nearing the station. I shout to the boy not to get too close to the tracks. The train rushes by dangerously close to my child.

I had no time to secure tickets; I said good-by to the children hurriedly and jumped into the coach. Then the train seemed to stop at a station that looked like the corner of Rennweg and St. Marx. I alighted, intending to go to a restaurant for my midday meal. But I had no time because I was in a hurry not to miss that train. White tableware and glassware was standing around, as if I had eaten. But it was nothing. In my hurry I broke all the glassware, but the white porcelain-ware remained undamaged. I gathered the pieces together and left them there, reflecting, the restaurateur will take care of them, and hurried back to the train. After journeying for some time I got off and I met my woman friend, X., and two or three other adults. They seemed to have been waiting for me to go with them to the restaurant.

We are already in front of the house. On one side, to the left, tables are set out of doors. I hear my woman friend saying: "Your friend is sitting over there." I answer: "You go in by the main entrance while I go to his table." Meanwhile she says to me: "Look—he is not sitting alone." I answer: "Very well—then I won't go there at all, but will join you in the restaurant." I did not see whether my friend was sitting with a man or with a woman.

The big shirt covering, the desire to rest, the cold, indicate that the dreamer is "playing dead." She is dead,—through with life; suddenly she begins to sing and she hears a man singing. The song she sang is entitled, "Love Happiness," or "Springtide is Here." It was either the one song or the other. She is again in love.

All anæsthetic women dream that they are dead. They always "freeze," their limbs feel numb, their bosom is marble-cold, etc. She also feels cold during the daytime. This is due to the lack of love. Now she wants to enjoy love. The man who is dead, the man whose death she is awaiting, is the beloved. Towards the end of the dream she abandons him because he is unfaithful. The bathing establishment at the shore of the stream was like a healing fountain. It is a refer-

ence to the analysis; sitting on the long benches refers to the psychoanalytic treatment. In my office she always sits in a large chair. She wants to renew her purity. She wants to wash herself pure and clean in my office; but she also wants to taste the pleasures of love and still retain her wares "pure and white." The fear of infection is justified, inasmuch as she heard that her friend had once been ill. Nothing can happen to the child (symbol for the genitals) because it has been infected already.

Further explanations remain to be brought out later. It is interesting to note for the present that in the dream the dyspareunia is represented as a state of torpidity or stiffness, as a dying condition.

Why she accepted a lover and held on to him in spite of her frigidity seems inexplicable. This love affair is a form of play-acting on her part. It is an "imaginary love," of the type described in an earlier chapter. At the same time it is a "protection" or "defence love," protecting her against her incestuous attachment to the father. Her lover is a man nearly as old as her father. It is also a "substitution love" acting as a surrogate for the indispensable and unattainable love.

She is languishing for gratification through intercourse, but is unable to achieve it. Probably she would remain unaroused even if she genuinely loved her sweetheart because she is ruled by ethical and religious inhibitions. She would have to divorce her husband in order to marry the man. She does not have the courage to leave her husband; nor has her lover ever advanced this suggestion. She feels that the children are the encumbrance preventing her from placing her intimacy with the lover upon a "moral basis" by a remarriage. Her vague hatred of the children is traceable to this motive; for if there had been no children she would have separated from her husband long ago.

These sinful thoughts are responsible for her feeling of guilt; this is the reason why she wants to renounce love. She is past the love age. She is through with the best part of life. What has life to offer her any further?

She feels old; feels herself nearer the grave than the oldest woman. This is due to her identification with the father,

which goes so far that when she reads the newspaper she holds it at a distance from her eyes, like an old man.

I want to call attention to a few details of the dream: the "living hedge," in the first place, represents the inhibitions due to her husband and the children. The husband appears also as the restaurateur—he is the man who provides her with food. Her lover, too, eats in her husband's restaurant, *i.e.*, he uses his wife. The locality is so chosen that it leads to the Central Cemetery. The dream is filled with death thoughts and means: "Think of death; purify thyself!"

Again, there are references to sexual intercourse, to "getting ready." We note that some inner inhibition (living hedge?) makes her flee from orgasm. When the singer with the manly, sonorous voice approaches and she thinks he is ready, she runs away.

The references to *coitus condomatus* (stocking on the foot) and to the danger of infection are obvious enough.

The whole dream, filled with death presentiments, portrays an uneasy conscience about some one who is "dead." "How can you sing when death is so near and about to claim its own? Think of your own death, think of your mother, inasmuch as you yourself are a mother. Are you not ashamed of yourself to have a lover?"

Her woman friend, Mrs. X., is the one who always tries to persuade her to seek love. Her friend encourages her, saying: "Don't be stupid! Choose a 'friend' to find out what love has to offer!" Now she has a lover, but he, too, fails to rouse her. Nevertheless she is unable to part from him, because she loves him spiritually above all else. However, in this dream her woman friend proves to her that her lover is unfaithful. She is therefore justified to leave him and return penitently to her husband.

The next three dreams furnish us flashes of deeper insight into her inner mental structure.

Fourteenth Session. The first dream:

Sounds of wailing attracted me to the roof of our home. There I found an untidy straw bed with bed covers hanging around. Mother is staying with me. I have the feeling that

I am standing before her maltreated body; on the straw bedding I see a fearfully emaciated woman, neglected and covered with vermin. Apparently she has been without food for a long time. I am seized with tremendous pity and I see to it that warm water is brought so that she can wash her dirty linen at once. While I descend from the attic filled with horror, I perceive a strong itching; at the same moment I see lice crawling upon my arms. My personal trouble takes my mind off the woman and I wake up with marked itching of the arms.

Second dream:

Riding into town from the country on a bicycle, I meet two women. Although we are engaged in pleasant conversation I feel the animosity of both towards me and I am trying to get away. Suddenly Mrs. N. mentions that formerly she often spent her summer in M., where she was particularly fond of staying during the time that she was on friendly terms with Felix. This statement was plainly meant to imply that she was intimate with the man. Very angrily I jump on my bicycle and, amidst the scornful laughter of the two, I try to hurry back to the city. Suddenly I am unable to proceed any further and I find myself in a small narrow street swaying from one side to the other. In the midst of these efforts I wake up. I believe that there was more to this dream, but I am unable to recall the end.

The third dream is as follows:

I see an acquaintance, Mrs. M., and it seems to me that my own life is portrayed in hers. M. loves a young man; her parents are opposed to the match. They do everything in their power to prevent their marriage. M. has much to endure; she suffers particularly on account of her mother. Reproaches and insults are hurled at her, she is threatened with corporal punishment, she is locked up, they want to break up her plans by force. She withstands all this opposition and the rumor is that her marriage is soon to take place. The whole street is crowded with people waiting for the marriage cortège. Fifes and drums are heard; the procession looks like the marriage ceremony of a *Landsknecht* (foot-soldier). It is a grand procession: First the costumed *Landsknechte,* then the women, a wagon of furniture and finally the bride with her

Landsknecht in a carriage. It seems to me that I am an onlooker, but that at the same time I am also the bride. Then I see that the wife is very unhappy because her husband is ill and suffering.

Glancing over these three dreams we recognize them as belonging to the "warning" type of dreams with which the poor neurotics, who always suffer from a troubled conscience, often torture themselves at night. Not all dreams are pure wish-fulfillments. Frequently the dream warns or admonishes, voicing one's conscience. The dream always represents the suppressed personality. If during the daytime the dreamer is apparently indifferent to the current "petty morality" we may be sure that the moral tendencies will be represented in the dream. If the moral tendencies dominate one's waking consciousness, his unmoral trends will be expressed in the dream life. The dream always rounds out our waking activity.

This woman believes in a thoroughly liberal conception of life. She laughs at "petty morality," advocates the right to love and has chosen a lover, a step which she regards as her natural right. The dream, however, speaks another language; it explains why she has been unable to achieve orgasm even in the lover's embrace.

The first dream contains the picture of her mother. When we know a person's dreams, we become familiar with that person's individual dream symbols.[14] In this woman's dreams her mother always represents the warning voice of conscience. Indeed, one of her dreams introduced the mother directly in this rôle. She dreamed about her first rendezvous with her lover; her mother appeared and with a threatening finger warned her: "Obey me and don't do it! Stay on the right path!"

In this dream her mother leads her to the attic of the home. The attic symbolizes the brain;[15] the house stands for the body. The dream gives her a picture of herself. She sees a woman covered with vermin. Vermin means dirt and reproaches.[16] The woman must cleanse herself; she must rid herself of all reproaches. This picture bears a close resemblance to Oscar Wilde's *Picture of Dorian Gray.* The hero of the story remains handsome and attractive, but all evils

befall his picture. So also in this dream picture: she sees a frightful portrayal of her inner self.

The second dream recalls the neighbors' gossip about her relationship. One of the neighbors had said that if she were the husband (of our patient) she would horsewhip the wife and chase her out of the house. This led to an unpleasant affair. She hears the old reproaches and would like to flee from them. All her efforts are in vain. This is beautifully expressed in the dream picture where she sways from side to side through a narrow street. She wants to forget all the "dirt"; wants to lift herself above it; wants to flee from it; but the reproaches pursue her like the furies. . . . She sways from right to left; she hesitates between morality and freedom, between good and evil.

The third dream portrays the marriage of a woman friend. This woman actually married her "love" after overcoming considerable obstacles. But shortly after their marriage the husband fell ill and he has been bedridden at the hospital for years. The warning is plain: "What would it have mattered if you had married a man you loved? He would be ailing to-day and you would be as unhappy as this poor woman!" The *Landsknecht* is a symbol of male prowess, of crude strength, whereas her husband always appears to her like a woman. Her first lover, we must not forget, was a volunteer, *i.e.*, a soldier.

We may surmise that she married her husband without love; indeed she must have married him because she could not love him sensually. There are women who flee from their own passion; and she must have had other reasons for marrying a man without love. . . . She wanted to preserve intact her allegiance to an older love, like her mother who did not love her father; she wanted to flee from sensuality to punish herself; make sure that she will not yield to it. She wanted to domineer; and this cannot be done when one loves. Love involves the will to submit.

She must have a very troubled conscience. In fact, she recalls various details about her relationship to her mother bearing out this surmise. As a child she hated everything that reminded her of duty. Marital love is a duty and for this

reason alone irksome to many persons. Strong-willed persons hate duty of every kind. Thus marriage becomes love's graveyard and the lover is given freely that which is withheld from the husband precisely because sin is forbidden. Committing a sin enhances the individual's feeling of personality. . . .

She now realizes that she has often caused her mother much trouble on account of her childish, stubborn pride to have her own way. The command, "You must not do this!" only spurred her on to do it.[17]

Fifteenth Session. She had a beautiful dream:

A big, strong birch tree stood in full bloom in the midst of a snow-covered field. Her little girl stood near by, entirely naked, admiring the majestic birch trunk. It seemed to her to be a picture which she had painted, intending to call it, "Spring in Winter."

The phenomenon of transference begins to show itself. She is in a state of everlasting love readiness. Her love affair does not yield her any gratification. The man she has chosen for her lover is cold, reserved, calculating, careful and she receives no reciprocal value for her sacrifice. She wanted to overlook this, but the man's conduct compels her to see the facts as they are.

The dream contains references to the analyst. The birch tree refers to a picture which hangs in my consultation room. The white snow-field symbolizes the pure, white bed-linen, while the little girl is a well-known symbol for the genitals. She dreams of the preparations for a sexual act. . . . Again the reference to a powerful phallus. (The great birch stem.) Anæsthetic women generally imagine that their orgasm depends on the size of the penis.

She confesses that yesterday she had an incomprehensible excitation which led her to masturbate. For the past two years her life has been an unrelenting struggle against the masturbation habit. Formerly she was fond of day-dreaming, or woolgathering at dusk; she had to give this up because during the last few years her day-dreams turned into sexual channels and led her to masturbate, whether she wanted to or not. She reads only scientific books; reads no novels any longer because she

wants to avoid the descriptions of erotic scenes. For an ostensibly anæsthetic woman, who liked to call herself "the woman without a body," this is a remarkable confession. She has adopted various other ascetic rules, ostensibly because she suffers from uric acid. She does not take a drop of alcohol; she avoids highly spiced food and her diet is almost vegetarian. She begs me: "Free me of the masturbation habit! This is my one request. Do you know that I regret my mistake in the South? I should have called in the servant, or porter; I should have given the man 20 lire for his sex service and I would have remained a normal woman. . . ."

"You consider breach of marriage and intercourse with a stranger, a dirty man who is perhaps infected and who receives pay for this 'service,' a man who will perhaps talk about it throughout the hotel on the following morning, as more normal and less humiliating than the act of masturbation?"

"I cannot help it. This is the way I feel."

"Are you so much afraid of masturbation?"

"Not that; for what do I care about life? But the act itself is simply disgusting and humiliating. . . ."

We must assume that her disgust and the taboo feeling refer to the fantasies accompanying the masturbation act. These fantasies may be either incestuous or homosexual. This would explain the stubborn fight against masturbation and the wish to get rid of the habit, although it represents the patient's only adequate form of gratification. The transference which begins to assert itself strongly and is expressed partly by her more careful attire, her early arrival at the office, her forgetting little things in my room, and in a certain softness of speech, represents the wish to rid herself of the tyranny of masturbation and other forbidden forms of pleasure-seeking. . . . She clings to the physician and asks for a cure through love, because she feels that only a strong love can release her from her precarious situation. She seeks a surrogate for her father's Imago. The lover has failed her. The physician must now help her. The phenomenon of transference implies that the patient under psychoanalytic treatment falls in love with the physician. What does this mean? Is it a genuine love or a "make-believe" affection? Do not the women act as if their

love is meant merely to draw the physician-analyst out of his reserve so as to subjugate him the more securely and utilize him for their own purposes?

To love means to find one's God; and every God is a Savior. Formerly I did not understand why my women patients compared me to Christ or actually dreamed of me as personifying Christ Himself. To-day I know that these patients are God-seekers who have found their God in the physician-analyst. My book on Masochism (in the present Series of Studies) covers this subject more fully. For the present I want to point out merely the motives of this transference. The patient wants me to free her from the masturbation habit and from sin. . . .

Excerpts from Further Sessions. She brings two dreams she dreamed in one night. She is very depressed because she sees "no way out." She would like to give up her intimacy with the man, but without this love affair she cannot live.

The first of these dreams is brief but very significant:

A French officer in civilian clothes. Beard like the Austrian Emperor. Hair jet-black, much streaked with grey. Excellent color in the face; youthful physiognomy. I spoke with the man and believe that we were getting on very well.

The other dream is as follows:

Our maid looks after our children during the forenoon. The children come running home after a time and I ask: "Where is the maid?" "Oh, she has left some time ago. . . ." After a long, long time, the maid comes and I ask her where she has been. She says she has gone to W.; but I am certain that she has attended a masked ball. When I tell her so she gives me a pert answer, whereupon I start to slap her face. I am so angry that I give her a good beating. This relieves my feelings very satisfactorily.

The two dreams give us a deeper insight into her dyspareunia. The first dream again discloses her inclination towards elderly men. The French officer reminds her that her father spoke fluently the French language and that he formerly wore his beard in the style known in Vienna as the Kaiser-beard. (Kaiser, *i.e.*, Emperor, is a symbol for the father.)

This dream betrays her innermost wishes and discloses the meaning of her masturbation fantasy. In the dream she has intimate relations with her father. The thought of getting along well with the father always enters into her pleasurable sensations during coitus. Her incest wish prevents the advent of the orgasm.

The next dream shows us, in the first place, the patient's homosexual feeling-attitude towards the children's governess. Here I want to call attention to an important fact which enables us to understand generally the relationship between mistress and servant. Frequently we note that this relationship is surcharged with affect. The mistress constantly scolds and punishes the servant; she watches jealously over the latter's morals, on the rationalized ground that she cannot tolerate "anything of the kind" in her home, that she must guard the morals of the home, etc. I know a case which developed as follows: A servant girl returned home in the early morning. After a sleepless night the mistress received her with blows. The servant girl wept and wanted to leave the house at once. The mistress began to entreat the girl to forgive her and implored her, in God's name, to stay. She began to dream of fighting with the servant girl and before long she began to be tortured also by the compulsive thought that the girl will again stay out nights, acquire an infection and infect the whole household. This compulsive thought symbolized the woman's homosexuality. She was cured after a prolonged treatment which brought clearly to consciousness her homosexual feeling-attitude towards the servant girl. Then she confessed that she had always wanted to go to the girl's room to find out whether the girl was already asleep or whether she got up.

The second meaning of the dream becomes clear when we bear in mind that W. is a well-known pleasure resort with a transient hotel. She is jealous of the girl, who is strikingly attractive. The girl, however, is also very decent, pious and strictly moral. In truth not a shadow of doubt can be cast on the girl's moral conduct. As I have already pointed out elsewhere the girl is a symbol of morality. Children symbolize the genitals. The dream, therefore, has also a moralistic determinant and means: "For a time I let myself go, I aban-

doned the moral code, I went with my lover to a hotel. Now the moral code oppresses me again in the form of a neurosis. Oh, if I could only keep it off me! I fight this moral imperative so as to be able to live like other free human beings. . . ."

In dreams all fights represent the inner conflict, the struggle with and against oneself. We know how hard this woman has to struggle because there are two souls in her breast: the moral one and another bent on pleasure at all costs. In this dream the children's governess, who is highly moral in her waking life, is represented as unmoral: she visits W.; whereas she, the unmoral woman, stands as the representative of decency and morality. Therefore in the dream she has reason to be satisfied with herself.

Much more significant, however, is the fact that she is jealous of the governess because her father had at one time played pranks on her. The first dream pictures her father as still young and vigorous. On account of her incestuous excitations centering on the father she suffers to see him grow older day by day; he may die before she has a chance of possessing him. (The train which in the dream is always going off, always beyond reach; the various dreams picturing the neighborhood of the Central Cemetery, the dream of the corpse point to this thought.)

Time does not affect the incestuous attachment. Mothers do not lose their charm, fathers remain always young and desirable. Elsewhere I have described at length these "annulment tendencies" which prevent us from recognizing the deleterious effect of time.[18] I have called the conserving power of our unfulfilled wishes the "annulment tendency." Unfulfilled wishes persist forever; they cannot be cancelled. Every wish of this character is a Shylock insisting on his pound of flesh. Every yearning which we strangle, says Oscar Wilde—obviously in the light of his personal experience—generates a poison which eventually consumes us.

The next dream is clearly exhibitionistic:

I am on the third floor of a house looking out on a large courtyard surrounded by fields. A broad river flows on the right of the courtyard, ending in a stone pool which is located

in the center of the yard. A woman acquaintance sits in the pool clad in a blue bathing suit. She hesitates before plunging in the water, apparently because the water is very cold. Even I, as a mere onlooker, feel chilly and I shudder at the thought that I, too, must bathe there. It just comes to my mind that I must have bathed without undressing. I seem to recall lying wet on a bench, covered only with a towel, while at some distance many children stand around waiting for the opportunity to see me naked. A masseuse has rubbed me down and I now hurry to a part of the court divided from the rest by a wooden partition. It is my intention to cover myself with the towel from the throat down and thus reach the house; but, much to my chagrin, I no sooner reach the place behind the partition when the children peer over at me. Resolutely I run to reach the stairway, hoping to meet nobody on the way. I want to enter a house; but a woman stops me at the door on the ground that I have sublet the house to her a long time ago and that some gentlemen who have since sublet the place are occupying the rooms. The doors of the next house are ajar and I rush into the front room to dress there; but I have no clothes with me and I am much ashamed on account of my nakedness. I am particularly anxious to avoid being seen from behind. During these efforts at hiding I awake.

We discover that she is particularly ashamed of her "behind." On the street she is very uncomfortable when men walk behind her because she has the feeling that they are staring at her flanks.

She recalls an episode which took place while bathing. She was about 16 years of age at the time. At a public beach, where men and women bathed, an elderly man engaged her in conversation. Suddenly she noticed his large penis in a state of erection. This filled her with a vehement disgust. Here we have again the stereotypic gigantic phallus motive.

The second meaning of the dream—the first is obviously exhibitionistic—relates to the analysis. She is taking a bath under my direction. She is the fat, unshapely woman who must bathe in front of the whole world. The third (or top) floor is a symbol for the brain.[19] In the course of the treatment she wants to expose to view only the most favorable side

of herself. We note, however, that the anal complex bears some relation to her neurosis; hence the use of the word "behind" [20] in its double sense. Shame always discloses the strongest erogenous zone. Her house is let; another woman lives there. Here the dream refers to her woman friend and to her mother. We may look forward to further revelations. The dream anticipates them, expressing them psychically in a symbolic sense.

During the next following session she dwells on her relationship to her mother. A painful reminiscence comes to her mind. After her mother's death one of her mother's friends disclosed to her certain intimate details about the deceased's married life. The mother had complained to this woman that her husband's demands upon her were very irksome to her and had said that she was glad when he left her alone. The father had always insisted on performing *coitus in anum* and this had been an unbearable ordeal to her. This information excited her tremendously so that she tried not to think of it. She had slept for a long time in her parents' bedroom. Then her mother took a separate bedroom which she shared with the daughter. From various remarks she surmised that sexually her mother was dissatisfied with her father and with the marriage, although otherwise her parents got along very harmoniously.

However, we now understand the emphasis on the anal zone. It seems that as a child she must have seen or overheard things which had turned her mind early to this form of sexual gratification.

All persons with pronounced anal erotism suffer from digestive disorders. This is true also of our patient. She suffers from constipation which is so obstinate that no cathartics do her any good. There have been weeks when she was unable to induce a bowel movement. In all such cases the constipation is due to a spasm of the sphincter. The spasm seems a protection against the penetration of the phallus.

This is true of women as well as of men.

Moreover, other trivial signs and symptoms point to the same thing. The patients prefer to lie on their back because they thus protect their anus.[21] During sleep they hold their hands

behind to scratch themselves or in a position which suggests protection of the parts. One of my patients could move his bowels only after masturbating; then the spasm of the sphincter was relieved and the tight anal foramen relaxed, as he himself had observed.[22]

The next dream reveals very interesting details:

I am in a hall and there are four seats in a row. I am the only guest to a lecture by Mrs. Odilon and her husband, Radvan. Mrs. Odilon appears in a stunning gown and I cannot admire enough her majestic figure. She walks up to the podium and delivers a lecture, but I cannot understand a word. Her husband tries his hypnotic power on me; the woman becomes restless and leaves her place. All this time I feel only the greatest admiration for Odilon's figure; but I also heartily pity her *on account of her labored diction and her lack of poise.* I leave the hall and go to Dr. Stekel's office. There, in the waiting room, I find one of my former schoolmates; but not being quite certain that I recognize her I do not speak to her.

I leave and criss-cross various streets; then I again see this schoolmate disappearing in Dr. Stekel's house. I hurry after her and while she is still standing on the stairway landing I ask her: "Excuse me—are you the former Miss Marie F.? We were schoolmates, but since then we probably are both married?" She affirms my question, is apparently pleased at our meeting and we go strolling together for a while. Then we enter a room having a *piano* at the window. My colleague seats herself in front of it and begins *to play* the instrument. I am breathless; for never before in my life have I heard such music! The colossal *technique,* the unfathomable *passion* and the *frantic tempo* affect me so that I am rendered breathless. The window is open; as she finishes her *performance* a single person's enthusiastic applause is heard resounding from the street. While my colleague is looking out to see who the enthusiastic person is I find myself suddenly in a little country village with a row of houses only on the right side of the road. The barn of each house also faces the street and all the doors are wide open. The last house stands next to a hedged-in feeding place (for cattle); and while trying to cross the place along with my children and other persons, to

walk up the street, I see on that feeding ground a couple of peasants who with kind words as well as with whip-strokes are trying to drive a *bull* back into his stall. The animal sees us and refuses to stir. I grab my children and shout also to the other persons to flee. My dread increases when I perceive my *mother* standing a few feet behind me in her red sleeping gown and I realize that the animal's ire has been roused by her flaming figure.

We hurry into a peasant's hut where we sit down. I ask everybody to keep quiet because a *dead body* is lying next door. On hearing this my boy howls; he cannot keep quiet.

I go off alone and meet a mail wagon in charge of *an old woman* dressed like an American farmer. She tells me that these long trips tire her very much, but that she has to do it to earn her living. She drives on and I come to a gorgeous mountain road winding through the forest in all directions. Beyond the road, the ground under the majestic fir trees shows patches covered with most beautiful *bell-flowers;* naturally I want to have some of the flowers, but every time I step up to one of these patches *to pick* the flowers which at a distance seem so enchanting I find them wilted and brown. Finally I give up trying to pick the flowers and I try to get back to the high road, when I hear a tremendous rattling of wheels and the mail wagon rushes by in furious haste. The old woman whips the horses with *full force and animation* and I wonder very keenly how so old a person can cover the tiresome road and still drive so lively on her way back. I tell her so; but the woman merely laughs as she hurries on and I awake.

This dream introduces the figure of a woman who is an excellent "piano player" and who plays it openly. This refers to her woman friend X., who has a lover and who in her intimate conversations always dwells on the delights of sexual gratification. This woman friend said to her: "If you could only see us together once, I believe you would not remain a frigid woman, nor would you care to call yourslf 'the woman without a physical body' any longer!" This is the woman friend whose figure the patient admired in the dream. Memories of a coitus scene which the patient may have witnessed during her childhood [23] seem to crop out at this point.

She recalls further memories about the mother. Her attitude towards her mother obviously was rivalry. Petty differences arose frequently between them and she always felt herself oppressed by her mother.

As a child she was much afraid of her father, although he never spoke an angry word to her. His eyes were penetrating and they had a threatening look when he peered from under his eyebrows. (In the dream he appears as the *Landsknecht.*) The old woman driving the mail carriage in the last dream looked very much like him. She wore a costume like an American farmer or "like a Boer general." *This unmotivated fear of her father discloses her sexual feeling-attitude towards him.* In cases of hysteria and dementia præcox I have repeatedly found this fear of the father which proved to stand for repressed longings projected upon him.

We must look upon her love for the father as the most significant root of her dyspareunia. This love is taboo; it must not lead to gratification.

Further disclosures reveal other significant features.

The mother was seriously ill and the physician found an incurable tumor in the neighborhood of the sexual parts. There followed the terrible ordeal of an operation and after-care. We know that in such cases the old rivalry against the mother expresses itself in the form of death wishes. The thought, approximately, seems to be: "When mother dies I shall remain alone with father and take care of his house!" As a reaction to this death wish there arises an exaggerated fear that something may happen to the sick woman,—that she may die. This is precisely what happened here, according to the story which our patient tells about herself. Her anxiety about the mother became morbid. If her mother sighed during sleep, the daughter thought she was dying and she sent in a hurry for the nearest available physician. In such cases the victims of this morbid fear show extreme devotion bordering on the miraculous, so that their nursing care arouses the admiration of everybody. Of course, this extreme devotion and care is mistakenly ascribed to their great love for and emotional dependence on the object of their nursing. Our patient, too, devoted herself, "body and soul," to the care of her mother.

The operation, however, was followed by long years of invalidism. For a period of three years she, this young, pleasure-loving girl, devoted herself to the duties of a nurse. Four years of her life she had to strike out as lost, so far as real living and loving were concerned. Then that horrible disease. The frightful stench of carcinoma! Her mother's moodiness! The continual loss of sleep! Living all the time in the midst of trembling and fear! After a time her mother was unable to retain her urine. She had to be cleaned and dried. The poor girl thought she would choke. She attended to everything, taking care even of the enemas.

At this juncture a significant reminiscence comes to her mind: her mother called on her for help when she took the first douche. She had to insert the vaginal tip. She did this with horror and aversion. An inexplicable disgust seized her.

We recall now that she felt her first orgasm while taking a douche herself and thus we may understand that this disgust dovetailed with her repressed libido.

The recollection of this douche released her first orgasm and then led her to the practice of masturbation. We note her homosexual feeling-attitude towards the mother with whom she completely identifies herself. During the severe illness her mother's vagina became "hard as stone." All the adjacent parts grew together, becoming hard and insensitive.

The patient's attitude in her love life is similar. Her love knows no bodily sensations. Her love must be only spiritual. Her vagina is as cold, insensitive as a stone. . . .

In a dream which I have not set down she dreamed that she left a stone jar standing and then went to look for her lover. This was her first dream and is of incisive significance. The stone jar is her vagina. Only when she thought of her mother's irrigations could she remove this bewitchment, or spell.

These illustrations demonstrate the significance of the bisexual feeling-attitude of neurotics. She loves the father and looks upon her mother as a rival. The situation, however, is to be understood also in the reverse sense. She loves her mother and her father is the kill-joy. The neurotic wants

exclusive possession of his love objectives. The neurotic manifestations seem more intricate than they are because as a rule the patient's bisexual feeling-attitude towards the parents is usually overlooked.

The long period of nursing was of extreme significance also in another sense. Her mother was like a helpless child; she was engaged in mothering her. This fulfilled an old childhood fantasy: she was, in a certain sense, playing the rôle of her father's wife. The days dragged on slowly. The care and nursing became an endless torture. No wonder the wish arose that this joint torture end once for all! She eagerly wished for her mother's quick release from suffering. Indeed, she thought of giving her mother an extra dose of morphine and of giving herself up to the authorities.

On one occasion, however, her mother threatened her with the clenched fist, shouting: "Wait now, wait! You shall soon see!" She did not know whether her mother raved in a dream or whether this was a conscious and deliberate outbreak, but shivers passed up and down her spine; she looked upon this as a curse.

Next she confesses that during sexual intercourse her mind always dwells upon her mother. Often it seemed to her that her mother stood near the bed or in the corner of the room threatening her with an upraised finger, as she had seen her do in a dream.

The dyspareunia is the result of a heavily burdened guilty conscience and is brought about in accordance with the talionic principle ("an eye for an eye!"). The mother was sick "down there," consequently she too had to be sick there. The mother suffered too much pain; she complained of want of sensation "down there." Her vagina was dead. . . .

We recognize that this dream has yielded important material. The patient's reminiscences, facts and wishes and her sense of guilt spontaneously came to the surface without the least attempt at interpretation on my part.

The hour's session was over before I had an opportunity of taking up the patient's dream with her. I postponed this task to the following day, meanwhile pointing out briefly the strength of the transference. In the evening while going

over the facts mentioned above I was reading over the dream when I noticed that it contained a reference to me. I am discharged; she dismisses me; I am Radvan (a well-known hypnotist!) while she is Odilon (a famous actress!). The dream expresses compassion for her uneasy diction and labored gesturing. She cannot express herself freely with me; her motions are handicapped. She feels inhibited. She looks for love and, again, love! I now represent the father; and as the surrogate for her father I must fulfill for her all the unfulfilled wishes which she nurses around her father.

What happens in everyday life with the girls who are so strongly fixated on their father? They transfer to the whole male sex the inhibition generated by the incest taboo and revert to their homosexuality. Homosexuality in women frequently represents a defensive flight from the father Imago; it is a seeking of security through fixation on the same sex. This is the same psychic mechanism as that which we find, in reversed order, in the homosexuality of men and which I have described fully in my work in this Series, entitled, *Autoerotism and Homosexuality.* The dream, consequently, concerns itself with this problem. Filled with pity and compassion, she leaves Radvan to turn her attention to the woman friend who "plays" so extraordinarily well.

She wavers continually between man and woman. The bull approaches—symbol of male, raw, sensual vigor; but the mother, with her red dress, again stands back of her. We recall the dream in which she careens from side to side on a bicycle. The attachment to the female sex enforced through the repression of the heterosexual cravings necessarily causes the magnetic needle of the soul to sway sideways from right to left.

Finally the dream portrays the well-known compromise: bisexuality. The old woman is dressed like a man (farmer). At this point we obtain further insight into her relationship to the mother; more significant is the deeper information revealed here if we recognize that the old vigorous woman is a mask for the father and a substitute for the French officer. The same wonder that the old man is such a vigorous rider and so well preserved!

Her love of the father, the old, stormy, passionate love, is represented here as a corpse. The body only seems dead. The carriage rushes on: it represents the life's journey. . . . Beautiful bell-flowers are blooming on the way. She wants to pluck them; but the moment she reaches out for them they turn brown and wither. She seeks the blossoming flowers of love, but finds only faded blooms. . . . But who says that all the flowers are withered? The old woman's carriage rushes by in great haste. Her mother has thus passed her by; her father, too, is on his way upon that long, long road which all must travel . . . towards eternal darkness; but like a genuine hero, he goes on his way, erect, unbent and smiling. . . .

On the day following these important revelations she telephones me that she cannot keep her appointment with me because she has to clean house. She is a victim of the "housewife neurosis," a morbid state of mind in which housecleaning becomes a burdensome passion. This disorder expresses vicariously the longing for thorough serenity and purity of mind. To her horror my patient discovers spots on the floor of her room and other blemishes in her housecleaning. She must clean house "spick and span" and set everything in first-class order.

I know other patients of this type who find spots on their laundry and everywhere and they cannot rest until they change every garment. Others suddenly see dust everywhere around the house and set to work furiously to "clean up." Our patient, too, turned to this symbolic "cleaning" with a vengeance. Although her husband protested, pointing out that everything was clean and that she had gone over every article in the home, dusting and cleaning and washing, only a short time ago, she called in houseworkers, hunted out every speck of dust, set everything in order and, towards evening, she crawled to bed exhausted.

Then she dreamed the following dream which carries forward the purification theme:

I am on excursion to N. I enter the house just when the housekeeper is busy washing my laundry. I go to my apartment to get everything ready for staying overnight. On awakening after a restless night I look down and I see that

the floor is covered with millions of flies. I get up quickly; and from that moment I am badly distressed.

Suddenly I find myself in a castle with gigantic rooms. Here I run every little while to the hall because callers want to see me; apparently they have much to tell me.

First there comes a smooth-shaven gentleman who after a few moments of irrelevant conversation suddenly begins to talk about my lover and tries to impress me with the unseemliness of such a relationship. This man has hardly left when another caller is announced; this time it is a nun, apparently seeking a contribution; but she turns out to be merely a woman dressed in black who likewise engages me at first in an irrelevant conversation only to turn to the same theme as the first caller. Then a throng of people come to complain about me. Faced with this overpowering crowd I hurry away, flying over many stairs into the open.

I find myself next in a cottage neighborhood. There I know of a house occupied by a girlhood friend of mine. I try to induce my friend to take a walk with me to that house when suddenly I find myself nearer my wish, for I am the owner of this villa; as such I make myself at home in the comfortably furnished rooms on the upper floor. Our business agent announces two gentlemen who have come to pay their rent. They must be seen at once because later only their mothers could call. Nevertheless I send word that they should return in a quarter of an hour. Meanwhile I get busy to straighten out the rooms; but their call does not materialize. Instead of this, I lie in bed with my father to the left and my husband to the right of me. Both want to have sexual intercourse with me, but my father, realizing the impropriety of this, relieves himself through masturbation; on the other hand, my husband's excitation proves transient and nothing happens. Then both leave. I find myself next in the castle street and meet the woman who had on one occasion told me about my father's "deceitful" ways. I feel as if I, too, must explain my intimacies to her; but she does not give me a chance to talk about it. She merely shakes her head to give me to understand that she knows already all about it. The people's opinion about me renders me very unhappy; nevertheless, I follow the stronger

urge in me, although that causes all the people, including my alleged good friends, to despise me and I hurry light-heartedly to an amusement place; but I find no amusement, for I wake up dreaming that I am lying on a large snow-field.

The dream starts with a laundering scene. She is afraid of gossip, even though she claims that she is above such things and that the people's talk does not trouble her. In Vienna the housekeeper is the center and source of all salacious gossip. All the talk that flies around reaches her ears only to pour out through the tip of her tongue and overflow the whole neighborhood. In the dream the housekeeper is busy laundering her dirty linen. She finds also that her apartment is overrun with vermin. Flies symbolize reproaches. The room is a symbol for her brain and the flies are the numerous thoughts which buzz around destroying her peace of mind. (Frequently neurotics as well as paranoiacs imagine that a fly is buzzing around in their head. This means that some troublesome thought, of which they cannot permit themselves to become aware, gives them no peace. . . .)

The "smooth-shaven gentleman," she recalls, wore a long coat. He represents a priest reproaching her for her mode of living. She does not conduct her life according to the requirements of religion. The same mission is performed by the nun, whose facial traits showed some resemblance to her mother. Her mother was pious and a strong believer. We are already familiar with the mother in the rôle of an admonisher and leader. Next the reproaches are heaped on her head *en masse*. In the endeavor to escape them she flees and runs back to her own youth, back to that period when she felt herself still pure, innocent and happy. The two gentlemen who call are, respectively, her girlhood sweetheart and his brother.

We recognize that she still loves her first sweetheart, although the man is "lost" to her; that some hidden motive has kept her at a distance from him. Her mother, who knew of this love affair, encouraged it; in fact she had sent her to the masquerade dance where she made his acquaintance. We recall also that she withdrew from him after she heard his voice. We are here confronted with an anti-sexual instinct and recognize her inordinate will to power. She did not want to

accept the lover because she was afraid of her own love. She knew that he would subdue her; his voice repelled her because "it had a military, commanding tone." Such women want to domineer; they attempt to suppress their sexual instinct in favor of their will to power. Now the man hovers around in her dreams; it is as if she were saying to herself: "Had I married according to my heart's desire I should not have become unhappy and I would have never committed a breach of faithfulness. I should have never become a sinner."

However, young men cease appearing in her dreams. She lies between her father and her husband. This means: "When my husband is with me I am thinking of my father; and I masturbate with the fantasy that father is my sexual partner!" In this dream her father masturbates, an act which seems a reproach against him. This is strengthened by the appearance of the "cunning" woman who had informed her about her father's preference for anal gratification. Her love-choice motive: she wants to remain true to her father. Her difficulty: flight from this love!

She wants to soar above the neighbors' gossip and above all morality. She goes to an amusement place to have a good time. However, she escapes this danger, too; for she wakes up on a large snow-field—symbol of sexual frigidity and of the Biblical expression for the snow-white "garment of purity." She wakes up "cool and pure," thus leading us to surmise the motives of her *anæsthesia sexualis.*

We note here that for the first time in the course of the psychoanalysis, a pronounced religious determinant reveals itself as an inhibition. The priest, the nun and numerous other callers heap reproaches upon her, as, in another dream, the gentleman in the train, whom she slapped in the face, had done. However, this dream shows also the source of her self-reproaches—the regression to her infantile feeling-attitude. It was easy for her to keep herself abstinent and to remain anæsthetic so long as her love remained fixated exclusively on her father,—the father who now shares her home and who in the spirit is constantly by her side. . . . The thought of him rouses her, she wants to have a good time (visit an amusement place) but remains as cold as snow. Indeed, the frigid

woman is like a field of snow; but, like the snow, she is capable of melting under the warm rays of genuine love.

However, if she loves anybody she becomes untrue to her father. She is afraid of any new love lest she forfeit her old love. Here comes to the surface the prodigious obstinacy with which she holds on to the fulfillment of an infantile wish: "This is what I desire; and nothing else will do!" She is engaged in a relentless conflict with the higher forces so that the reproaches of the smooth-shaven gentleman are not unjustified. She does not know how to pluck for herself the flowers that bloom for her along life's pathway.

Several current happenings interfere with the progress of the analysis. Such occurrences are gladly seized upon by our patients when, confronted with the task of examining their past and of looking into the inner recesses of their soul, they become alarmed at the revelations which threaten to come to the surface. They are extraordinarily clever in producing all kinds of irrelevant details and "reminiscences" to take up time and retard the analysis. The transference to the physician-analyst, too, acts as a deterrent. It seems to imply: "What is the use of searching any further now that you know everything!" The patients turn all their emotions upon the physician-analyst, but withhold the hidden complexes. ("You may have my heart, but my secret thoughts—never!")

This attitude is expressed by the patient's following dream:

I stood with Dr. Stekel in front of a deep fountain. He held my left hand. With my right hand I threw a package of letters into the fountain where the water was deepest. "So! Now nobody will ever find out," I said to myself . . . and then I awoke.

The deep fountain is her soul.[24] She throws into the water her memory of various episodes in the symbolic form of a "package of letters." Another meaning of the dream is that her lover's letters have become worthless to her. The most important feature of this dream, however, is its portrayal of the transference. I hold her by the left hand, as a sweetheart, while she throws all her memories back into the depths of her soul, "where the waters are deepest." Now nobody will find out! The analysis and her love are now broken asunder.

Another dream brings up a similar picture:

I am standing in front of a tempestuous water which rages so violently that the waves splash over my head. My dog and my cat are in danger of drowning. I want to save the cat. She climbs on a very massive iron gate which locks the basin. I call: "Kitty, kitty!" The cat jumps down to me and gratefully licks my face.

Here, too, the foaming waters represent her tumultuous, wild soul. What do the gates represent? Merely the great gates to her soul which again lock against the outer world and back of which every animal instinct in her (cat and dog) must drown. However, the cat licks her face; this, too, must have its meaning; otherwise this detail would not have been brought out so clearly in the dream.

At this point I must mention several of the patient's symptomatic acts which I had observed for some time. During the treatment she frequently picked a piece of candy out of her pocketbook and carried it gingerly to her mouth to let it melt slowly "to stop a cough"; but she did this only when she was in my office. During our last sessions she coughed continually, *i.e.,* while coughing her mouth carried out peculiar swallowing motions. She could fall asleep only with great difficulty, being always troubled with that hysterical sensation in the throat, the *globus hystericus,* which has a definite analytic explanation. This symptom is frequently rooted in a *fellatio* fantasy. It also signifies a thought one wants to "swallow down" but cannot. However, this thought, in its turn, may be the *fellatio* fantasy. Lately she has developed an unexplainable craving for dainties and sweets. The cat in the dream is a symbol of *fellatio.* The mouth seems to play the most important rôle in her neurosis.

We recall the dream about the French officer. I had asked her at the time whether she knew what "French love" meant. She said that she knew this very well. Did I not read lately a certain story in the newspapers? A prostitute was accidentally choked to death by a man. The story had excited her very much. . . .

Lately she has been suffering from difficulties of respiration. While lying in bed at night she cannot get enough air. She

must sit up; she feels she is choking. Obviously she identifies herself with the prostitute whose name she remembers very well. She suffers from an insurmountable food nausea. She is particularly averse to meats, and sometimes she does not touch a morsel of food for the whole day.

Now she recalls that two years ago she had to go to the South because she could not eat. She got over her dyspepsia only after she had been South. We shall point out later the significance of this. For the present I want to point out another, very characteristic fact: she is ineradicably averse to tongue kissing.

Her earlier history shows that her mouth is her strongest erogenous zone. She had the habit of sucking and in a certain sense this habit still persists. Her sexuality centers around her mouth; and her anæsthesia is due partly to the fact that she must protect herself against this form of gratification; her feeling of disgust does it for her. Her disgust is a protection against her perverse cravings.

At this point we begin to understand much of her clinical history. She finds her husband at times loathsome on account of sensuous lips and because he always wants to give her tongue kisses to which she is averse. They choke her and fill her with disgust.

When she first became acquainted with her lover, her great love threatened to overflow all dams and break through all the inhibitions. She felt she would yield to his desire for *fellatio* and that she might become addicted to other perverse practices. Her defence reactions increased, her revulsion became more acute and her digestive trouble set in at the time. She grew worse; her oral erogenous zone craved functional expression. She fled to the South and her excitation increased, but she found no relief.

In the ordinary course of sexual development the genital zone assumes primacy, as Freud very well expresses the process. This transference of the libido takes place sooner or later. It may take place during puberty; sometimes it happens earlier; in the case of women it may not occur until some time following marriage. Women may remain anæsthetic for weeks or months—or even for years—after marriage; then, sud-

denly, the vagina becomes responsive. The genital zone has at last taken over the primacy.[25]

On this question Freud states, in his *Three Contributions to the Sexual Theory:*

"In the female child the chief erogenous zone is the clitoris, which is homologous to the male penis. All I have been able to discover about masturbation in little girls concerned the clitoris and did not involve the other external genitalia which later play so important a rôle in the sexual functions. I myself doubt whether, with few exceptions, the female child can be induced to resort to anything but masturbation of the clitoris. The spontaneous discharges of sexual excitement frequently occurring in little girls manifest themselves in a twitching of the clitoris; the frequent erections of this sexual appendage enable the girl to understand correctly the local sexual manifestations in the other sex without any instruction; they simply ascribe to the boys the sensations of which they are aware under sexual excitement.

"If one wishes to understand how the little girl becomes a woman he must follow up the further destinies of this clitoris excitation. Puberty, which augments the boy's libido, distinguishes itself in the girl by a new wave of repression involving her clitoris sexuality. It is a part of sexuality characteristically male which thus merges under the shadow of repression. The reinforced sexual inhibitions brought about in woman by the repression incidental to the advent of puberty stimulates man's libido, forcing it to a fuller capacity; this heightening of the libido brings about an overestimation of sex which in turn reaches its full force only when the woman disregards or denies her sexuality. When woman yields, at last, to the sexual act and the clitoris becomes excited its rôle then is to transmit the excitement to the adjacent sexual parts, thus acting like a chip of pinewood which is used to set fire to the harder wood. Often this transference takes some time; meanwhile the young woman remains anæsthetic. This anæsthesia may become permanent if the clitoris zone refuses to give up its excitability—a condition which abundant activities during the infantile life may bring about. It is known that anæsthesia in women is often only apparent and local. The women are

anæsthetic only so far as the vaginal entrance is concerned; but they are not unexcitable so far as the clitoris or other erogenous zones are concerned. Besides these erogenous determinants there are also psychic causes of anæsthesia—likewise determined by repression.

"When the erogenous excitability is successfully transferred from the clitoris to the vagina the woman's leading zone changes with reference to her future sexual activity; the man, on the other hand, retains his zone from childhood. Woman's proneness to neuroses, especially to hysteria, is determined chiefly by this change of the leading zone as well as by the attendant repression during adolescence. These determinants, therefore, are most intimately associated with the character of woman's sexuality."

However, our case shows that the relations are more complex than Freud represents them to be. The fact is that our patient had lost also her clitoris sensitiveness. Her husband tried frequently to rouse her manually. She remained frigid. The repression of the sexual feeling covered the sensitiveness of the clitoris as well as of the whole *introitum vaginæ*. Her mouth may have been her strongest erogenous zone during childhood; but this zone, too, was involved in the repression; so was also the clitoris, which may have been sensitive at one time. Now the oral zone threatened again to cancel her inversion. Her lover insisted that she carry out *fellatio* on him, but she rejected scornfully the suggestion. Nevertheless the suggestions took root in her mind. Afraid to lose him she began to toy with the idea of carrying out this suggestion and . . . fled to the South. Now there ensued a struggle for supremacy between her various erogenous zones and her genital zone. I have already referred to the anus as an erogenous zone. She had to sacrifice some inhibition; she could not live any longer without libido,—as her hidden religiosity required her to do. Thus the clitoris sensitiveness asserted itself first and then that of the *introitus vaginæ*.

When the patient was in the South she experienced sexual excitation while taking a vaginal douche. The genital zone asserted itself; thereafter every onanistic act led to orgasm. The very fact that the orgasm was achieved by means of

masturbation proves that the masturbation act was accompanied by secret fantasies. May these fantasies not have included also indulgence in *fellatio?* The patient relates some corroboratory details. Lately she had felt a sudden desire to taste herring and she ate the tail end. She felt peculiar sensations in her tongue and throat. The oral zone must have also certain bearings of a homosexual character. We are prepared for further disclosures.

The next dream portrays a strange situation:

After many years I want to visit a woman friend of my mother (a man-hater); but first I ask this woman's nephew whether she is still living; receiving no information I proceed to look for her. I wander through many streets in the district where I know she lives (2nd *Bezirk*); unable to find a trace of her I give up the attempt. Next many things happen which I cannot recall any longer. I remember only an out-of-door place of entertainment. I and my "friend" want to sit down at a table but we find the place already occupied by three acquaintances. I do not know now who two of them were, but the third person was a schoolmate, L., whom I have not seen for years. I do not care to sit down at that table on her account, for we are not on very good terms. While my friend and I proceed on our way I am wondering about her fate in life. Next we find ourselves naked in a house which is apparently our property. My friend holds me in a passionate embrace. I am lying down and I try to escape his embrace but cannot get away. Feeling the need to attend to myself I proceed to go to the water closet; my "devoted" friend (unfortunately it is only a dream!) holds on to me and we reach the bathroom together like a pair of Siamese twins. I cannot attend to myself, however, because his passionate embrace does not subdue; therefore I decide to abandon that place which is meant for one's intimately personal needs. Then my friend informs me that we are to start together for a spring journey; much pleased with this plan I wake up.

She seeks something she has forgotten. At first it is her mother's friend, a woman who is a man-hater. We note that

the homosexual impulses are pressing themselves into the consciousness! Then she looks for the only girl friend of her youth. Finally she finds herself with the male friend in that remarkable position!

The friend symbolizes her neurosis.[26] She and her neurosis are grown together like Siamese twins. My treatment is represented by the water closet. She "relieves" herself in my office. On the days when the analysis makes no progress she is actually constipated.

This remarkable dream representation of coitus in the toilet room contains also the hint of a reproach: "What you are doing with your friend is something filthy. Better keep away from all men!"

The "man-hater" in the dream was one of her mother's friends who always spoke disparagingly about men. She still recalls that woman's words: "Keep any man ten feet away from you—that's what I say!" She heard this when she was a little girl and it has remained embedded in her memory ever since. How important such scraps of conversation may become only the analyst is in a position to appreciate! Words thus incidentally overheard sometimes play a decisive rôle; they may remain engraved forever in the mind. They constitute permanent warning tablets influencing the subject's life like the individual ten commandments. In this category I place the commandments or taboos which the neurotic imposes on himself or carries along from his childhood days. This patient must have acquired early a fear of men. At that period the notion may have come to her mind: "I shall keep men ten feet away from me, like mother's friend." But once the gates of sexuality are ajar the flood of her infantile passion breaks over them.

The patient's further associations relate to the anal zone. The water closet plays an important rôle in childhood. We know already her anal sexual theory. It appears, however, that other memories which are trying to come to surface associatively in connection with this dream are still subject to repression. It should be mentioned that this dream culminated in a strong orgasm. The inhibitions of consciousness were in abeyance; and the specific situation portrayed in the dream

proved an extraordinary stimulus. That she struggled against the orgasm even in her dream is shown by the statement: "I tried to evade the embrace . . . but could not." The orgasm occurs; she is again responsive; the springtide of love (spring journey) shines for her once more.

During the next sessions the intrusion of actual current details interferes with the progress of the analysis. She feels tired and wants to go South. One dream is noteworthy:

I want to journey to K. by train. An elderly gentleman comes along and invites me to dine with him. There is nobody in the restaurant. I am afraid; and I enter the train to start on my journey while the gentleman remains behind.

The elderly gentleman is the father. The restaurant represents a fusion of her oral zone and her love craving. The father invites her to a love act. An old wish is being fulfilled. But she leaves him to go on a journey. She dies so far as he is concerned; she would "leave" rather than yield to her infantile promptings.

Lately in the course of the analysis she struggled with thoughts of suicide which she has not yet completely overcome.

On the following day she relates some remarkable memories which trouble her. She feels an inexpressible weakness and sense of fatigue extending all over her body. Her left hand hangs down limply as if it were paralyzed. The associations which now come to surface disclose the incest fantasy which never leaves her during her day-dreaming. We must bear in mind that she had described her father to me as a ridiculous, rather stupid, man towards whom she was indifferent but whom she took into her home "out of pity and from a sense of duty."

During the night next following she had the following dream:

I am in a garden house. It seems I am about to witness a crime against morals. I want to inform the police when something or other prevents me from doing so.

This leads to numerous reminiscences about a garden house which played a big rôle during her childhood. It appears that various men called at the garden house secretly at different times expecting favors from her mother. She remembers very clearly one of these men. He was a big, angular indi-

vidual with a nose shaped like a vulture's beak and with bushy eyebrows who was always thumping and pinching a person so that she stood in great fear of him. After several details, which I pass over, a number of memories bob up about the garden house until she recalls the following incident:

At the age of 5 she played the "father and mother" game in the garden house with the little brother of the woman friend who appeared in her first dream. He slipped off his shirt and she was going to do likewise when her mother came in and scolded her severely. She was locked up in a room for a whole day as punishment.

This occurrence is of a type which I have first described in connection with the genesis of male impotence and which I have since found repeatedly in the course of my professional experience. One of the earliest quasi-sexual aggressions in childhood becomes associated with unpleasure and with being interfered with. In later years the memory of the reproaches and punishments inflicted by the parent or guardian interferes with the onset of the orgasm during intercourse. We now recall that her mother appears in her dreams admonishing her with a threatening finger, a picture which we may trace back to her sense of guilt towards the mother. The vision and the recurrence of her fear of the mother now reveal themselves more deeply determined.

A secret imperative, or taboo, against sexual pleasure is traceable to this traumatic memory.

The mother had punished her severely for this indulgence and had represented this game as a great sin. This thought stands between her libido and the orgasm.[27]

There follow various reminiscences concerning the female breast. She admits having always been much interested in the female breasts and that the sight of a beautiful fine-shaped bust excites her very much. She recalls that at the age of 18 she was in love with a girl cousin who had a very beautiful bust. Her greatest desire was to see this girl nude. On one occasion she slept with this girl cousin in the same bed; heretofore this incident had entirely escaped her memory. Her mother, too, had a very beautiful figure.

We find that her oral zone derives its erogenous character from an old pleasure source; that it dates back to the period when she nursed at the mother's breast. Persons of this type display a remarkable feeling-attitude towards milk and skin. Thus our patient relates that she cannot drink warm milk because it nauseates her. Cold milk she can drink in one swallow; slowly sipping it nauseates her. (Everything that is a reminder of the maternal breast!) She is likewise disgusted by the skin that forms over the top of boiled milk. That she finds horrible.

Next she uncovers a mass of religious motives for her "chastity." Her journey to the South was to her mind a penitential pilgrimage to Rome. She recognizes that her abstinence does not lack a certain hidden pleasurable quality and that she denies herself much on account of a childish religiosity. She denies herself much that she would otherwise enjoy. She does not believe in heaven. Nevertheless a great portion of her childish faith is still alive in her and promises her a rich reward for every act of self-denial.

The psychoanalytic treatment is disappointing to her. I am too indifferent; I take no interest in her; I treat her as if she were a serial number in my list of cases; as I do other patients.

She feels that she subjects herself to me day by day and that she is losing the upper hand. Little by little she accepts the new understanding and must acknowledge to herself that her previous notions were wrong. She loves and yearns for her father, she is pious, she indulges in *fellatio* fantasies; she yearns also for other things which she does not care to disclose at all. The repressions are removed, but the desire for infantile gratifications still persists; she is not yet able to utilize her released energies. She is unwilling to recognize that I may be right. She cannot bear the thought. She would think I was right if I loved her!

The patient left on the following day. For the present I know nothing about her subsequent history and cannot tell whether her dyspareunia has disappeared or whether I have succeeded in removing the inhibitions which had stood in the way of her orgasm. . . .

From this clinical account the physician who is not engaged in the practice of psychoanalysis should be able to gather at least a general impression of the infinite pains required by an analysis and of the difficulties of such a task. If we compare the knowledge thus gained with the ordinary clinical history of a case, we note that no dyspareunia can be appraised properly unless it is investigated by the psychoanalytic method.

At any rate, when thus investigated, the inner relationships reveal themselves as much more complex than they were formerly thought. The beginner in psychoanalysis is particularly bewildered by the multiplicity of the motives which come to the surface. The first thing to learn and the one most difficult to grasp is that a symptom is never due to a single cause. If I have given such an impression in the course of the preceding chapters it is only because of the difficulties of exposition. As the symptoms are dams raised to protect the soul against the flood of passions it is plain that everything capable of strengthening the dams will be utilized in this defensive process.

Fundamentally our patient struggles against sensuality—against every form of sensuality—and she welcomes everything that assists in protecting her against the passions within herself.

Let us summarize the most significant results of the analysis.

1. A trauma in early life, acting as a warning throughout the rest of the patient's life.

2. Fear of man, first revealed as sexual fear of the father, then as fear of all men.

3. Strongly accentuated homosexuality.

4. Fixation of the libido on two erogenous zones, mouth and anus.

5. An uneasy conscience due to the death wishes against the mother.

6. Love and the orgasm conceived as signifying submission to the male. The will to power, stronger than the will to subjection; hence the patient's flight from every true love.

7. Fixation of the libido on the father so strong that all attempts to wean herself from him end in failure.

8. Strong inner religiosity; hence the sacrificing of her sensuality upon the altar of piety in the hope of reward in the next life.

Postscript. After the lapse of five years I am informed as follows: Shortly after the analysis the patient gave up her intimacies with the lover, as I had expected she would do. Her father married again whereupon she gave up all contact with him. Her marriage relations have greatly improved. The anæsthesia is partly cured. Occasionally she experiences complete orgasm, though only when her relations with her husband are otherwise agreeable. She has given up altogether her frivolous woman friend. Now and then she masturbates with complete orgasm. She feels that she is entirely well and displays no neurotic symptoms whatsoever.

XIII

THE ANALYSIS OF A MESSALINA

In the life history of many anæsthetic women we find the remarkable fact that these women go through innumerable intimate relations, although they always remain anæsthetic. The psychology of the Messalina type of woman is similar to that of the Don Juan type among the men. They are love seekers who fail to find fulfillment. In the arms of their lovers they remain anæsthetic, whereas through masturbation they attain satisfactory gratification. This renders them very unhappy because they yearn for gratification in the normal way, *i.e.*, through sexual intercourse. Frequently these women relate that they perceive a very powerful orgasm during tongue kissing or during cunnilingus; nevertheless they are very dissatisfied. They want gratification in the normal manner. This is the gist of all their thought and longing. As women they want to attain orgasm in the manner proper for a woman. Any other form of gratification fails to satisfy their craving.

In the pages that follow I want to record the case history of such a Messalina. She suffers from advanced agoraphobia and dizziness. She cannot trust herself to go out alone and during the first few days she calls at my office accompanied by a "sister." We shall subject the patient to an analysis. She writes down the following account of herself.

My Life Story

The pathway of my life thus far has been—and is still to-day—a labyrinth through which no person, least of all I, could find the way out. Therefore I shall endeavor to write down, in a somewhat orderly manner, those things which have not yet escaped my memory.

Already as a child I showed a high degree of nervousness; on account of my highly sensitive temperament I was extremely irritable. My parents coddled and pampered me very much. I always insisted on having my way in everything; my delicate state of health was my weapon.

However, this was not the case so far as my little sister, two years younger than myself, was concerned. I had to yield to her in everything. I did so because I knew she was the stronger one. What did I not try to get ahead of her—but nothing helped! She always came out the victor. My parents, therefore, thought of me as the softer, milder, yielding one. At the same time I was also much downtrodden. I was always considered stupid and unattractive. Naturally this troubled me very much. I looked up to my sister as a higher being. She was wiser, more wide-awake and prettier, as well as more energetic and courageous than I was. At school I sat absent-mindedly staring in front of me thinking of everything but the school work.

I was excused from fancy-work because I became dizzy during the hour on one occasion and the dizziness persisted for some time. This dizziness is a condition which has persevered throughout my life, like a red line showing through a fabric. The dizziness usually appears in connection with some specific occasion, as when I ride in a carriage or in an automobile; or if I have been to a ball and have danced. The condition appeared also when I was pregnant; it appears when I work or sew; when I am at the seashore or when I travel by the electric car, etc. This dizziness appeared nearly every year, later at rarer intervals, lasting four to six weeks. I have suffered very much on account of my dizziness, for the condition pursues me like an evil spirit.

To return to my sister: I want to say that I loved her in spite of the fact that she seemed to hate me, *i.e.*, I ran after her everywhere; and I do it to this day. If she points out a fault in me I do what she wants me to do. When she quarrels with me her cruelty towards an ailing person like myself grieves me; though it brings me to tears I am the one to ask forgiveness and then—I am happy to see her get over her anger. She is ahead of me every time and she will always be!

At school I did not learn easily. It was hard for me to grasp anything. My sister, on the contrary, was the opposite of me. She was always one of the best pupils; therefore I begged her to let me copy her lessons. She allowed me readily to do this, but took it out of me with her cruel taunts that I was not as bright a scholar as she was. Although I was older we went to the same grade. I remained behind in order to go with her to school and to be near her.

I was also very timid—afraid of a dark room. Evenings our parents usually went out, leaving me and my sister with a servant girl who told us horrible stories so that we were always terribly scared. I was particularly afraid of burglars. Lying quietly in my bed I listened with tension to the least noise, fearing that somebody would break in. Thus it would be midnight before I fell asleep. The arrival of the parents was a great relief to me. Fear and dread played a decided rôle in my life; fear accompanied me everywhere. I also had great fear and dread of vomiting. I ate sparingly—through the fear of vomiting; I nauseated easily,—food particularly sickened me. On one occasion I could not swallow. This scared me very much, for I thought that I shall never be able to swallow again—that I have forgotten how. Since then this fear of not being able to swallow has reappeared many times in my life. I was much afraid also of fainting attacks, a fear apparently suggested by the fact that on one occasion I had seen some one having a fainting attack on the street. Water made me very timid. I had learned to swim, but I never liked to get into the water; the swimming teacher had to push me into the water. This enormous dread of the water I share to this day. I was afraid of finding myself suddenly unable to talk—speechless; afraid of losing my breath suddenly; and I entertained innumerable such foolish notions at that period of my life.

I was terribly afraid of a bull. I thought of the bull in the daytime; and at night time I dreamed of the bull. I was likewise afraid of horses and cows. When we were living in the country there was at our place a great bull apparently not chained properly. I myself saw him tear himself away. I could not enjoy myself in the country; I could never play

with confidence in the garden, for I always watched with trepidation the gate, believing that the bull might break in at any moment.

I remained a child for a long time, always living in my dreams. I liked to play "mother" and I nursed all my dolls. I also had my dolls go through the performance of bodily needs. I dressed in mother's clothes, stuffed my bust line to make breasts and felt I was a mother. Already at that time the word "wife" excited me. The word "God" always inspired me with great awe. I was afraid I might be harboring at the same time some blasphemous thought. At school I was afraid the teacher might call on me to recite the prayer. When she did so I became speechless.

I sat always near the door, on the end seat; in short, I wanted to be exceptional—"different." On one occasion the school principal said to me: "You have to remain here after school hours!" I was shocked and said: "But I am Rosa M. (my girl name), Mr. Director. Don't you know who I am?" The principal laughed and let me go. At that time already I imagined that I was "somebody"; that my frail health made me exceptional. Already as a child I was very conceited; admired myself in the mirror all day; wanted to be prettier than anybody else.

I was very fond of mother. She yielded to me in everything. I was much afraid of father because he was very severe with us. He often boxed our ears. As a child I saw father's penis on one occasion. I do not know whether this has anything to do with it, but I recall that on one occasion at the noon meal father boxed my ears and I was so scared that I could not swallow a morsel of food. The food stuck in my throat. At that time my sister always wished father were dead and so expressed herself to me. I did not think so consciously because I was afraid of the sinful thought, although I was much hurt and desperate about it. Towards my parents I was more obedient and considerate than my sister. Although I was much afraid of my father, in 1903, when he was on his death-bed, I prayed and implored God to let father live; and I was inconsolably distracted when he died.

While on a journey I saw in Passau a man with his pendent

organ in the act of urinating. This made a lasting impression on me. His action obviously pleased me, for I imitated him at home.

This occurrence seems to have influenced me very much as a child because afterwards I myself got into the habit of urinating in man's fashion.

I reached the period of adolescence. I could no longer believe the story that children are brought by the stork. One day a girl schoolmate told me that the children come from the mother. This excited me very much. I ran home and told mother, who tried to dissuade me from believing what I had heard. It filled me with a pronounced disgust towards mother. Naturally this episode had a colossal influence on my character. (It was the result of ignorance and repression.)

At the age of 14 or 15 I became very pious. A girl friend always went with me to church and we sent one another icons. I believe that around this time I began to masturbate—possibly earlier. Why I did it I do not know unless it was because I liked it. I always indulged in the act with the illusion that a physician was examining me and that I fought against it. This happened several times during the day and also at night.

There came to our house a Frenchwoman with whom I conversed at length about many "forbidden" topics. Of course the parents were not to know anything about this as they were very strict in such matters. I loved this Frenchwoman very much; she, too, loved me. I kissed her on the breasts; she, in turn, gratified me with her hand. I was always fond of female breasts; I am so to this day. At that time I was very timid. I blushed the moment any one looked at me. Thus I lived—man-shy and retired, absorbed in my faith. The Frenchwoman, too, became very pious, through my influence. I adored only spiritual-minded men and was happy whenever I met one. I was particularly drawn to priests who were strictly chaste. The Frenchwoman told me that she often felt a lump in her throat. I had the same experience afterwards. It began, however, only shortly before I became engaged to my future husband. Frequently I kissed my Frenchwoman's hair. I had generally a great weakness for hair. Later I frequently fell in love with women. Men attracted me only when they

wore specs or glasses which gave the appearance of shyness. Such men suggested mystery to my mind. To this day I still feel so; serious-minded men appeal to me more than the frivolous.

On leaving school I had to look for an occupation. Mother wanted me to enter business, but I did not care for it; I had a bad day over it. Nothing appealed to me, nothing seemed to me worth while. Inasmuch as I had talent for drawing father sent me to an art school; but I accomplished nothing there. I wanted to get away from the big city. I yearned for the country. Nature furnished me everything that I wanted; in the open country I could lose myself completely. I wanted to learn astronomy and I bought an astronomical chart for myself. At the same time I was very pious. I read only holy books, wrote poems about Christ, etc. I despised every one who was not religious. I venerated Christ in particular and the picture of Christ saying: "Come ye all to me . . ." appealed very much to my imagination. It yielded me genuine enjoyment.

I felt much disappointed with life. I thought my fate was particularly harsh. Whatever I undertook ended in failure. I was very unattractive-looking and I wanted to be pretty. This troubled me very much. I had no bust and this, too, troubled me. I looked at sister and saw how pretty and voluptuous she was! All men ran after her, while I seemed superfluous everywhere. She was the favorite and made herself shine wherever we went. I remained the little Cinderella. Is it any wonder that I became despondent and pondered to myself: Why has nature so neglected me? I was very anæmic, pale and thin; no man looked at me. I prayed to God to send me a man who would love me and whom I could love. I felt thoroughly confident that God would answer my prayer. I started to take French lessons; wanted to do something—but did not get very far. My teacher was a very sensual man. His questions always had a double meaning so that I blushed with shame. At the time I was strongly addicted to the habit of self-gratification. My fear of open places, too, began about that time.

On one occasion while I was on my way home from the

French lesson everything on the street seemed changed so that I felt suddenly I was about to faint. This alarmed me. I ran home as quickly as I could and related to mother my horrible experience. After that I did not trust myself to go out alone. Mother, perceiving that I was seriously ill, sent me early in May to the country with an aunt. Here all my symptoms disappeared. Nature brought me nearer to God and I felt well. I do not recall everything clearly any more, but it seems to me that I fell in love frequently at that time. I did not know what love meant and I had no clear conception of it, but as soon as a boy or a man began to pay the least attention to me I fell in love.

My first love was my cousin; to be sure, he never kissed me when we were alone, but we were together very often. When he left for the military camp I wrote a story in which I described accurately how he kissed me at our parting.

The first man who proposed marriage to me was a school-teacher. I felt very much flattered to be able to say that a man wanted to marry me. I loved with abandon only the men who I knew were ready to marry me. The thought of becoming that man's wife thrilled me; but when a man wanted merely to flirt with me and had no serious intentions his attentions left me cold. This was probably instilled into me at home.

Father passed away. I mourned for him very much. His death made a horrible impression on me. My cousin attended the funeral. This consoled me, for I still loved him very much, although he was interested in my sister at the time. This, in turn, troubled me very much, because it proved to me once more that the whole world gives preference to beauty and smartness.

At the country place I became acquainted with a man who was very much older than myself, but whom nevertheless I loved very devotedly. He had "serious intentions." It made mother very happy when she saw how much I was in love. For the first time in my life I had better luck than my sister. I went with him on various excursions. He kissed me; this roused me very much. In my thoughts I pictured myself already a wife and a mother. My sister was enormously jealous

of me and envied my good luck, which I myself could hardly believe to be real.

My suitor, a wealthy proprietor and high functionary, was somewhat played out as a Don Juan. He was very sensual. One evening he wanted me to take hold of his penis. This he could not prevail on me to do. I was particularly afraid of what mother would think. Mother always asked me what he had said and what we did, and I should have blushed if I had done what he asked me and would have had to confess it to her.

We returned from the country to the city. I wanted to proceed to a formal engagement. I noticed, however, that he held back and said nothing about our engagement. Another disappointment! My sister deeply rejoiced over this turn. I still thought I could bring it about—but nothing helped. I did not have a sufficient dowry for him. So—everything came down to a question of money? A girl of such decent character, with such genuine love and devotion meant nothing to him?

For a time this made me averse to company and I withdrew into my shell; but I still hoped he would return to me. Meanwhile I had to reconcile myself to my fate. Fortunately I had, thank God, a fairly easy disposition and could readily shake things off me.

At a ball I made the acquaintance of a young man whom I should have been extremely happy to marry. To get away from home and make a home for myself—this was my supreme thought and wish! This beloved man's name was Fritz. I painted pictures for him; he sent me flowers. Mother's hopes rose once more; but the young physician was obviously too shy. Then he went on a long journey and I did not hear from him any more.

I made the acquaintance of several other men and hoped that one of them would take pity on me, but none understood my ardent longings. I was a love-yearning girl, anxious to be made happy and to bestow happiness in return. My girl friends became engaged and one after another they married. I envied every one of them. I was 21 years old at the time and not yet subject to the fear of open places (agoraphobia).

Presently I became acquainted with another man. He was

an engineer and he had a prominent nose.[1] He gave me for the first time a tongue kiss. I fell in love with him, but he, too, gave me up because I did not have enough money. Again another disappointment which caused me keen suffering for a long time. We returned to the country place and there I promptly fell in love with another young man. Mother said that he had no serious intentions and I gave him up at once.

One day a man I had met at a social gathering bobbed up again. He gave me the impression of being decidedly feminine. His voice was high-pitched, he had dainty feminine feet and hands. In short I was impressed by every unusual feature about him. I perceived at once that he was stupid and unadroit in sexual matters so I thought that I would lead this man on to make me a marriage offer. I saw that I was his superior and I had enough pride to want to be engaged so as to rouse the envy of my sister and girl friends. With my histrionic talent I did not find it difficult to feign love for him. I did not have to exert myself very hard; he fell into my net. I gave him the first kiss because he hesitated. With this man I was bold because he was no man in my eyes. Moreover, he was in love with a married woman at the time and he often told me such contradictory stories about her that I sometimes thought he was insane. Often, too, he wept in my company. In the depths of my soul I despised this man, but my desire to be engaged was even stronger. I was ashamed of him, but mother tried to persuade me not to feel so.

Then we moved again to the city and there I became engaged to him. I did this because I was growing more miserable day by day and a certain Dr. X., under whom subsequently I took a psychic cure, advised me to get married.[2]

My supreme desire was to rise in the esteem of the men and I succeeded. I never counted in the eyes of the men so much as I did during my engagement. When I became engaged the lump in the throat appeared for the first time in an intensive, very troublesome form. It caused me so much trouble that I thought I should die. My mental life underwent a revolutionary change. Everybody thought I had become insane. Along with the lump in the throat there appeared my nervous indigestion. I could not eat a morsel of food. Every-

thing nauseated me. I became restless wherever I was; if I was in the house I wanted to run into the street, if I was on the street I wanted to rush back home; in brief, I became too restless to find a moment's peace anywhere. On the street people looked at me with surprise; they thought I had gone insane.

I was sent to Semmering for a cure. At that institution I met a physician who kissed me; naturally I fell in love again. Often I reflected: "O God! Why is not this man my husband!" Decidedly I would not have been so ill.

The engagement ring was my chief pride. I hated my fiancé —I did not care to know anything about him. Because I was engaged several young men at Semmering fell in love with me. This amused me.

At Christmas my fiancé came to Semmering to take me back to Vienna so that I might spend the holiday with mother. But I remained home only three days, fidgeting all the time. I made myself a nuisance to everybody with my insistence that I must return to Semmering. At last they took me back because they perceived that I was seriously ill.

When I arrived at the place I went to bed with a temperature of 30° C., suffering from gastric catarrh and jaundice. In addition to my nervous complaints I now had also jaundice. I lost weight rapidly until I came down to 40 kilos. I remained at the place for some time; but the cure might have been good for a cat—it did not do me a particle of good.

There I became acquainted with Dr. X., under whom I went through an analysis. I was also given daily massage. Again I fell in love with Dr. X. and went to his office eagerly. He tried to tell me that the "cure" had done me a lot of good, but he did not convince me.

Eventually mother perceived that the engagement was not a suitable match for me. But my fiancé would not hear of releasing me. Dr. X. tried to persuade me, saying: "It would be worse if you could not have him. Moreover, should you find that he does not gratify you, you could choose a 'friend' for yourself." My ailments became more severe and my nervousness increased day by day. I had staked all my hopes on marriage. Therefore I resolved to marry this man, after all.

The bridal night meant nothing to me but a sad wilderness. My husband, on account of his lack of adroitness, deflorated me only on the third day.

After a few months I became pregnant; it made me unhappy, but what was the use? I hoped at least that having the child would make me well.

During the pregnancy I suffered much from shortness of breath. The child came, but I derived no enjoyment out of it; I mean, I was so ill and nervous that I became indifferent to everything. My husband was not tender or attentive. I nursed the child, but this did not make me happy.

I struggled on with my illness. I was so irritable that on one day I could not stop the spasmodic swallowing movements of my throat muscles. Finally I had to go to the sanitarium in P. There a baron courted me and wanted to possess me. I felt better. It was a very gay place and I entertained myself wonderfully well.

When I returned home my illness started again. Then I went to live at a country place.

There I became acquainted with an actor. Our love was mutual. I wanted a divorce resolutely, but mother would not allow it. She adored my baby. She reproached me constantly and treated me very harshly.

I had a brief intimacy with the man. Mother found it out and made a terrible hubbub about it, but I argued her out of it.

Mother's death aggravated my state of ill health. I became very irritable when I realized her approaching death. Shortly afterwards mother passed away. Before she died she said to me: "Rose, dear, if you cannot live with your husband and want to leave him—my blessing goes with you!" This gave me the courage to start other affairs.

We had moved to X. There I became acquainted with a physician with whom I entered into intimate relations. We loved one another very dearly; in fact he wanted to marry me.

Now that I had another suitor my self-esteem rose.

I reflected, however, that I should feel better if I left things as they were, inasmuch as Dr. X had advised me to have a "friend."

Instead of improving, my condition grew steadily worse.

Again I had to go to the sanitarium at P. There I was given electrical treatments for the knot in my throat.

At the sanitarium I became acquainted with a certain Count with whom I maintained intimate relations during several months. We were much in love with one another. I gave myself also to another patient. The physician at P. had advised me to keep a "friend." I followed his advice. None of these men roused any response in me.

This depressed me very badly. I grew more and more miserable. I stayed home a few weeks and then I went to Vienna to a hospital for an operation on account of injuries caused by the birth of the child. I dreaded the anæsthetic very much and had a nervous shock. The anæsthesia was like death to me. Only a person who has faced an anæsthetic with a trembling heart knows how horrible this experience is. After the operation I was badly in need of recuperating. I took my sister along to a cold water cure. Shortly afterwards I met my friend—I shall call him Adolf—who was to play an important rôle in my life. I loved him, though at first this did not prevent me from being untrue to him.

At the sanitarium where I underwent an operation, I met a young physician, with whom, again, I fell in love. We had intimate relations. I was unfaithful to my friend Adolf. In the summer I was rendered pregnant by my friend Adolf, who has remained my friend to this day—I trust. I felt very depressed. Going through another childbirth would have killed me. A quack at Vienna undertook to perform an abortion; I was already in the fourth month.

Next I went to the hydropathic institute at B., but it did not do me any good. The cold water treatment only shattered my nerves. After six weeks I left that place and went with my friend to Abbazia. I returned again pregnant. What could I do but go through another abortion?

Then I went again to B. for a cure; but convinced, at last, that it did not do me any good, I decided to go to G. to try a sanitarium which had been highly recommended to me. There I stayed three months. It was a lonely institution. I was almost the only patient. While there I remained faithful to my friend and I hope I shall always be so.

He was the one who lifted me out of the depths into which I had sunk. He transformed me again into a useful, decent person.

Every one of the admirers who had possessed me had acted in a selfish manner. He was the only one in earnest; he made sacrifices for me and helped me in my need.

In the summer I stayed with my friend Adolf and I was very happy for a time. Then, facing the necessity of returning to my husband, I began to suffer. I had frequent attacks of dizziness which embittered and troubled my life. Much as I would have liked to enjoy myself with the other men I could not do it.

Nothing helped. I had to go back to my husband. I was no sooner back when I began impatiently to count the days. I could not endure it longer than three weeks. Then I suddenly disappeared. I went again to G. There was nothing else for me to do. I could not go to my friend on account of the gossip it would arouse; and as I did not want to stay with my husband under any consideration, there was nothing left for me to do but undertake another "cure" with Dr. B. at G. This time I was more miserable than ever. While there I met Dr. N., who put the idea into my head of consulting either Dr. Freud or Dr. Stekel.

My husband now wanted first to keep me "on probation" away from him for a time, though he agreed that I might come back to him later. It was Christmas time and not wanting to deprive the child of its pleasure I returned home. He threatened me with—everything, if I should dare leave again. I stayed nine weeks. What I suffered mentally during that time I could not possibly attempt adequately to describe. In my desperation I resolved to leave him.

I wrote Dr. N. to come to my aid. He actually came and made my husband understand that it was high time he allowed me to go. Finally my husband consented. I came to Vienna accompanied by my friend and Dr. N.

Now I am here; my great wish is realized.

Everything I have gone through thus far has meant nothing but disappointment and torture to me. Shall Vienna, my keenly desired goal, also prove a disappointment? This is my last

attempt. If this step, too, should fail me what is there left for me?

I have felt a certain resentment against all human beings which I share to this day. Why has fate treated me so shabbily?

Others, I see, are well and happy while I, yearning so keenly for right living, drag along an ailing existence. I can have no enjoyment because my dizziness, and my condition generally, prevent it. I should like so much to go skiing, skating, to play tennis, etc., but wherever I go and whatever I attempt to do finds me getting dizzy. This dizziness turns my life into a torture.

At any rate, a small ray of light is left. This is the pathway I now propose to follow. I mean to stake everything on getting well for I have a holy duty, namely—to get well for my friend's sake.

I want to respond in a normal manner. I do not want to be unfaithful any longer. I want peace and calm, a quiet home and the sunshine of love. I want to be a healthy wife to him; I want to reward him for his goodness and kindliness towards me.

This remarkable case discloses a series of most interesting perspectives. First—regarding the so-called "psychoanalytic cure" by Dr. X., of Vienna, who at the same time massaged the patient: it is a fundamental principle of all psychotherapeutic procedures that the patients must not be handled; that they must be turned over to another physician for any organic disorders requiring treatment. This physician gave the patient the frivolous advice to marry a man whom she did not love and, if necessary, to choose a "friend" for herself. He examined the fiancé at her request because she was afraid that the fiancé had too small a penis. The physician corroborated her suspicion. This shows how accurately many women—and girls—observe the outer contour of a man's genitals. (The patient admits that, on meeting a man, her first glance invariably wanders to his genital region.)

Notwithstanding, this physician said to her: "What if you do marry this man? You can then have as many lovers as you

want!" Subsequently a dozen other physicians gave her the same advice. *Physicians guilty of such ill-advised suggestions fail to appreciate the fact that the moral trend of these neurotics is too strong; that they expiate their deeds with added anguish; that these patients can never attain an orgasm so long as their conscience does not permit it.* This is precisely what happened with our patient. Later we shall record the rare occasions when she experienced orgasm in the embrace of men.

Her supreme longing was: contact with a big phallus. The non-erect, pendent phallus roused her more readily than the organ in a state of erection. Among her numerous lovers there was one man who was of gigantic size. (Other women had told her that in this regard he was the strongest man in Vienna!) Notwithstanding this she remained entirely unresponsive in his embrace. Her friend Adolf was extraordinarily potent. She remained anæsthetic. This shows why she yearns for a gigantic phallus. Men do not rouse her enough; she expects the strength of the stimulus to bring about an investing of her craving upon the man (and her mind associates length of penis with strength of stimulus!).

Her strongest trend is homosexual. Such a larvated state of homosexuality is easily recognized through the fact that the orgasm supervenes whenever a woman is also involved in the intimate situation. Already her dreams express this larvated homosexuality in a very typical form. During sexual intercourse with her man a woman, usually her mother, is around, preventing the consummation of the sexual act.

Thus our patient dreams:

I am in bed with my friend Adolf. He wants to have intercourse with me, but he is disturbed every time because mother enters the room. I reproach mother very harshly because it is her fault that I am deprived of the enjoyment.[8]

In other dreams a servant girl or the sister is the one who interferes at the critical moment. These dreams may be translated as follows: "When I am about to enjoy sexual intimacy with a man the thought of a woman interferes!" Although she gives herself great pains to achieve orgasm during intercourse with her friend she never succeeds in the normal manner.

On the other hand she has no difficulty in attaining orgasm

through masturbation. This is true also when she touches a woman or kisses her on the breast. It is interesting to investigate the particular occasions when she experienced orgasm with a man.

She fell in love with her present friend while he courted her sister. On one occasion she saw him kiss her sister. The scene so roused her that she had a tremendous orgasm. She is powerfully roused by the thought of Adolf kissing her sister. While entertaining this fantasy a light touch of her clitoris is enough; the orgasm sets in at once. She had determined to take this man away from her sister; and she has succeeded. The two indulged in sexual intercourse, but the first time this happened she remained unaroused during the act. On a subsequent occasion her sister happened to be in the next room while she and Adolf indulged in sexual intercourse; then she experienced intense orgasm. This happened also once on a journey when she with her friend and the child and the child's nurse occupied one room overnight.[4] She called her friend to her in a whisper and suggested intercourse; it led to a powerful orgasm. While she was in love with Dr. X., the doctor suggested that during sexual intercourse she should "concentrate" her mind exclusively on her friend. In a state of intoxication about which she is unable to give a clear account she claims to have experienced an orgasm in this manner, *i.e.,* in the normal manner. However, it would be of great interest to find out the accompanying fantasies. She always thinks of another scene than the current situation. Cunnilingus leads her promptly to orgasm, but her thoughts are in a whirl at the time and she comes out of the ordeal with a headache: obviously because she thinks of a woman at the time. . . .

Her desire to urinate like a man shows her pronounced masculine feeling-attitude. Next she admits having had various homosexual intimacies during which she experienced orgasm of a more intense character than on any other occasions.

This happened first with the Frenchwoman to whom she has referred in her written account of herself; next with a children's nurse who went to bed with her ostensibly because she was afraid to be alone. She was always clever enough to induce the persons of her choice to gratify her. She com-

plained of pains in her limbs so that they had to be massaged; or of an itching around the sexual parts so that they had to be smeared with vaseline. She kissed the child's nurse's breasts with great passion. She suffers from the well-known *globus hystericus* (the knot in her throat), a symptom which Sadger claims to be traceable to a *fellatio* fantasy. I have found that this symptom has a multiple determination. Sometimes it may be explained on a purely psychical basis; again the explanation may be a different one. These patients are of the type suffering from psychosexual infantilism. I have called them "eternal sucklings." They frequently have the sensation of holding something soft and big in their mouth. This is an echo of their suckling period and its delights. In their fantasy they suckle at the breast.

Our patient suffers also from hysterical deglutition. She goes through and repeats again and again the movements of swallowing with *the sensation of holding a soft substance in her mouth.* Frequently this symptom merges into the *globus hystericus.* Indeed, with many women the practice of *fellatio* is an expression of their psychosexual infantilism. This is the reason why our patient is much interested in the hanging phallus. This sight rouses her as much as the sight of a woman's large pendent breasts. To her the pendent phallus is a symbol for the hanging breast.

For a year she maintained intimate relations with the nurse who had taken care of her after the operation. (The operation was supposed to restore her physical virginity!) She allowed the nurse to gratify her in various ways. These practices she continued after having sworn eternal faithfulness to her friend. (The practices included mutual friction of the clitoris, sucking the breasts, cunnilingus.)

The specific fantasy accompanying her masturbation practice during childhood and in recent years is particularly noteworthy because it shows the effect that a physician's physical examination has upon the thinking of some women. She imagines that she is calling on a physician. The latter is of the opinion that he must give her a thorough examination. She hesitates bashfully; he insists. At last she lies down. He wants to raise her skirt. She protests—wants to cry out. During all this time

she plays the rôle of the doctor with one hand and with the other she assumes the rôle of patient. Tenderly but firmly the physician's hand lifts her dress and touches her "below." The orgasm sets in promptly.

On the face of it one may be inclined to regard this as a heterosexual fantasy. It is not.

She imagines that she is the physician. She herself assumes the male rôle. She identifies herself with a man. This is the chief prerequisite of homosexuality. Bearing this specific fantasy in mind one may readily understand the reason why physicians play so important a rôle in her life. Also, one may understand the reason why she was intimate with many physicians and why she fell in love with each one. She enticed the physicians. She told me, too, that she will surely make me love her. She was firmly convinced that she could induce any man to fall in love with her.

When her project failed she became deeply depressed and wanted to be at least my "most favorite" patient. She is continually hungry for love. As a matter of fact she is narcissistic —in love only with herself. She needs men's love, because she must have proof all the time that she is pleasing and desirable. She wanted men to ruin themselves, or shoot themselves, or turn into criminals—for her sake. All this would only prove to her satisfaction, perhaps more strongly than men's willingness to marry her, how beautiful and desirable she was.

She is very greedy for love. Her illness serves the purpose of pressing everybody into her service; it is a means for dominating everybody. She is afraid of sin—symbolized in her fantasy as a bull. Sometimes the bull turns into a cow, so that her dread seems bisexually determined. At the same time sin lures her on because she yearns continually for proofs of her irresistible charms. Her pronounced feeling of inferiority (probably generated by her relations to the sister and not at all organically determined) is checked to a certain extent by her bipolar feeling that she is "different." She wavers continually back and forth between these two extremes.

However, her illness has given her again and again the opportunity of matching her wits against the doctors'; it has enabled her to avoid work and to shirk the regular duties im-

posed by our daily existence. She lulls herself into a self-complacent attitude of mind with the notion that her sufferings are greater than anybody's in the wide world. She envies the working woman who labors hard all day but who at least enjoys good health. One cannot believe this of her; she is posing—play-acting before herself as well as before others. Whenever she goes out on the street she is accompanied by a sister (nun)—symbolic substitute for her strongest love, her real sister—and thinks she is uncommonly interesting. What do the folks think of her? So young, so beautiful, and yet—so ill! The poor girl! What is the matter with her? In short, she cannot get along without her illness.

One may imagine how difficult it is to cure such a patient and train her to get along without her illness! In such a case the analysis brings to surface few features unknown to the patient, but its educative task remains; it must rouse in these sufferers the determination to face life without leaning on their neurosis as a convenient crutch.

This woman regards herself as very unfortunate merely because she cannot achieve orgasm in the usual form of sexual intercourse. No other woman, she claims, is so miserable. . . . As if the orgasm were not an orgasm when achieved in any other manner. However, she requires constantly the nimbus of some abnormality, or illness. *She does not want to be normal.*

The psychogenesis of her attacks of dizziness is interesting. These attacks are mostly a means of protecting herself against temptations and sins. They enable her also to act the rôle of an invalid. Furthermore these attacks betray an uneasy conscience. Thus, she had one of these attacks during an automobile trip which she had enjoyed very much. On the trip out everything went well; on the return the severe dizziness set in with a feeling that something dreadful was impending. We are informed that just before starting on the trip she had received a telegram announcing that her mother was seriously ill at a sanitarium. She wanted to go home at once. But she had looked forward so keenly to the automobile trip! Like a selfish child that cannot renounce any pleasure, she reflected: "I shall say that the telegram reached me only after

I had returned" . . . and she did so. On her return trip her conscience troubled her and she reflected: "God will punish me, I shall have to pay for this. . . ." Then the attacks of dizziness set in. She found her mother in a dying condition. This time the dizziness lasted for several months, *i.e.*, so long as her guilty conscience troubled her.

Her whole feeling-attitude towards the female sex is determined by her feeling-attitude towards her sister. She played with this sister her first "doctor" games. She was the doctor, her sister was the patient. In the course of these games she always examined and handled the sister "down there."

Thus her specific fantasy during masturbation is approximately as follows: "I am the doctor and I am examining my sister!"

At the present time her sister fills her with aversion. She cannot kiss her sister on the mouth; when occasion requires she kisses her on the cheek. The thought of playfully touching her sister, as she does other women and girls, is enough to rouse disgust in her. This is particularly so during the period when she knows that her sister is menstruating. She cannot endure the odor; it repels her.

We recognize in this attitude a stronge defence reaction which serves the purpose of protecting her against her incestuous attachment to the sister. We know that her strong aversion is only a mask for her keen, hidden yearnings. Now we understand why she fell in love with the man who was courting her sister and why she had to win him away from her. As a matter of fact she was jealous of her sister. When her sister liked a man or a man fell in love with her sister he acquired thereby the greatest affectative value in her eyes. The nursing sister who accompanies her on the street, too, is only a substitute for her genuine sister.

During the course of the analysis her strong feeling-attitude towards the sister crops out more and more clearly. She bubbles over with affection for her sister and clings exclusively to her, neglecting everything else. Her dreams portray homosexual acts with the sister. She relates that she likes to bathe with her sister and to be with her while they dress or undress. Yesterday while the sister was brushing and drying her hair

in the sun she embraced her and kissed passionately her beautiful golden hair, shimmering so alluringly in the sunlight. The sister prolonged her stay in the sun purposely so as to rouse her. During these kisses she had a very pleasant feeling such as she never experiences when she kisses a man.

Her mother, too, had the habit of kissing the patient's hair. She knows that the mother was also sexually anæsthetic; she clung to the daughters with deep affection.

A very significant detail comes to her mind: flexing her legs during sexual intercourse increases greatly her enjoyment of the act. The more she bends the femora the greater is her libido. Actual orgasm she attains only through onanistic manipulation with the finger, but the *abductio femorum* stimulates her to the highest pitch. In this connection she recalls that for years her mother had the habit of playing "doctor" with her. When she was a child she stretched herself on the table to be examined and handled by her mother on account of an alleged eczema of the parts. (This "game" continued until her 8th year!) Eventually these practices were superseded by another method of examination. Her mother always suspected that she had permitted herself to be "handled" by boys and that she was no longer a virgin.

She had to stretch herself on the table to submit again to a careful examination.

Here we have one of the most significant roots of her favorite masturbation fantasy—the one in which she is examined by a physician. The physician, as we have seen, is either the mother or the sister (personified by her masturbating hand!). As a matter of fact during the act of masturbating she repeats that form of infantile gratification which had yielded her the greatest measure of gratification in the past. We note here a distinct regression (in Freud's sense) to infantile gratification. Inasmuch as her mother was her first "doctor" she seeks, in every physician she meets, a substitute for her lost mother-ideal.

Our patient suffers also from shortness of breath. It turns out that this trouble arose only after the death of her father. During his last days the father was tortured by a very severe rattling in the throat. His suffering roused extreme compas-

sion in her so that the recollection of those painful hours promptly starts a similar attack in her. It can be easily proven that such an attack of dyspnœa occurs only when her conscience troubles her. Her neurotic disturbance is undoubtedly linked also with the death of her father.

In connection with a dream about her deceased father she recalls the following incident: While he was wrestling with death she ran to the church and prayed for hours in front of the Christ image. She also swore an oath that she would embroider an altar covering for the Holy Virgin, whether her father got well or not. She has never acquitted herself of this sacred oath. Although she has frequently started work to keep her oath she has never carried out the intention. One cover she started to embroider was laid aside because she had spoiled it.

However, her oath to Christ Himself is much more important. Long before this she had sworn to Christ that she would hold herself pure and that she would regard herself as His bride. The ceremonial of eating the holy wafer, thus blending with the body of the Christ, roused in her a keener orgasm than she has ever experienced since. . . . In spite of this holy promise she continued to masturbate; thus she appeared to herself as the most profligate sinner. . . . She had broken all her solemn promises.

At her father's death-bed, just before he passed away, she had also taken the oath of chastity. She resolved to give up all thoughts of men, hoping to save her father's life by this sacrifice. This was one other sacred oath which stood between her libido and her orgasm!

Next she confesses that she achieved orgasm whenever her mind did not wander to something else during the sexual act. Usually during coitus she withdrew from proper participation by allowing her thoughts to wander elsewhere. Thus she partially kept her oath, without knowing it or, rather, without wanting to know it. Such oaths play a great rôle in the psychogenesis of dyspareunia. We have already recorded a similar case in the first volume of this work (Case 47).

Every sufferer endeavors to absorb himself in actualities and get away from the past. This is responsible for the

transference—for the attachment to the physician-analyst. Naturally, in the present case the transference established itself promptly as a specific requisite, but it was soon dissolved and cleared out of the way. Thereupon the patient conceived love for another man so as to avenge herself on the physician for his indifference towards her. This gave rise to various complications which, fortunately, we were able to overcome. We proceeded with the analysis after an interruption of two weeks. All patients try to prolong the treatment—to render it sterile—so as to triumph over their physician-analyst.

What I record here are the results of three weeks' work. For the sake of brevity I limit myself to recording merely the results.

First we are told a number of details about the mother's death. The patient holds that her mother's death has had a powerful influence on her. The mother was on her death-bed when the patient went out on the automobile trip mentioned above. Her mother was the personification of morality.

Her mother had always inculcated in her the duty of behaving "as a decent woman should." A certain woman on the mother's side of the family had given birth to a couple of children "out of wedlock," thus bringing great shame upon the family. Her mother always dinned into her ears: "You must live an upright, decent life. If I ever hear that you have done something out of the way, it will be the death of me! I could never live down such a misfortune. . . ."

After their marriage her husband continually admonished her: "I know you are inclined to be frivolous. Think of your marital oath! Look upon marital faithfulness as something sacred—if you don't, it will kill me!"

Before she had been married three years she became acquainted with an army officer who fell in love with her and courted her. She grew very fond of the officer. Looking at his trousers she surmised that he had a big phallus and the thought preoccupied her fantasies very much. In a short time they became intimate, although they limited themselves to kisses and embraces. Her lover requested of her the supreme sacrifice, but she jumped up, exclaiming: "No, no! So long as my mother lives I cannot be unfaithful to my husband."

May not the thought have arisen—in the background of her mind: "Oh, if mother would only die so that I may be free?" She withstood the man's entreaties and persistently refused to give herself to him. However, on one occasion her senses left her. She found herself unexpectedly in his embrace. When she came to herself she pushed the man away with an outcry: "No! What if mother should hear of this?" . . . But on the next occasion she became his sweetheart. When regret did not torture her and if she could keep her mind off her mother she experienced strong orgasm in the sexual embrace of this man who was her first lover. . . . She grew more and more passionate with this man and threw caution to the winds. Taking advantage of her husband's frequent absences she gave herself to this man and held herself in readiness to meet him clandestinely at all possible—and seemingly impossible—places.

One day an anonymous letter informed her mother of what was going on. She called on the daughter at once for an explanation. The daughter denied everything; but she had to swear a sacred oath that nothing had happened. She swore on the life of her little three-year-old daughter that she had never been intimate with the stranger. . . . This act of perjury had secured her peace with the mother, but it weighed heavily on her conscience.

Her mother was satisfied only after the daughter had sworn this solemn oath. It left the patient with a certain grudge against the mother. When her mother passed away she wondered why she was unable to shed any tears. On the very day of her mother's death she indulged in masturbation. This autoerotic act shows her obstinate attitude towards her mother. It is as if she had said to herself: "Now I am free, at last, and I can do what I please!" Moreover her dying mother had said something to her which fitted in with her emotional predisposition. The mother said to her: "Child, if you should find yourself unhappy with your husband, you have my consent to get yourself free." Her mother meant that she might divorce herself. Her self-deception, however, led her to interpret these words as meaning that she might be unfaithful. The advice of her psychotherapeutist, Dr. X., inclined her in the same direction. He had said to her: "If your husband does not gratify

you, why not take a lover?" She tried one lover after another, because she wanted to get well at any cost; but this conduct only plunged her more deeply into her illness. She was unable to go out alone, her breathing difficulty grew worse, her dizziness became unbearable.

The following observation is interesting. Whenever she mended or knit stockings her dizziness and breathing difficulty promptly abated. The moment she ceased work, the dizziness reappeared with increased intensity. A secret imperative commanded her: pray and work! So long as she worked she was well. The moment she abandoned the "straight path" her symptoms began to trouble her. Nevertheless she sought amusement again and again; her illness became aggravated every time and she visited various sanitaria in search of a cure. At the sanitaria her trouble grew worse because she promptly entered into love affairs with the physicians and with the other patients. She developed such serious nutritional troubles that she had to be fed with a stomach pump. She lost weight, going from 64 kilos down to 53. . . . For every forbidden indulgence in pleasure she punished herself secretly by an aggravation of her symptoms; and she was unable to achieve an orgasm. During this evil period, which was the worst period of her life, even masturbation and cunnilingus failed to bring on her orgasm. Her mother's curse was upon her. Her conscience would not permit her any gratification. She had become her own judge and executioner; for she herself destroyed the possibility of an orgasm by centering her mind intensively on other things during the sexual embrace; she built for herself the dyspareunia; she sought the burden of an ailment that shall be her punishment.

Things went from bad to worse. She was at a country place with her child. The child did not thrive well. A telegram from her sister called her to Ostend. She left the child in charge of an unreliable maid, whom she hardly knew, and went at once to that world-renowned resort looking for new conquests. A week later she was called by telegram to her child's sick-bed. She returned in greatest alarm—tortured by her horrible dizziness. Obviously this dizziness was due to her attempt at repressing an intolerable thought: she had sworn

on her child's life in order to reassure her mother. Now she expected the law of vengeance to assert itself; she was afraid of Divine punishment. Another thought attempted to break through and was forcibly restrained from reaching consciousness, to wit: "You are a heartless, inhuman mother!" . . . Moreover, inwardly she hoped the child would die because it was a burden and an encumbrance to her.

Dizziness is a symptom which appears whenever unwelcome thoughts are trying to break into one's consciousness. This is the reason why many neurotics complain of this symptom manifesting itself immediately upon arising in the morning. The nocturnal dream endeavors to break into consciousness where it is unwelcome. Dizziness develops and . . . the dream is "forgotten."

She found her child in a deplorable state. Neighbors told her that the maid had treated the child abominably; the maid-servant had beaten the child, had locked her up, had not given the child enough to eat, etc. This awakened her maternal feeling; she now devoted herself with exaggerated, exalted passion to the care of the child in order to wipe out her sinful neglect. This episode cost her three months of dizziness.

The dizziness arises to this day whenever she is doing work which she finds uncongenial. Thus she insures her idleness. We have stated above that she feels at her best when she is busy. She then fulfills the imperative: Pray and labor! This is true, but—it must be light work. If she works hard, especially at tasks which require bending down, her dizziness promptly sets in. A slick device! This happens also when she wants to turn her attention to a book which distracts her.

The analysis disclosed that during her pious period she was interested exclusively in religious books. She looked down with scorn on the nuns who were interested in reading novels, saying to herself: "I am earning eternal bliss for myself, while they are paving their way for hell!" The kingdom of heaven had been her goal; it has remained her goal to this day in spite of all her aberrations. The "pious period" of her youth had lasted several years; it extended, approximately, from her 16th to her 20th year. Then her religiosity abated.

I have already emphasized that oaths have played a great rôle in her illness. She had taken so many oaths that they overlapped and cancelled one another. Nevertheless these solemn oaths, taken together, have influenced her and they have contributed much towards strengthening and shaping her severe neurosis. Thus, at church she swore eternal faithfulness to her first lover, the officer. She has also sworn eternal faithfulness to her last lover, who wanted to marry her; she has done this repeatedly at church. Taking an oath in the dark, quiet church always seemed to her a highly romantic deed. Romance was her trump. . . .

However, I want to lay particular stress on the patient's most unfortunate oath because it is characteristic of a feature which I have called the puzzle-key to the neurosis. Every neurotic aspires to render his neurosis indissoluble for all time and to cut himself off from all possibility of a cure. Thus, an impotent individual says to himself: "I shall marry only when I know that I am potent!" He tries his potency on harlots. His inner religiosity, however, permits him successful intercourse only within the marital bonds. . . . Consequently the man can never marry. It is the physician-analyst's task to unlock this puzzle by convincing the patient that he must marry without testing himself and that he would then surely be potent.

Our patient, too, aspired to render herself incurable for all time. At church she repeatedly swore: "If I get well I shall stay with my husband."

Her unfortunate marriage was one of the chief determinants of her neurosis. Therefore she could never get well; the proximity of her husband, whom she despised, and in whose arms she felt an aversion bordering on horror, could only make her ill. . . .

This oath constituted a powerful resistance to all attempts at healing. On the one hand there was the "friend" whom she loved and who could make her well; associated with him was the oath that she would always be faithful in her love of him; on the other hand there was her solemn promise to remain true to her husband if she ever got well. . . .

The only way out of this labyrinth was her neurosis. . . .

The neurosis furnished her the opportunity of suffering, of expiating her sins. . . . Thus she propitiated God and prepared her ground for further sinning.

Her pious period, to which I have referred above, was a reaction to sadism. Indeed, at one time her tendency to cruelty passed far beyond the limits of normal predisposition. She had devised her own subtle ways in which to torture her husband. Her remarks during sexual intercourse, or immediately preceding these attempts, were of a character calculated to interfere with his potency. (You will again meet with failure this time! How comical you are!) She punished her child violently and had an intense sense of enjoyment in doing so.

Already as a child she had been very cruel. She had tortured flies; had been fond of trampling on worms and had devised ways to torture snails and slugs. Her struggle against sexuality and against her criminal trends, too, started during her early childhood. She was most punctilious with regard to personal cleanliness and she felt most uncomfortable if she thought that a spot showed on her dress. At the age of 5 this habit was already well established. She harbored a wild beast within her which she had to tame and conquer. This is portrayed wonderfully well in a dream:

I killed a beast in the forest. When I saw the hunter I was very much afraid of him. Quickly I skinned the animal, intending to bury the hide; but I could not dig a hole quick enough. Then it occurred to me to twist the hide around, *i.e.*, to turn it inside out. I did so. I put on the mantle; it was a beautiful, soft snow-white ermine. The hunter did not see what I had done. . . .

What a betraying dream! The wild beast in her is pursued by her troubled conscience (the hunter of the dream!) The hunter is also a symbol of death and stands for the Last Judgment. She is being taken to account for her animal propensities and she must exculpate herself; but she turns her animal propensities into innocence. She wears a white mantle which covers her snugly. She is a hypocrite who fools the whole world. Even at the Last Judgment she will move God to mercy by pleading her illness. . . .

She is burdened with a morbid compassion. She is ready

to weep for any one. We must understand that philanthropists, as a rule, are sadists who overcompensate their strong primordial sadism. This patient, too, endeavored to overcompensate her primordial cravings with an excess of piety. She always plays a double rôle; she is frivolous and she is pious—at the same time. During her sinful indulgences she always squints one eye towards heaven. She belongs to those women who at a certain age surrender themselves unconditionally to a life of piety. She prepared herself for such a metamorphosis already during her childhood. For the present she has sacrificed only her orgasm—the highest good that her life has to offer her.

Another dream expresses even more plainly her animal propensities along with her endeavor to free herself from all ugliness.

I saw a very ugly and repulsive-looking animal. Its abdomen was full of young. It had sharp teeth, like an old witch, horns like a rhinoceros and glowing eyes. It was horrible-looking, slimy and with a long tail, disgusting. . . . The animal was tossing in pain, it strained and from its behind it gave birth to an offspring. It horrified me because the offspring was covered with sticky, slimy, horrible masses and it gave forth a fearful rank odor. The mother animal carried off its young; it was a very disgusting sight!

This dream is to be interpreted in a functional sense (Silberer). She is the animal giving birth to an offspring. All the evil trends in her are brought to light through the analysis. The psychoanalytic cure is a process of cleansing herself from her evil thoughts.[5]

Another association relates to her mother. She was disgusted with the mother as much as with the sister. Everything about her mother filled her with disgust, except the mother's hair. The thought of touching the part from which she came forth at birth was unbearable and nauseated her instantaneously.

The dream contains other allusions which seem important to me. It portrays the relationship between mother and child. It shows that although a child is born in pain, the mother loves her slimy, disgusting-looking offspring. May not this be a

reference to her own child? What is this woman's real attitude towards her child?

Before its birth the patient loved the coming offspring with excessive devotion. She was foolishly overjoyed at the prospect of motherhood because she looked forward to a complete change in herself after its birth. After the birth of the child, however, she was horrified to discover that she had no maternal love whatsoever. Her own mother had said to her: "You are an unnatural mother. You have no feeling for your child."

This observation recurs again and again in our professional experience: the woman who does not love her husband does not love her offspring. She hates the child. Frequently this hatred gives way to an unnaturally great and passionate affection; nevertheless the aboriginal hatred breaks through at times as, for instance, when the child must be punished.

This was the case with our patient. She hated the child when it disturbed her night's rest. She could not—nor did she want to—nurse it and engaged a wet-nurse for the infant. Then she fell in love with the nurse's big breasts. The wet-nurse interested her more than the child. Aware of her inner animosity against the child she was afraid to be left alone with the child in the room. Her neurotic symptoms grew worse; her dyspnœa and dizziness increased. Soon she could not eat a morsel of food. She had to go to a sanitarium. There, in a few days, her condition improved all around. She is always better when she is away from the child. The Ostend episode has already shown us how lightly she rids herself of the child only to be troubled by her conscience soon afterwards.

Now she does not trouble herself about the child during the daytime; but she dreams of the child every night. She sees it naked and abandoned, imploring help; she sees the child seriously ill; the child angers her and she punishes it unmercifully; she finds the child lying on a hard bed and she places it on a soft silk bedding. In brief, her repressed maternal instinct is given full expression during the nocturnal dreams. When she talks about the child her eyes light up. One sees that she is not far removed from the doting type of mother. Her whole mental conflict is aggravated by the pres-

ence of this child. A cure is possible only if she becomes a true mother to her child, because this involves certain powerful imperatives about her own mother and it has to do with the state of her conscience.

Several interesting details about the psychology of her neurosis come to light. During sexual intercourse with her lover she watches herself closely. She knows now that she can have no orgasm precisely because she is overanxious about it. In the case of male impotence the greatest inhibition is raised by the self-questioning attitude: "Will I succeed?" This growing anxiety over a possible defeat is not unlike the thought which dominates this woman so that it has been on her mind during her intimacy with the lover from the very start: "Will I have a strong orgasm? Will I have an orgasm at all?"

In other words, her brain, her tendency to introspection, interferes with the course of the reflex act. Thus her state of anxious expectation grows worse from moment to moment: "Now it is coming! I am close to it now! Now it must come!" But it does not come; the excitement and the despair become more and more acute, the efforts and reflex-acts stronger and stronger. Meanwhile her mind is busy with other pictures of which she is not always aware. I shall refer later to these concurrent mental images: "Won't it come?" or—"Will I become pregnant?" Otto Adler has called attention to the significance of this reflection. In our patient's case this inhibition has a very particular and clear significance. Her lover had rendered her pregnant twice; each time she has had the pregnancy terminated by operative procedure on account of "severe hysteria."

Apparently these deeds did not lead to self-reproaches. She refers lightly to the possibility of another pregnancy, saying: "I shall have myself curetted at once. I won't wait as I did the first time. . . ."

However, her dreams reflect a different state of mind. Thus she dreamed the following two dreams in one night:

An apple tree in bloom; some one has broken off many branches on the right side of the tree, without considering that the blooms mean fruit. I, too, have broken a couple of branches off the tree and have looked around to make sure that no

watchman caught me doing it. There was a sign which read: "This is forbidden." I took the couple of branches, threw them into the lap of some one who was sitting near by and covered them with a dirty, ill-smelling rag (a towel). If the watchman should come he will not think me guilty and perhaps he won't notice it at all.

Next I ate fruit off a cherry tree. There was a single cherry hanging. I bent over to reach that cherry and ate it. A very fat man, thick and red-cheeked, who looked like a vintner, appeared and said to me: "I am the owner, what have you done?" I raised my hands and begged him: "Please don't harm me." His hand was already outstretched to slap me. When he heard me beg for mercy he relented and caressed me.

Postscript. I had stolen three cherries and had thus cheated the vineyard owner. I held three cherry stones in my hand, but showed him only one, so that he was more easily placated. The wrong I had committed, however, was much greater.

These dreams again disclose her moral conscience. An eye watches over us and sees everything. The watchman is a symbol standing for justice and for Divine judgment. There are signs which declare: "This is forbidden!" Nevertheless she has done forbidden things; and now she wants to cheat even God. She covers the white blossoms with a dirty towel (the order is reversed, as in the previous dream). She is *apparently unclean*—a profligate woman—but inwardly she is clean, pious, white. The responsibility for what has happened she ascribes to another woman—her sister—who has driven her to adopt this manner of living. Her sister is the unclean rag which should cover her sins. The two branches are a symbolic representation of the embryos.

In the second dream, however, she admits her sin only with regard to one child (one cherry!). She wants to cover up the two other fruit seeds (the two premature births!). Punishment shall give way to caressing. She often succeeds in mollifying the irate husband or angry lover so that the threatened punishment is replaced by loving caresses. May she not succeed similarly in softening the Supreme Judge? Further meanings pertaining to the physician and the father I omit for the present.

These dreams show the patient's playful tendency of avoiding responsibility—of mitigating it—with the aid of her neurosis. The naïve logic of these patients runs somewhat as follows: "Dear Lord, I have suffered so much and I have been so seriously ill. Surely you will not want to punish me!" It reveals their tortured consciences.

This is the reason why these patients are afraid of enjoying themselves; they are afraid of getting well, afraid of getting along smoothly lest God punish them at once. Being sinners they must suffer; at least, they think that the safest course for them is to pose as ill. The neurosis serves the purpose of securing for them an advantage even in the eyes of the Lord.

These dreams portray further an attempt at hiding something from the physician-analyst. The physician is the hunter, watchman, vineyard owner. He pursues the thoughts like a hound; stands guard over the woman like a watchman; ferrets out her misdeeds; reproaches her for having done something forbidden. We know that the physician is often thought of in the rôle of the father. In the course of the transference he is invested with the strangest rôles. Even his family is dragged in; the patient's fantasy may lead him to help himself to forbidden fruit in the physician's house. My son figures in the dream; through him she avenges herself on the father for the latter's aloofness towards her.

Her abortion episodes weigh heavily on her conscience, even though she refers lightly to the trivial "curettments."

On being questioned closely she confesses, at last, that she had reproached herself very strongly after the excochleation. For a long time she carried one four-month fœtus around in an alcohol bottle.[6] It was a charming boy. She reflected continually: "I am a murderer, in reality. A degenerate, unnatural creature! I have killed two babies! A child-murderer!"

Her neurosis had reached its most acute development at the time. None of her physicians, not even the analysts, who are supposed to be physicians of the soul, understood that all her suffering was due to her uneasy conscience. Meanwhile her difficulty of breathing had become insufferable; her dizziness did not leave her for a moment (because her consciousness

rejected the thought that she was a "child-murderer"), she could not sleep, a terrible dread oppressed her. . . .

These self-reproaches appeared also during sexual intercourse under the cover of a question: "Will I become pregnant?" (A reference to the danger of becoming again a child-murderess!)

Finally she confesses a significant fantasy. Last night she achieved an orgasm, but only because her lover carried out cunnilingus on her; and then only because she concentrated her mind on the fantasy that the person who thus gratified her was her sister. She states: "I am responsive only when something reminds me of my childhood during the sexual embrace. My lover leaves me cold because I did not know him in my childhood."

A remarkable corroboration of the significance of the infantile feeling-attitude in the psychogenesis of sexual anæsthesia!

She becomes acquainted with her lover's brother and falls in love with him at first sight because he looks like her father: the same stature, the same long limbs. She reflects: *Habet magnum penem sive paternum, quem post mortem videbam.*

The fantasy-thoughts expressing her longing for the sister become gradually more conscious. Her sister belongs to her childhood days and has the greatest affectative value for her. She dreams:

Sister comes to my bed. I kiss her on the breasts and experience an intense orgasm.

Another dream:

My sister caresses my hair. She wants me to undress. I do it very slowly. She admires me and says: "You don't know how beautiful you are!"

These dreams disclose her boundless narcissism. She is in love only with herself and with those who admire her. If a gentleman, courting her, says that she is very pretty, he has won a trump card—she is at once in love with him, *i.e.*, with herself.

The sister unexpectedly tells her something of importance which I want to record here because it has an important bearing on the psychology of the frigid woman. She relates to

her: "Do you know, I have never been responsive to a man. In fact, I don't know why I have permitted men to be intimate with me. I have always looked for something—for something special; I have looked for a great enjoyment, a tremendous gratification, but I have never experienced anything of the kind. There is one requirement which must be fulfilled before I feel anything like pleasure. I must lie on my abdomen; some one, an elderly man, if possible, at any rate some one for whom I have respect, must lift my shirt and slap me sharply on the buttocks. This gives me an indescribably keen satisfaction. . . . And do you know since when I feel this way? Since my seventh year. I was very naughty and got father very angry. He made me undress and, lifting my shirt, he struck me with a cane. Then I felt this great pleasure for the first time. Now I am continually seeking a repetition of the experience. Do you know? You may do it to me now."

Our patient did not accede to the suggestion. However, this corroborates the power of first impressions.[7] It illustrates also the significance of the feeling of guilt when it becomes associated with gratification. All human beings are creatures of compromise. Guilt and gratification, punishments and rewards fuse in one act.

We note, however, that the homosexual feeling-attitude is reciprocal between this patient and her sister. The latter entices our patient, pampers her with compliments, keeps her busy, and arouses the patient's fantasy with a detailed account of her adventures.

Our patient's experiences, too, attain their full affectative value for her only when she relates them to the sister. "What will sister say about it?" . . . This is the thought with which our patient's mind is continually preoccupied.

In spite of all hindrances the analysis proceeds. We know already that all patients endeavor to hinder the retrospective trend of the analysis by keeping the physician-analyst busy with accounts of current events. Recent occurrences are substituted for memories from the past. This was true also of our patient. Very characteristic dreams brought this out. For instance:

I had to show my teacher a drawing, but the drawing was

unfinished. I told my teacher I left it in the church; but she insisted on seeing the picture. We went together to the little church. I trembled lest she enter. I went through the motion of opening the door, but I held my foot against the door at the same time so that it would not open and I said: "The door is locked." The teacher calmed down and did not ask me any further questions (about the drawing).

The meaning is obvious: Her heart is the chapel which hides the deepest and the most significant memories and feeling-attitudes. She wants to hide these contents from me. She assumes the attitude of wanting to tell me everything, but keeps to herself the most significant items. We find out that her strongest affection was centered on her father. She likes men with long limbs and very large feet, like her father. Also, the man she likes must be strong-willed because her father had always been severe with her. It was different during her childhood. Then her papa loved her and rocked her on his knees. She sat on his left, her sister on his right knee. Thus the father rocked them until the pain between the legs compelled her to ask to be let down. The pain was unbearable.

We have here a phenomenon which plays a great rôle in the physiology of sexual enjoyment. An excessive stimulus may lead to pain. (Cf. Chapter VIII: *The Will to Unpleasure.*) Women have often told me that they have given up the masturbation habit because instead of orgasm they began to perceive pain at the climax. This patient, too, often perceives cramps in the sexual region at the height of her sensual excitation. It is a form of larvated onanism. (*Cf.* my work, *Autoerotism and Homosexuality.*) This began when she was only 5 years of age. During the same tender age she suffered also from various anxieties, including a morbid dread of dirt and of any uncleanliness.

Shortly following the pain due to the rocking she began to suffer from strange attacks. This rendered her uneasy during the forenoons, which was the time of day when these attacks were prone to appear. The attacks consisted of a sensation that the world around her had shrunk to nothingness; then everything seemed strange; and she became suddenly im-

mersed in a delicious feeling which at the same time horrified her. "It seemed," states the patient, "that I was back again in mother's womb—as if I were beginning life all over from the very start; it seemed to me that I was passing through everything that had happened to me since my birth; but that I was going through all that over again as a conscious individual with the full understanding of an adult."

We have here a maternal body fantasy of the type which plays a great rôle in the inner life of all neurotics. The thought of witnessing the sexual act—that great mystery—in this manner is the driving motive of this fantasy.[8]

Extraordinarily common are the dreams in which the patient sees herself sucking, or kissing, the female breasts. These dreams are associated with intense orgasm. She admits also that her homosexual indulgences proved intensely pleasurable. Kissing her nurse or kissing the child's maid on the mammilla roused her at once—even during the period when she was most passionately attached to her male "friend." She suffers recurrently from *globus hystericus*—that well-known hysterical symptom—associated with pain and stiffness in the back of the neck. The *globus hystericus* gives her the sensation of holding in the mouth something soft and big which she could either swallow or spit out. She does not shrink from *fellatio,* although she does not like the act and it fails to rouse her libido.

While she suffers from *globus hystericus* she has to take something in her mouth; she sucks a finger or her hand. Her throat carries out reflex swallowing motions which are identical with the sucking motions of an infant. She is a typical illustration of the "eternal suckling." [9] The pain in the back of the neck suggests the child leaning its head back while sucking at the mother's breast.

We have here the fixation of an infantile libido such as we frequently encounter among the sexually anæsthetic women. She has remained a child. Furthermore, her psychic infantilism is reflected in her whole conduct: she does not trust herself to go out alone, she always needs protection, she yearns for some one to lead her, she wants continually to be loved and pampered. I have already mentioned that only those per-

sons or things have any value for her which are associated with her childhood.

We have come here upon a determinant of sexual anæsthesia which no psychotherapy and no analysis can afford to neglect. The infantilism may be constitutional or it may be merely psychic; this is immaterial. The absence of maternal feeling, the patient's avidity for "having a good time," which is so boundless as to lead her to look upon all inhibitions as inimical and to disregard all obstacles, her fickle love for the man—all these characteristics are traceable to the fact that this woman had never truly become a wife. She holds on to the realm of the pleasure principle (Freud) and is unable to find herself in the world of reality. Her orgasm ensues only when homosexual indulgences or fantasies reawaken her infantile, nursery-life gratifications. She is a typical "child wife."

Her insurmountable inner religiosity, with its ever-pressing inhibitions, too, prevents the onset of the orgasm which would otherwise be possible, as occasional episodes related by the patient have shown us. The old infantile pleasure was also "pleasure without guilt." A suckling experiences libido without any sense of sin; of course I mean that no sense of sin attaches retrospectively to the infantile pleasure sources. She yearns continually for the paradise of her childhood which alas! can never be regained.

A decisive proof of her strong infantilism and her self-love came to light during the last days of the analysis. She undressed and seated herself naked in front of the mirror. Her excitation on beholding herself grew as she started to caress herself. Touching her breasts roused immense libido. Finally, she began to suck at her nipples, unable to withstand the temptation. She behaved as an infant and acted as wet-nurse at the same time. An involuntary exclamation escaped her lips: "Mother, oh, mother!"

Then she achieved orgasm by sticking the stout handle of a brush into her sexual parts with her right hand while stimulating her clitoris with her left hand. The orgasm she thus achieved was not so strong as usual; she was somewhat ashamed of herself; her moral conscience was ill at ease.

However, the act of sucking her own mammillæ while stim-

ulating manually her sexual parts with brush handle and finger shows that she is endeavoring to combine various components of her libido. During the sucking act she is infant and mother at the same time [10]; stimulating the clitoris and vagina simultaneously with hand and brush handle is associated with a fantasy involving a man and a woman. Her libido is always strongest when such a combination is possible. Her ideal is a man with developed breasts or a woman with a penis.

The strength of her moral feelings is illustrated by the following dream:

A poor young man who looked like a beggar wanted to give me a piece of gold money; I did not take it because I was horribly afraid of the man, although he persistently held it out to me. I grabbed my sister and ran with furious haste to the fourth floor. There I fled to a room having large window panes and I crawled between a couple of boxes to hide. It was the residence of an old, grey-haired priest. The priest led me to a church and pointed out the church to me. . . .

During the same night she dreamed also the following dream:

I suffer from horrible shortness of breath, dizziness and a knot in my throat; I run to a physician. He is not an analyst but an ordinary country practitioner. He says to me: "You will never get well!"

The first dream is significant because it portrays very clearly the origin of her neurotic symptoms. It relates to an episode of the previous day. At her boarding house there lives a young man, Mr. M., a very handsome officer. Her sister flirts with this very wealthy and prominent gentleman; this is enough to turn her mind in the same direction. Accordingly she has conceived the idea of winning the man away from her sister. They are living together in a suburb of Vienna. Her sister showed Mr. M. her little purse and suggested that he drop a gold piece [11] into it. This made her jealous. She tried to attract Mr. M.'s attention to herself. She touched him accidentally while they were strolling together and she raised her dress so that her beautifully shaped limbs may not escape his notice . . . but nothing helped. He was very polite, but otherwise cool. On their return home the automobile in which they were

riding made sharp curves. They bumped into each other and she used this opportunity to lean on him more than was necessary. . . . Suddenly she became so dizzy that they had to stop the automobile.

Her dizziness returned the moment that the automobile was again in motion. Then she noticed that she was sitting in front of a mirror; and only after she changed her seat so that she sat with her back to the mirror was she able to get along. What caused the sudden improvement in her condition when she changed her seat and what was the cause of her dizziness?

She remembers having been struck by her reflection in the mirror and that the thought had occurred to her: "You are getting old; you are no longer attractive!" Her greatest concern, her greatest worry is that she is getting old and is losing her charm. Her overpowering narcissism craves everybody's admiration to corroborate her estimate of herself. Her capacity for gratification is bound entirely to herself and her sister; it is linked to her childhood period. The officer attracts her because he has big feet like her father. In the automobile she notices also that he has a very large penis. . . . Thereupon she brought her chief trump card into play: her illness. After all her other charms failed she made use of her illness which almost never fails to make her the center of everybody's attention. She had already told Mr. M. during the previous day about her illness and had given him to understand what an unfortunate woman she was: tied to a man whom she did not love and who would not let her free herself from this unfortunate marital bond—in addition to her frightful suffering! Now she staged in front of him her dizziness which arises whenever she wants to repress her self-reproaches. She wanted him to regard her as "interesting." Theretofore no man had withstood this supreme appeal; but Mr. M. was not tempted.

The dream, however, turns the situation around. In the dream M. is the beggar (begging love), who wants to put something into her purse (!). She runs away from him to the fourth floor—to the uppermost region of her consciousness; she takes refuge in her religious scruples. A priest shows her the right path.

On the other hand, the next dream reveals her resolution

to hold on to her illness and to remain incurable. She needs her illness because her illness serves her as a means for controlling her environment, because she thinks that it makes her very interesting, because it enables her to beg for love under the form of compassion. Everybody must pity her; everybody must say: "Poor Mrs. X. How unfortunate she is!"

She wants to enjoy life, too, while she is still young and attractive. But she has found out through me that she will never get well unless she rids herself of her conflicts and resolves to live up strictly to her duties.

She is again ill, *i.e.*, she continues her frivolous life, hunting for the orgasm which fails to come so long as the inhibitions of her conscience have the decisive word in the matter. She relates that one lover had carried out cunnilingus on her persistently for a quarter of an hour without rousing her to the point of achieving an orgasm. She said to herself: "It must come!" and coöperated so keenly that the sweat rolled down her forehead. Nevertheless the orgasm failed to come and she nearly collapsed from the exhaustion. She yearns for the powerful orgasm she experienced in her youth when the after-effect lasted for an hour and sometimes filled her with a pleasurable sensation which persisted throughout the day.

The patient's inhibitions diminish the orgasm and her qualms of conscience destroy the after-pleasure. She is made to understand that she could achieve orgasm only if she had married a man whom she loved. She begins to grasp the fact that her extra-marital hunting after the orgasm must cease—that it is a hopeless chase. She becomes aware of her inner religiosity and slowly learns to give up her petty indulgence and to appraise her health as more precious than the advantages she derives through her illness.

She wants to be through once for all with her evil passions. She wants to start a new life and to try to live without recourse to her illness and her neurotic symptoms. She relates that during the last few weeks she has caught herself reflecting: "No, you cannot die! Death is not the end of everything. There must be another life!"

Her secret consolation is that she will return another time to this world and that she will then lead a better life. She

rebels against mortality with all the fibres of her being. She does not want to be a common person. Already in childhood she had said to herself: "I am not like the others! I am a special being." She wants to "amount to something." Shall she continue to stagnate as the wife of a petty functionary and immolate herself? Never! She wants to devote herself to art —she wants to accomplish something. She wants her name to become known to fame. She seeks immortality!

She knows she has dreamed of martyrdom for herself; this wish renders her giving up the neurosis a most difficult sacrifice. Does she not suffer more than anybody has suffered before,— more than anybody since her troubles have begun? She can meet God, should He take her to account for her sins, with the complaint: "Do you not see, O Lord, how much I have suffered?" She lives with the *"memento mori!"* injunction deeply engraved in her soul; she thinks continually of death and of the necessity of preparing for it. Her secret "life-plan" (to enjoy life while she is young, then to become very pious and expiate) may miscarry. Suppose her end comes suddenly—before she has confessed, before she has had the opportunity of expiating her past life?

It is becoming increasingly plain that her whole life constitutes a struggle in behalf of the other life. She has often yielded to temptation; but she has always expiated; moreover she has never enjoyed full gratification.

Now an important episode comes to her mind. At the age of 17, when she began to masturbate—this was during the height of her period of religious piety, while she was still thinking of entering a cloister—she endeavored to overcome this habit, using her piety as the weapon. She implored God to help her get rid of the masturbation habit. In fact she became a disbeliever because her prayers proved futile and she received no aid. She recalls her prayer and oath in this connection. With great fervor she had prayed: "Dear Lord, grant me the power to fight the desire for self-abuse and to overcome this evil habit. Take away all pleasure in it when I am too weak. Do not permit me to enjoy the act when I attempt to masturbate!"

She repeated this prayer for many months. We note that

her wish expressed in that prayer has been fulfilled. She has never again experienced the tremendous orgasm which on one occasion had caused her to tremble with excitement during the rest of the day. Her inhibitions asserted themselves and robbed her of the enjoyment, as she had wished. God watched over her and protected her purity. He did not permit her to enjoy sinful indulgence. Had she not dedicated herself to the church, in a pious moment, and had she not expressed the desire to become a nun?

Here we come upon the deepest determinant for her disordered sexual feeling. She is bound down by a childhood oath. Her religious feeling antagonizes her sexual feeling. She avoids the orgasm because an inner voice prompts her to think of death: "How shall I exculpate myself for this sin before the Almighty?"

The next dream is very interesting:

A young woman with a humpback, of repulsive appearance and with a protruding lower jaw was lying on a bier. She was stiff. . . . I felt great compassion for her; I wanted to do something for her. I stuck her feet into a sack. The feet were tied together. I raised her hand from time to time to test whether she was really dead. She was not entirely dead; she was still a little warm. It seems she was apparently dead, or something like that. . . . I asked some one: "Tell me, who is this? I do not seem to remember." The folks said: "She is the sister of a man. Don't you remember her? She always went around with a couple of old maids." Suddenly I recalled who she was.

It occurs to her mind that at one time she had had a teacher who looked like the person in the dream. She loved this teacher and felt infinite compassion for her. The death of this teacher shows that she is now willing to relegate the psychoanalyst among the dead. I have already pointed out long ago that towards the end of their treatment the patients dream of the death of their physician-analyst.[12] I (as the analyst) am deprecated. I am changed to an ugly woman and vanquished. She had loved her first teacher and that love was gone without leaving a trace. May she not forget me, too, as readily?

However, we must bear in mind that the dream represents

a compromise; that it must contain also the reverse (or bipolar) tendency. Every person in the dream represents a division of the dreamer's self. She herself, too, is the ugly, humpbacked person. This corresponds to her thoughts of the last few days. She is growing old. . . . It corresponds also to her moralistic inferiority feelings. She is a misshapen, repulsive person! Death refers to her neurosis, her illness, her ugly inner self. . . .

Will our patient be able to conquer her love for, her pride in, her illness? The last dream represents her ugly self as dead. But it is only "apparently dead." This speaks volumes! Such a change of attitude would involve her leading a different life. She would have to give up altogether her past manner of living and to lead a life of strict duty-fulfillment. Will she be able to do this, so long as she is still young and beautiful enough to attract men?

We have obtained a deep insight into the psyche of a frigid woman. How divided and torn is the psyche of such a woman! She is a free-thinker and a liberal; at the same time she is inclined to piety and is superstitious. She yearns for good health, spends a fortune on sanitarium treatments and on physicians; at the same time she is proud of her illness. She considers herself irresistible; does not for a moment accept the idea that she is a common mortal; at the same time she is tortured by feelings of inferiority which have asserted themselves already in her childhood, although these feelings do not arise out of an organic inferiority, in Adler's sense, but are traceable merely to a sense of moral inferiority. She wants to be a good mother and she hates her child. She loves her "friend" yet is glad when circumstances bring about their separation and she gets rid of him.

I have not concealed from her the truth as to how she can get well; in fact I was merciless while holding in front of her the mirror in which she should see herself reflected as she was.

I told her, approximately: "You will never find yourself responsive in your friend's arms because your inner religiosity and your oaths forbid it. You are seeking happiness on the wrong path. You are yearning for gratification, you are anxious to play an extraordinary rôle in life, but overlook the

fact that only the sense of fulfilling your duty can vouchsafe to you that satisfaction of the soul which we call happiness."

"What shall I do? I do not love my husband. I despise him."

"If you detach yourself from your husband formally and he leaves the child with you, it may be that you could start life anew with your friend. But do not deceive yourself. During the weeks of the analysis you have fallen in love four times—once so passionately that you forgot your friend! The fact that you tease your friend whenever he calls on you; furthermore the fact that you always reproach him because he is not polished enough, cultured enough, or prominent enough to suit you gives you an idea of the possible outcome of your new marriage."

"I love him . . ."

"Last week he met you after riding twenty-four hours in a train for the privilege of being with you a few hours. The first words you said to him were: 'What kind of a suit are you wearing? I am ashamed of you!' Is this love? No, it is brutal selfishness. Your concern is what will the folks say when they see you with your friend; and you will repeat with your friend the scenes you have gone through with your husband."

"Then you think that I should return to my husband, bring up my child and devote myself to the humdrum duties?"

"At any rate, this is my opinion."

"You may be right. . . . I recall a couple of quiet months which I have spent with my child in the country, far from all temptations. It was the happiest time of my life. . . ."

This patient finished the analysis, of which, necessarily, I was able to report here only a few outstanding features, and returned to her husband. Her preoccupation with sculpture, for which she had a decided talent, served to help her while away the days and gradually to convince her that she was an ordinary person, and mortal,—like all others.

Unfortunately she was taken ill with typhus and she plunged again in the feeling of invalidism. She was once more under the care of a "sister"; thus the separation from her sister which

she had undertaken upon my recommendation was frustrated. What may we expect her future life history to be under the circumstances?

I want to add a few remarks about the significance of narcissism. We shall record presently a more relevant case; but already in this case we note that excessive tenderness on the parents' part fosters in the child the belief, or illusion, that it is an extraordinary being. The child begins early to play with and pose in front of itself. Homosexuality is only a form of narcissism; love of one's nearest blood relations—incestuous attachment—is its sharpest background. We always love ourselves in others. Mother, too, is a part of ourselves and we are a part and parcel of her. The sister is a reflection of ourselves; any blood relation of the same sex, too, only reflects us more sharply, while in the heterosexual partner we may see only the reflection of our suppressed homosexual components.

The illusion that one is irresistible we find clearly developed in this case. Already during the first sessions the patient emphasized that she can induce any man to fall in love with her. No one is able to withstand her. She is in despair because she cannot make me fall in love with her and avenges herself on me by recounting all sorts of adventures and passionate love substitutions which are mostly imaginary, but which she herself needs to believe in so as to strengthen her belief that she is still desirable. She exhibits every predisposition to exhibitionism, which is characteristic of all narcissists. She appears at the office in transparent blouses, she uses every opportunity to display her well-shaped, slender hips, etc. The fantasy in which she sees herself examined by the physician carries also the implication: "He must want me when he sees me naked!" While masturbating in front of the mirror she experiences the keenest orgasm. Freud traces narcissism to a fixation of the infantile libido. We may readily concede this; but these fixations, transferences and investments of the libido do not tell the whole story. The belief in one's great historic mission, the revolt against the commonplaces of existence, seem to me to play a greater rôle among the significant psychic determinants.

This woman's tragedy consisted of the fact that she was

an ordinary, average human being; only her illness made her "unusual." She habitually emphasized: "No human being in the wide world suffers so much as I do!" Thus she became attached to her illness at last and loved it more than she loved any man; loved it more than she loved any of her women friends.

The patient was able to attain gratification only through autoerotic indulgences; but she wanted to enjoy ordinary sexual relations and be normal. The trend towards normality is a moral trend. Again, it was her tragic fate that she had abandoned herself to unmoral ways in her search for what is normal.

I want to be understood aright. I am not indulging in moralistic preachments. I do not "take sides" in questions of religion. I comment from the patient's own standpoint. This patient fused "normality" and "religiosity" in one concept. She could have recovered her health if she had married her loved friend Adolf in the first place instead of having married her unloved, ridiculous husband, who does not want to give her up and shuts his eyes even to her relationship with Adolf. That unfortunate marriage sealed her life's misfortune. A great love might have swept her clear out of her narcissistic current; perhaps it would have cured her. Gradually she would have learned to love husband and child for their sake and, eventually, others.

Now we are in a position to understand how ill-advised the physician's counsel was when he said to her: "Marry; if you are not gratified properly you can take a lover." Such advice is dangerous; it is contrary to the first principles of analysis; and it is most unfortunate that such advice should ever be permitted to parade under the name of psychoanalysis.

My patient decided to divorce her husband and to marry Adolf, who, in turn, desired nothing more keenly than to marry her. She told her husband this decision. He proved himself a wise man, even though he had been decidedly maltreated by his wife. He pointed out the unsteady character of his wife who changed her allegiance too often so that he insisted on one year's probation. His wife, he insisted, shall stand by him another year. He agreed to relinquish his marital privileges

during that period. He proposed this arrangement for the child's sake. It seems that he also dreaded the notoriety of a divorce. He was proud, ambitious, magnanimous, yet petty and calculating as well as sensitive and shrewd. He calculated on his wife's customary fickleness and hoped that her infatuation with Adolf, whom he had befriended and whom he himself held in high esteem, would soon be over.

After considerable resistance my patient, at last, agreed to this probationary year. It was also agreed between them that she would see Adolf rarely and that she would abstain from intimacy with him during the year. Under no other conditions would the husband have agreed to a divorce.

At this juncture the analysis ended. The analysis had been enlivened by the massing of numerous dramatic episodes. Not the least dramatic event was the meeting of the husband, the lover and the woman whom both men loved, which took place in my presence although the terms of the "understanding" had been prearranged. I had the impression that the husband, who had forgiven his erring wife often and still loved her, was tired of her, at last; he wanted to make one last attempt at healing their marital breach.

Epicrisis. Nine months passed since I wrote the above record of the analysis. Unfortunately the analyst is not always in a position to check up his results. As soon as the analysis is over the patient forgets the physician in whom she had confided her inmost intimacies. It was otherwise in this case.

One day the patient appeared at my office to report that she was getting along exceedingly well. She is completely free of all her neurotic symptoms. She had stood by her husband six months testing her powers. Then she came to the conclusion that she could not live without her lover. She wants to divorce her husband quietly and marry the other man: "And think of it! I am supremely happy. I have complete orgasm every time. I need no artificial stimuli. I have given up masturbation entirely. My orgasm during normal sexual intercourse is complete. Is this so because I have been abstinent for the previous six months? Or is it because I love my sweetheart so dearly? It is spring now and I have my child with me near my future husband, living quietly the life of an un-

assuming, brave little woman. . . . How can I show my gratitude to you for having pointed out the right path to me? Oh, if the last three probation months were over!"

She achieved orgasm on the rare occasions when she had intercourse with her lover. She was unable to keep the promise of abstaining from intercourse with Adolf. She claims that the enforced abstinence caused Adolf too great suffering. It seems to me more probable that she wanted to retain her erotic hold on her lover!

She looked changed when she called. She was quiet, had gained weight, her neurotic symptoms were gone; there was no anxiety, no dizziness, no nausea. She was doing her work very diligently, was carrying on also her artistic work in which she showed decided talent. She was again pious, went to church and had again gone to confession. Her attitude towards the child, too, had improved. Had she really undergone a spiritual and physical rebirth?

Suddenly the war broke out. She was separated from her lover. In the unfortunate fall of 1914 she returned from her vacation to her husband. At first, like many of her women friends, she devoted herself to nursing and felt very well spiritually as well as physically. Divorce and remarriage were now out of question. Adolf was looking forward to the army service; there was no chance of building a new home. During the first few months I received occasionally a note from my patient reiterating that she was getting along very well. Then for a long time I heard nothing further from her.

About two years after the outbreak of the war she came to my office in despair. She was again suffering from dizziness and once more miserable. She wanted to renew the treatment. I suspected a new experience and I was not mistaken. In the little town, which had become the center of a large military garrison as a result of the war, she had again the opportunity of exercising her lures. Many officers courted her and she was able to flirt to her heart's content. Nevertheless for a long time she remained faithful to Adolf, partly through discretion. Adolf had an excellent situation, he supported her regularly, but he was fearfully jealous, he watched her and had his friends watch her. The prospective marriage with Adolf meant, inci-

dentally, an advantageous material change for her. The recognition of his prosperous material situation contributed not a little to the glow of her affection for him. Now that she knew that Adolf was about to marry her she did not want to jeopardize her chances by a frivolous step.

However, she was unable to withstand the temptation too long. Among the officers there was a nobleman whose slim figure attracted her immensely on account of his resemblance to her father. He was very wealthy; in fact he was considered the wealthiest officer in the regiment. He fell in love with the beautiful blonde woman, began to court her, showered her with attentions, until she yielded to him. He was so passionately in love with her that she thought she had found a second Adolf in him. And why should she hesitate to aim higher? She will be a Countess, live in a castle, own an auto (her highest ambition) and will have money enough to throw away. She entered into the affair with a will, *i.e.*, through her astute play-acting she imagined herself passionately in love. She thought this was the most ardent love affair of her life, perhaps the first true love.

Perhaps she might have attained her aim and would have captured her nobleman if she had not committed a great mistake. She gave herself to him. She simulated an orgasm, although she confessed to me that she had not been roused by her new lover in spite of his strong potency. This nobleman was one of those conscienceless men who think that all means are fair when they want to possess a woman. His love-making was not altogether genuine. Also, he belonged to those who despise a woman who gives herself without offering resistance. She might have become his wife if she had not taken him at his word in advance. After several months he abandoned her and did not want to have anything further to do with her. She was indignant. She wanted to enter a complaint. She had letters in which he had promised to marry her. She wanted to avenge herself. Her despair and anger were boundless.

She wanted my advice. I called her attention to the evil consequences of her frivolous conduct. She was again ill. Another analysis would be useless. I did not want to under-

take to treat her any further. She knew my attitude. Such manner of living would only plunge her more deeply into her neurosis. She must draw a line across her last experience and make a new start:—live again a quiet, modest existence. Adolf had no inkling of what had happened. She was cunning enough not to allow her correspondence with Adolf to cool off during her affair with the nobleman. She could never give up altogether a man who had at one time belonged to her,—not even her husband, who by this time had at last weaned himself from her and was openly interested in a substitute. He was no longer against the divorce. He left her much to herself, apparently waiting for his freedom. She was jealous of her husband, too, and several times the thought crossed her mind whether she could not hold on to both, her husband and Adolf. From a material standpoint this would have been the most comfortable arrangement for her.

I had compassion for Adolf, who genuinely loved her. I saw that this man, who according to his character, was superior to her, was drifting towards ruin. I advised the patient to release Adolf, to tell him her experience inasmuch as he will find it out anyway since the whole town knew her affairs and how they turned out. I advised her to cease trying to impress me with her alleged great love for Adolf.

Then she confessed to me that she could not maintain herself without the material aid she received from him. She was accustomed to the wardrobe of a woman of the world, she wanted to have attractive dresses and the latest styles of hats, she loved adornments, in short she was vain, like all the child-women who are ready to sell themselves for a few pairs of silk stockings so as not to compare unfavorably with other women of fashion. She uncovered the lowest recesses of her soul. In justice to the patient I must admit that she has attempted to fight down and overcome these tendencies only to yield to them again and again in the end.

The example of her sister who permitted herself to be kept by a man whom she did not love merely because he was very wealthy and whom she kept in sexual subjection for this reason had a very deleterious influence upon her. This man was passionately in love with her sister. He wanted to marry her,

but his wife would not free him. He spoiled the moody girl with his overattention and tenderness; nevertheless she was faithless to him, a fact well known to our patient. This sister exercised the most pernicious influence on her development. She, too, was in town when the nobleman appeared and it was she who, with all the adroitness of a money-mad courtezan, called the patient's attention to the great advantages and possibilities of the new relationship. This sister had been always unfriendly to Adolf, whose bourgeois, middle-class behavior and adherence to respectability she despised. Adolf was the sister's embittered antagonist. He insisted that his "bride" give up contact with this sister and urged her to seek "respectable" company. He sought to lead her into the right path partly through selfishness, but partly also through a conviction that she could get well only by adhering to the dictates of love and duty. The sister took advantage of his absence to avenge herself by inducing the easily swayed woman again to side-step. This sister, who suffered from a similar neurosis, could not endure the thought of seeing her companion sufferer settled in a decent marriage with her health restored.

My patient knew this. She saw clearly that she had to choose between Adolf and the sister. As soon as the sister appeared, this time resplendent in costly gifts, all the evil spirits in her soul were roused. Her whole, suppressed homosexuality, too, reawakened. As a matter of fact she loved only this sister.

She broke into tears at my office. Her tears did not particularly impress me because I knew how readily they were at her disposal. She swore, without any suggestion on my part, that this would be her last adventure. I was her good spirit, her Faithful Eckhardt. She had no one but me. I must not let her drift. She must have the feeling that she can turn to me and tell me everything.

Four months passed. One day she appeared again at my office. At last, she has found her ideal. Now she is happy. She is deeply in love. Her love is reciprocated with a warmth which she had never before experienced. Her lover is the most strongly potent man she has ever encountered. In his

embrace she experiences strong orgasm; but he is insatiable; throughout the night he gives her no peace. He wants her to leave her husband and live with him. This is why she came to Vienna. Her lover wants to speak with me. I should not laugh at him because he is so small a man. In spirit and energy he is fully developed. Then and there she hails the lover who is waiting in front of the house.

A young ensign, almost a child in appearance, under-developed, slender, beardless, reaching only to her shoulders (she was a tall, slender figure) steps up with clinking spurs, obviously trying to assume the air of an adult. After a few minutes I end the interview. The ensign leaves the room and I remain alone with her. She reads in my eyes my disapproval of her conduct.

I explain to her that she must not count on my professional advice any further. She admits her unfairness, would like to give up the young ensign for whom her feelings are rather maternal (hence her orgasm!) but she is afraid of a suicide. He was so exalted. I leave the responsibility to her and end the interview.

Several weeks later she calls at my office in despair and refuses to be dismissed. The young ensign, while under guard, had run away to meet her. He was now under arrest, awaiting his demotion. His mother wrote her a letter cursing her. The little man has squandered most of his inheritance and was heavily indebted to usurers. He has written her letters in which he spoke of committing suicide. Moreover, Adolf, having heard about her affair with the nobleman, has given her up once for all. He returns her letters unopened. Would I be willing to write to him and reconcile them? Her affair with the ensign was not generally known. Adolf has no inkling of it. Otherwise he would be capable of shooting her. Anyway, it would be all over!

I ask her not to trouble me any further with her various love affairs. For the first time I am brutal with her. This rough treatment seems to do her good. She realizes that she does not deserve any better treatment and disappears.

Adolf calls at my office and tells me that he has lost all

interest in "that frivolous person." He was now indifferent towards her. He did not care to know anything about her any further. He has called merely to explain his conduct.

Yesterday he had received from her a letter, in disguised handwriting. She declared that she could not live without him. She does not want his financial support. She wants only his love. She wants to kiss his feet. He should not let her go to pieces. He must save her!

"I know this snake!" he exclaims. "She will not ensnare me again. I am happy to be through with her. I am coming to myself. I am beginning to breathe like a man with a heavy burden off his chest."

Half a year later I meet the couple incidentally in a theatre lobby, arm in arm; they seem very tender with one another and supremely happy. Reconciled! She is not yet divorced. Their relationship continues.

Here closes this story taken from real life. I would not be surprised to hear some day that my ex-patient again occupies the center of public attention. She is restless and will continue to be the center of new dramas and new conflicts. She will drive other men to destruction. She avenges herself for the early defeats she had suffered in her youth. She is driven by the need of continually testing her strength and her influence over men. Day by day she grows more subtle, more dangerous. She knows all the great and petty tricks of allurement; and she is conscienceless enough to use them.

However, we have seen also that her "inner No" deprives her of gratification; that her inner judge robs her of the fruits of her victories. We have found and laid bare some good seed within her. My prognosis may be too gloomy. Perhaps she will wake up; she may yet become a pious devotee unless some new dramatic entanglement plunges her into a violent death.

For the psychology of dyspareunia this case is a treasure. It yields us a deep insight into the realities of life; it throws a shaft of light into the lowermost depths of a woman's demoniac soul.

XIV

FRAGMENTARY ANALYSIS OF A TRANSVESTITE

A highly cultured sculptress complains of compulsions and complete anæsthesia during normal sexual intercourse. First I shall reproduce here her clinical history and, briefly, the story of her life.

She is 28 years of age, divorced from her first husband, engaged to another man. Sexual intercourse with her fiancé is incapable of rousing her orgasm. Since childhood she has had the desire to wear man's clothes. She is a pronounced transvestite.

The patient turns over to me a written psychologic account of her trouble, a record which she renders to a certain extent objective by referring to herself in the third person. Her account discloses that she has preoccupied herself very much with medicine and psychoanalysis. For a time she hesitated in her choice of a profession between medicine and art. Her written statement is as follows:

The patient complains of pains in the back, frequent attacks of "nervous heart weakness" and disturbances of the circulation. She is not what is commonly called a "nervous" person, claims to be well, enjoys a fair degree of vital energy, goes daily through an amount of mental labor which is far above the average, does not suffer at all from dizziness during steep climbing excursions, exercises excellent self-control and patience in her contact with others and among her acquaintances she is regarded as a paragon of "steady nerves."

Until her sixth year patient regarded herself as a boy for some unknown reason dressed in girl's clothes, in spite of the reassurances of her environment. Already as a child she regarded "female dress" humiliating, ignominious. She was unhappy whenever they "dressed her up"; always wanted to wear "leather puttees" and clothes of plain material. As a child she

was wild and unruly, loved boys' games, disliked dolls, was given a sabre (at her request), cartridges, etc. At six years of age when asked what she would like to be when she grew up, she answered: *"I shall be a lieutenant,* and—as God grants me my life—Field Marshal." Already at that age she often dreamed of heading an army (clad in white riding breeches, boots, feathered plume), leading triumphantly the procession out of a city. To this day she dreams this dream very often. (It is always the same: a stereotypic dream.) She played only with boys, who at first believed her story that she was a boy disguised in girl's clothes.

She recalls that already during her earliest childhood she had suffered very much on account of her mother's coolness towards her. Her mother had never been tender; had always played the *grande dame.* Patient was passionately fond of her mother and always tried to win her mother's love and tenderness but in vain. At that time her attitude towards her father was neutral; he was the one who administered punishments, nothing more to her.

At school she was wide awake, the teachers' favorite. Her favorite studies: history and geography. She was not interested in her school colleagues; they seemed too cowardly to her, they wept easily, etc. She played only with boys. Until her 8th year she was very fond of war and robber games, and always dressed as a boy. During her 7th year she began to entertain doubts about God and religion, became interested in national ideals, etc. She kept everything to herself, spoke to nobody about these matters, and began to write out her reflections. She was deeply unhappy when she passed from the grammar school to the high school; *she was afraid of becoming "womanly."*

Her adolescence set in at the age of 13. She developed fast physically and this made her very unhappy. Thereupon her conduct towards her schoolgirl colleagues changed. On the one hand she despised them worse than ever because they were flighty-minded and showed no interest in any serious questions; on the other hand she felt stupid and was shy in their company, blushed when one of the girls spoke to her, was happy whenever she had a chance to escort home one of the

prettier girls, rendered them petty knightly services, kissed their hand, etc. During this period at home she was in the habit of wearing *her father's discarded articles of clothing.* Already at the age of 12 she studied the works of philosophers, Indian religious systems, natural sciences; grew more and more earnest, absorbed in serious problems. A painful sense of loneliness, of being "different," turned her devotedly to Lenau and Schopenhauer. Already at that time her conflict began between the desire to distinguish herself by being different and the wish to be "as others" so as to enjoy a quiet, happy existence. The first poems she wrote date back to that period. They were mostly poems of philosophic content, dedications to girl friends (with strong sexual accent). She also painted her first pictures at the time—landscapes.

At the age of 16 she had first intimate relations with girls. Patient has never been addicted to masturbation. The first awakening of her elemental sensuality drove her to the girls. Strong splitting of her feelings! *Respect* for the girls that were desired, *scorn* for those that had been possessed! Mild sadness after each act of possession! A woman who gives herself is deprecated by the man. Continual, feverish absorption in study. Greed for every branch of knowledge. After living all this time in a small provincial town patient went abroad alone, at the age of 16, to continue her studies. There she studied night and day—felt altogether like a man. First love affair—a young girl. She does not care to possess her, avoids all sensuality, dreams of the girl, worships her. Disappointed, she throws herself into her studies; plunges into wild erotism—dissipation and drink. Wild, excessive high living for a year; then her nerves give way and she returns to the parental home where she again plunges feverishly into her studies and writes reams of poetry. Her erotism assumes more definitely an episodic significance; she takes up women only when she must possess them. Increasing melancholy because the women are so easy to be had.

The family moves to Vienna. Various men court the patient. She is friendly with some of them, becomes engaged several times, without feeling any sexual attraction and from time to time she indulges in intimacies with women.

At 17 years of age she becomes acquainted with her future husband. While his appearance is not feminine he shows signs of a vanishing beauty. His Southern softness, his frivolous air, his sentimentality appeal to her. Although she is aware that spiritually he is far below her, she decides to marry him, *notwithstanding her parents' objections.* She does not expect sympathetic understanding from him; on the contrary, all she seeks through him is surcease from her conflicts, a return to the simplicities of childhood, exhilaration. She knows very well that her love for him will not prove lasting yet she marries him; marries him only because, as a girl belonging to a decent family, she cannot have him on any other terms. Nevertheless she weaves innumerable dreams around this love, deliberately embellishes it with her fantasies. At the same time she is suffused by a soft sadness because she realizes that he (whom she looks upon as being a woman) will never be able to understand her world.

In the course of their married life his lack of will power pleases her. She is pleased that he does not work while she is constantly busy with her studies and activities, pleased that she furnishes him with the means for his luxurious needs. *He is a woman!* She wears plain clothes—almost masculine in their severity—and likes to see him in silk stockings and dressed in fantastic clothes. She is happy when she can put on his uniform. *For a long time sexual intercourse between them is impossible. Vaginism sets in at every attempt—in spite of her keen excitation.* He is too strong for her. Moreover, she regards her position during the sexual act as humiliating, "unmanly." She is always the one to assume the aggressive, active rôle. Cunnilingus, later mutual masturbation following intercourse, in the attempt to attain gratification. Never orgasm during regular sexual intercourse.

She is still troubled over her relationship to the mother. During her adolescence they had bitter altercations, fights and quarrels. She has endeavored continually to penetrate into her mother's cool consciousness; *wanted at least to be hated, if not loved by her.*

After marriage, too, altercations with the mother, followed by painful regrets. Great tenderness, continually masked un-

der a display of harshness, all because of her failure to move her mother to reciprocate with any show of affection.

Patient again resumes her intimate relations with women, because only contact with women induces prompt orgasm without recourse to cunnilingus or onanistic manipulations. She does this with her husband's knowledge.

Patient is never jealous of her women friends. She entices her husband into having intimate relations with the women along with her. Of men she is extremely jealous. Her fantasy is very weak in erotic matters. She is anxious to meet her young husband's demands on her; but during the very first year of their marriage she displays sexual inadequacy. After intercourse she suffers from pains in the back. Even with women she seldom succeeds in achieving orgasm twice in succession.

The splitting of her personality grows sharper all the time. One self dissects everything, tries to force everything into the clear field of consciousness, is sceptical, cool. The other self in her is saddened by the findings of the first, yearns for the unconscious, yearns to be "like the others." *"Longing for the commonplace!"*

Realizing that her husband hinders her artistic activities, that he drags her down and overtaxes her sexually she decides to leave him, although she is "madly" in love with him. She carries out this plan in spite of her great inner conflict, in spite of his desperate opposition.

She is now free; devotes herself entirely to her art. She meets an artist who befriends her. She converses with him, as man to man, about philosophers, women, life, etc. He admires her self-possession, the masculine traits in her. Marriage does not enter her mind, but he tries to persuade her. For social reasons her parents are much in favor of this match. Inasmuch as this man understands her thoroughly and she, on the other hand, has lost faith in "marriage through love," she becomes engaged to him. At his insistence she enters into intimate relations with him, *i.e.*, she accepts him in a moment of great passion; but this intercourse, too, proceeds without orgasm on her part. She continues her intimacies with women. Her conflict between "desire" and "disgust" gives rise to a

fantasy in which woman is represented as demon or beast, the picture symbolizing man's triumph over woman—what she would like to experience!

Gradually her personality-split deepens. Her self changes alternately into "man" and "woman." While actively engaged in her artistic creations patient is absolutely M (male);—this is followed by a period in which she is W (woman). During her M. period she sees in the artist only a friend, sexual intercourse with him seems to her a homosexual act—"the cup that inebriates deeply, which two friends offer one another, to be followed by another cup, the bitter cup of loneliness!" During this M. period the patient is relatively abstinent, entirely absorbed in her work, which almost consumes her; then again excessively taken up with women. At such times her erotism is strongly sadistic. The breasts particularly rouse her. She speaks harshly and with contempt of sexuality. Gratification, while it may be had, nothing more.

The W. period is not very pronouncedly feminine. Sadistic and masochistic wishes alternate. Sometimes she wants to be "treated as a woman"; however, even the fulfillment of this wish fails to lead to orgasm. On the other hand, her whole character is softer during this phase. Nevertheless intercourse with women continues.

The splitting in two of the patient's personality led to the following consequences: longing for intoxication—the expression of a desire for complete escape. This in turn led her to alcoholism, a habit to which she has been addicted for years until six months ago, and which is also responsible for her impulsive, excessive sexual acts, in which, as a rule, her brain or fantasy participates rather than her body. The sense of an abysmal distance between herself and others; out of this sense of loneliness arises the love for her art, which represents her endeavor to construct a bridge to lead her towards an understanding of others. To her deepest intoxications she owes also her precious hours of creative artistry, the resolving of many of her emotional complexes, the abreacting of conflicts and wishes. Whatever takes distinct shape within her, thereby becomes external to her and ceases to interest her. She is also keenly sensitive and responsive to the refining influence of

creative activity, that great channel for the sublimation of one's passions.

Patient is unable to state precisely when her compulsive thoughts first began to trouble her (but believes they began shortly after she entered into intimate relations with the artist). At first she was unable to fall asleep without thinking of certain landscapes; then she was unable to attain orgasm without thinking of certain complicated sexual imageries which had to run through her mind in a precise order.

Sadistic imageries play an important rôle in these compulsive thoughts. In her fantasies she is man and woman, active and passive, sadistic and masochistic at the same time. In her imagination she can conjure up and enjoy at the same time both categories of pleasure. These imageries do not lead to orgasm during normal sexual intercourse; they do so only in connection with her onanistic manipulations. During intercourse with women she does not have to have recourse to these fantasies. Intercourse with women [1] leads promptly and easily to orgasm. These compulsive thoughts exhaust the patient fearfully so that they have driven her to seek professional aid.

In 1913 while strongly under the influence of alcohol she seduced her fiancé. She felt like a man; after that she held him slightly in contempt. Subsequently while in this state she wrote the scenario of a drama which she did not finish until 1915. The heroine was a domineering masculine woman who, driven by an uncontrollable urge, rushed at first from one adventure to another until, at last, she became the lover of her son, without being aware of the relationship. When she found this out she acknowledged the incest, continued to have relations with him and, in the apotheosis of the last act, she defended her right to this incestuous relationship. This book was followed by pictures and other dramas in which the patient continually expressed other conflicts and partial selves; but the Œdipus complex does not reappear in them.

During the war our patient was practically abstinent until the fall of 1917. Her abstinence was interrupted only by one visit (of her fiancé) in the course of the year, and, on very rare occasions, intercourse with women. Between 1914-1917 she had only two adventures of the kind with women; each

of these furnished inspiration for lyrical landscapes. In the interim she did not portray any moods.

Her relations with her fiancé have been very friendly since 1913 and have remained so to this day, but without the least erotic tone, so far as she is concerned. The two divisions of her personality are becoming gradually more acute and troublesome. Each year she grows more lonesome. At the same time she does not reach out for anybody, knowing well that only her creative work—only her art—can release her, can integrate her soul. Outwardly she appears always bright, austere and in good health. She despises invalids and weaklings. She scorns her own weaknesses.

The two intimacies with women during the war period are regarded by the patient herself as the happiest adventures of her life thus far. The first woman was her husband's sister (precisely the knowledge of this relationship made the adventure so delightful!).

Very much in contrast to her former intimacies with women (which were always of short duration and ended in disgust and contempt) the patient respected this woman, lived with her in the same house for over a year. During this period she worked hard and with a will, was entirely well, felt much pleased when a man admired the beauty of "her woman," etc. She dissolved this intimacy when the girl became interested in a young man to whom subsequently she became engaged.

This adventure was followed by a prolonged period of complete abstinence. Afterwards, occasional fleeting intimacies with women. During the summer of 1917 a passing intimacy of a few months' duration with the daughter of a friend (the father was a physician). Occasionally, also, thoughts of the father who, she knew, was passionately interested in her. This intimacy came to an end when the patient undertook an important piece of work and needed absolute concentration. It should be emphasized that the patient places her art above any adventure; she would unhesitatingly sacrifice any happiness for the sake of her work. In spite of her numerous conflicts, overwork and alcoholic excesses the patient was never troubled on account of her nerves. Only when her fiancé returned on his

vacation she was badly troubled on account of her inadequacy and her compulsive thoughts rendered her extremely miserable.

In the fall of 1917 the patient became acquainted with an ensign (19 years of age). Although spoiled by the overattentions of innumerable men patient fell in love with this youth whose childishness and lack of sophistication appealed to her. They indulged in sexual relations, which satisfied the patient only because she felt herself in complete command of this young man. Sexual intercourse proper did not lead to orgasm, but she achieved gratification in another way.

The patient analyzes her feelings as follows:

1. She has always sought young women whom she could respect at the same time. Although this young man could hardly be called feminine she felt towards him as if he were, physically and spiritually, a woman. Physically, because he was young, beardless, had a delicate tint, etc.; spiritually, because she was above him in this respect, and because she was able to introduce him into her realm,—a world new to him.

2. In her loneliness, her state of understanding and insight, she yearned for the simple, unsophisticated world in which others dwelt; she yearned for childhood. Her fiancé could not restore this world to her, because he himself was an artist; he knew too much of her. On the other hand, this youth reopened to her a world with which she had lost contact forever. She loved him because she was "homesick."

3. The young man, too, lived unhappily with his mother. He was the only one with whom she could talk understandingly about her relationship to her mother. She felt as if she were his mother, liked to day-dream of herself in that rôle; presently she fancied that she was the mother having intercourse with her son; again, in her fantasies, she identified herself with him and he was the one yearning for his mother (*i.e.,* herself!).

4. A real man, above all an artist, cannot surrender himself. The best in him belongs to his art. This she knows through her own experience. She is unable to abandon herself completely to any one—she would give up any one for her work. Only women give themselves completely—and men who do not belong to their work. Consequently only this young man could

give himself with that complete self-abandon which the masculine component of her personality craved.

The compulsive thoughts trouble her even during intercourse with this young man. For the past half year she dreams often of his mother (whom she has never seen). Her dreams always show her possessing the mother. His mother figures also in her compulsive reveries; in her day-dreams she sees this woman in the act of being assaulted by a man. The man is always the son (identified through the dream analysis). Sometimes in these compulsive reveries she is the man, at other times the son is the assailant; more often both, she and the young man, are fused together in the figure of the assailant.

From time to time patient suffers from acute attacks of anxiety. However, in the course of years this trouble has somewhat abated. In the spring of 1918 patient resolved that she would induce her orgasm during sexual intercourse through autosuggestion. After a sojourn in the country of several months' duration she succeeded in accomplishing this without any accompanying compulsive ideals, but at the cost of considerable exertion. *The orgasm was stronger than she had ever before perceived. In this connection, too, she felt herself playing a masculine rôle. After several months she succeeded once more, but not again since.* On one occasion after the onset of the orgasm she fainted twice from exhaustion. This was followed by a protracted cardiac weakness, circulatory and reflex disorders, etc.

As a painter the patient is fond of symbolic representations. She paints in states of tremendous excitation—an excitation which at times is distinctly sexual. During such times sleep or food mean nothing to her and she has the feeling of letting herself go without restraint. She herself calls her artistic work not only an abreacting or a sublimation; she calls it, plainly, "larvated onanism."

The patient is very self-conscious, narcissistic, domineering —and yet she is very soft and pliable with friends. In her life and through her artistic work she fights for a nobler humanity, for a higher ethos. Erotism in itself plays no rôle in her life (with the probable exception of narcissism and of the Œdipus complex); nor is she interested in attaining absolute

potency so much as to be freed of her morbid anxieties concerning her creative abilities and her capacity for work.

Whether the patient is also erotically fixated on the father she is unable to state. However, *she recalls having flirted for a time with a certain young man because he looked like her father.* This incident probably does not involve a deeper significance.

Patient is very happy with her young man to whom she is linked by an inclination which has been growing stronger during the past fifteen months in which she has enjoyed his company. In him she finds peace and the restfulness of childhood and, at the same time, understanding. However, she cannot indulge often in intercourse. She does not care to do so more than once a month at the outset because she must conserve her energies. The young man wants to marry her at any cost and is very unhappy because she is engaged to the artist. She, however, is unable to meet his wish for two reasons. In the first place she knows that he needs a real wife, a woman who will bear children for him, etc. In the second place she would never give up her artist. She is often driven to despair because each of them threatens to commit suicide.

The patient has preoccupied herself with psychoanalysis approximately for the past eight months. She particularly emphasizes the fact that while the generalizations which she has set down herein have occurred to her after her readings on the subject, the particular facts she records are genuine and uninfluenced. For instance, the Œdipus complex appeared in her pictures before she had any inkling of her emotional fixation on the mother. (One of her drawings, too, portrayed this theme!)

Patient applied for treatment because she is unable to solve all her riddles and because she suspects that her ill health is a "flight to illness" brought about by her pressing conflicts; because she probably holds on unconsciously to her ill health and therefore she cannot get well through her own efforts.

In connection with the patient's sadistic fantasies it may be relevant to mention that her father had the habit of striking his children. He continued this practice of corporal punishment until the children reached adolescence.

Here ends this interesting account which shows us a woman inspired by the fervent desire to be a man. She acts as a man, likes to clothe herself in masculine attire and yet she wants gratification as a woman. Her wish is to remain masculine and still respond as a woman during normal sexual intercourse. Her dread is that her creative ability may be interfered with if she permits her feminine traits to achieve ascendancy. Only a man can be a creative artist. Her last cycle of paintings, which she has painted under a feverish excitement, again glorifies man's creative ability, his triumph over animal sensuality symbolized by woman. Worthy of special emphasis are her fruitless attempts to win her mother's affection and her openly acknowledged love for her father. Her capacity for personality-splitting and her proneness to identify herself with various other personalities are well-nigh uncanny. During sexual intercourse she responds both as man and as woman at the same time, she feels with as well as for the love objective, she can be at the same time wife, husband, mother, father and child. This is shown particularly by the compulsive thoughts which have enforced her orgasms during the last few years. Her first account passes lightly over these compulsive images. We start the analysis with an inquiry into these compulsive thought-images. The patient's response is hesitating and discloses resistance.

The patient is afraid of the analysis. It may cause her to lose her masculinity. She may lose her creative ability. It may deprive her of her homosexuality. She wants to remain as she is and at the same time respond properly during sexual intercourse.

The prognosis for the analysis of this case is unfavorable. The patient's fear that her whole artistic ability may be shattered is too great. The account of her compulsive thoughts proceeds under considerable resistance.

Three different compulsive fantasies enforce her orgasm:

1. Two schoolgirls commit some offence. They are taken to the school principal who gives them the choice of being locked up or of submitting to various punishments. They choose punishment. The principal calls upon the school janitor, who rough-handles one of the girls and hurls vile oaths at

her. This so excites the principal and the other girl that they go through the sexual act and experience powerful orgasm. During this fantasy she identifies herself partly with the girl and partly with the teacher.

2. A young army officer meets a couple of ladies on *Fasangasse* (Pheasant Street). He addresses them with raw words, promising great sexual thrills. Both accompany him to his house. On the stairs he grabs them by the hips. Coprolalia. Upstairs he turns one of the women over to the stableman. The other woman is coaxed and assaulted. Accompanying thought: it is an incestuous act.

3. A painter is to paint the portrait of a prominent fashionable woman. He confesses to her that he can do the painting successfully only after possessing her. Riotous scene; raw oaths; intercourse. Then he becomes very cool and paints a wonderful picture. Orgasm while finishing the painting.

In all these fantasies the male assaults the woman. This climactic scene is the endopsychic representation of her mental conflict. Her masculinity overpowers the femininity in her. She is trying to escape from her womanliness.

The beginning of the psychoanalysis corroborates the truth of this surmisal. She is distrustful, cautious. She is afraid I will hypnotize her, although I had promised her that I would not use hypnosis because I consider hypnotism an unsuitable method of treatment for such cases.

"I abhor hynotism," she declares. "I regard it a crime."

"Why are you so afraid of hypnotism—you, who have gone through all kinds of adventures and possibilities?"

"Because I do not want to lose the grip on myself. Because I do not want to run the risk of losing my precious homosexuality."

"Are you, then, afraid of responding like a woman during intercourse or in connection with your fancied assaults?"

"No. I want to remain homosexual and still have orgasm during normal intercourse; but I do not want to abandon myself."

Here the primordial feeling-attitude breaks through its shell. She does not want to respond like a woman. The thought of feeling like a woman causes her to tremble with fear. So

strong is this dread that she gave up her last love affair suddenly, though it cost her a superhuman effort to do so, merely because she felt that she was beginning to love the man as a woman. She arranged to have an urgent letter sent to her calling her away so as to end, decisively, quickly, an intimacy of two months' duration during which she had blossomed forth wonderfully and which had been the happiest period of her life. So strong is the power within her which sets itself against her becoming thoroughly feminine.

She distrusts all creative workers. Although she herself is ready to sacrifice anything in the world for the sake of her great work, she doubts the genuineness of artists. She has had ample opportunity of looking "behind the scenes." Only yesterday she gave as the reason for her flight from femininity the concern for her creative work. All great works emanate from men. Mœbius and Weininger were perfectly right. Today she deprecates the artist's character. I call her attention to the fact that this mistrust must emanate from her deeper perception of her inner self. She is probably not sufficiently honest with herself, she deceives and does injury to her Ego. Her concern for her creative activity is partly a lie, *i.e.*, a pretext for her endeavor to escape from her feminine self.

Her resistance to the analysis expresses itself under a new form as race prejudice. She hates all race mongrels, despises all racial mixtures. She believes in racial purity. She is firmly convinced that her unhappiness and her neurosis are due to the fact that the blood of two different races is struggling for supremacy within her veins. Endopsychic apperception that two trends—perceived as two different races—are fighting for supremacy over her soul: man and woman.

Complains of too rapid heart-beat and irregular pulse coming on at night; also, occasional slowing of the pulse-beat. Sleeps only three hours during the night; has herself awakened to start work; refreshes herself with black coffee and cola. What is the reason for her cardiac trouble?

I make her understand that she systematically maltreats herself by pointing out, as an illustration, the love which she has deliberately driven out of her heart.

"I do see him occasionally; of course we speak of our affairs and never about ourselves. Moreover, he is as badly fixated on his parents as I am on mine."

I point out that it were better for her if she lived away from her parents. She replies that she frequently feels the need of getting away from her parents; but that she always returns remorsefully after a few weeks' absence. A feeling of guilt towards her parents pulls her back and impels her to place herself again at their service.

When she is with her parents she always quarrels with them. Only to-day she had quite an altercation with her father over some trifles. This happens nearly every day. Her talk turns to her father and she declares that her father encourages her homosexual tendencies. *He does not want her to be a woman. He was insanely jealous of her first husband and brought about their divorce. On one occasion, while under the influence of drink, he confessed to her that he cannot endure the thought of a man lying with her and of her giving herself to the man. Her anæsthesia, therefore, corresponds to a paternal imperative.*

What is the reason for her uneasy conscience?

Psychoanalytic experience teaches us again and again that the members of a family who quarrel among themselves are incestuously fixated on one another; that they regard one another responsible for their unfortunate state and for the nonfulfillment of their secret wishes. She and her father quarrel almost daily. She is so accustomed to these scenes that she cannot get along without these daily excitements. These emotional outbursts seem to abreact a portion of her dammed-up sensuality. In the face of such a feeling-attitude, characterized plainly enough by her father in his intoxicated state, indifference is the hardest ordeal to bear.

The patient's last disclosures lead to important conclusions. When a father indulges in jealousy quarrels with his married daughter and separates her from the husband he must have pampered her as a child, he must have fixated her on himself with his excess of affection. He must have influenced her sexual development with unsparing chastisements when she was a child.

Let us consider also the remarkable atmosphere in which the patient lives. She talks over with her father her various sexual adventures. He participates in her sexual life! He is jealous of all men and supremely happy because she fails to respond in their embrace. He sympathizes with her homosexual indulgences and encourages her fiction that she is a "spoiled man"; but he does this only through jealousy; only because he is afraid of being replaced in her life by another man. He admires her art and does everything he can to foster her advancement. (He has arranged an exhibit for her and he has repeatedly sent her paintings abroad.) She feels therefore compelled to hide from him the knowledge of her last love affair. He tolerated her engagement to the artist because he knew that she did not love him and that she would not respond in his arms. But the ensign, and the affair with the ensign, had to be kept from his knowledge.

He is also opposed to the analysis. Obviously he is afraid of my influence. He thinks I may be questionable, like some of the other physicians; or he finds the expense too high. Moreover, he would like to know what is there for her to talk over with me? He wants to keep his child to himself. He does not want to run the risk of having to relinquish her eventually in favor of another man. She contradicts him vehemently, defends psychoanalysis, and this leads to the customary "great break" between them, only to end, after a short period of ill-humor, in the usual reconciliation.

She regards menstruation as something abhorrent, a disgusting ordeal. Would like to crawl into a corner, lock herself up, do away with herself during that period. Cannot work; is overcome with disgust because her femininity has the upper hand for the time. On one occasion she slapped a man's face because in a debate that man had denied woman's right to emancipation on the ground that woman is subject to menstruation.

Her father, too, is worried over her menstruation. Frequently he says to her: "Why should you have to go through this?" Her father is a firebrand, an investigator, a thinker; he is a man who always thinks of something new and conceives new ideas. The mother remains cool, unapproachable,

aloof. Patient has striven all her life to gain her mother's affection. Her father is jealous even of her Lesbian friends when he thinks that she becomes too intimate with them. On one occasion he bought off one of her women friends when he found that they had grown too fond of each other. . . .

Remarkable feeling-attitude towards her sisters whom she wants to keep "pure"! Her sisters are the precise opposite of herself. With her creative activity she strives exclusively to win the love and respect of her sisters and mother. . . .

Not bashful with men. Felt shame, for the first time in her life, with the ensign who, unfortunately, is in love also with her youngest sister. At one time has been intimate with an elderly gentleman. Elderly gentlemen to her are men over 25 years of age! With this man she had a comfortable feeling of mastery. It was only necessary for her to order him: "Do something to me!" Now, during her intimacy with the ensign, she feels ashamed whenever she thinks of this experience with the elderly man.

Did she tell me already that she suffers from anxiety states? They come on evenings. She cannot be alone. Out of doors, in the woods or in the mountains she does not mind being alone. She has stayed alone overnight in the open. Between the four walls she is overcome by a foolish dread so that she is on the point of crying out without reason. Her mind conjures up hallucinations. She sees her old nurse wearing an apron. A man crawls out of the chamber pot or closet to assault her.

I call her attention to the infantile character of her dread. How can an adult man hide himself in a small chamber pot? She adds that she is afraid also of the creaking of the furniture. On the street she is afraid when a man walks behind her in the dark. She is not afraid of meeting a man face to face. Her revolver is her protection. But should a man grab her from behind she would be helpless! She feels that her backbone would soften and she would cave in; she could not resist at all if she were touched from behind.

"It means you would abandon your masculine carriage and would give yourself. . . ."

"I do not know. All I know is that a hand stroking my

back along the length of my spine gives me the most intense pleasure; but even such caress does not lead to orgasm."

"The forepleasure is too great."

"It is true. The pleasurable sensation is entirely unlike that of intercourse."

"It is an infantile gratification."

Further analysis reveals that this is a form of anal erotism transposed from below (anus) upwards (spine). If the sexual partner takes hold of her nates during intercourse she perceives a strongly pleasurable sensation. Even hand-stroking the nates always induces great pleasure. As a child and in later years she has suffered from worms and has been treated with irrigations. The itching caused by the worms was also pleasurable.

My explanation followed after a prolonged session: "Your weak zone seems to be the anus. Your nurse has probably given you irrigations with an enema tube which she took from the chamber pot. You are afraid that *congressus sexualis analis* would cause you to give up your masculine attitude; that you would then yield to the man. Your life, your whole experience represents a struggle against the male. You feel yourself equal to the combat only so long as you preserve your masculine attitude. Your cramped femininity attempts to break through at night; obviously it is then fortified by infantile feelings and infantile pleasure sources."

"I want to confess something to you. I have practiced also anal intercourse. It has left me cold."

"What does that prove? You have prearranged this so as not to deliver yourself into the man's hands. I have seen homosexuals who have tried themselves out on men without feeling any gratification."

She amplifies her previous disclosures. She feels greatest pleasure when she strokes a woman over the nates. Also when a man similarly strokes her over the nates she experiences the strongest orgasm. Contact with the anus does not rouse her; merely stroking the region of the nates is enough to give her a pleasurable sensation, a keener and greater thrill than any other form of love-play. Her first husband had too big a phallus. She does not understand why women dream of a gigantic phallus. On one occasion she fainted while taking a douche

(vaginal). On that occasion (as the narrow tube penetrated her deeply) she suddenly realized that she was a woman.

Next association: she had never seen a *membrum virile* thin and small enough to penetrate the anus without causing pain. Every attempt at anal congressus was shattered by the physical disproportion of the respective parts.

This association corroborates my earlier assumption. The attack of fainting was a flight into the realm of dreams; an unconscious experiencing of this fantasy.

The pleasurable sensation evoked by a man's strokings shows her sexual infantilism. The emphasis of the nates as an erogenous zone, too, is a bit of infantile sexuality. This is why occasionally she identifies herself with a male homosexual. She shows a particular interest in all homosexuals and in her fantasy she herself is a passive homosexual. She has an uncanny ability of placing herself in all kinds of rôles. She is afraid of a feminine position, of her feminine feeling-attitude. She avoids only feminine rôles.

Her resistances are strong. An illustration: last night she had very vivid dreams. She awoke, analyzed her dream, resolved to remember and tell me the dream and her analysis, then fell asleep again and to-day she remembers nothing of the dream or of the analysis. Complete amnesia, which I designate as an "unwillingness-to-see."

Relates how she tried unsuccessfully to bring on an orgasm during normal intercourse. Her one aim is to remain masculine and still attain vaginal orgasm. At the present time her vagina is completely anæsthetic so that she is insensitive even to pain. Formerly sexual intercourse caused her pain in the sexual region; now she does not even feel the contact of the parts during intercourse.

We have here a complete hysterical *anæsthesia sexualis.*

She permits stimulations by friction of the organs. This rouses great *voluptas* in her. She feels her orgasm is approaching. She allows the penis to penetrate her vagina. Precisely at the moment of penetration every trace of pleasurable sensation leaves her as if she had not been roused at all. On one occasion, during a tremendous orgasm achieved through external friction she asked her young friend to insert his penis.

Her orgasm promptly stopped and she fainted. She remained unconscious for a half hour. Already as a young girl she fainted while reading in a book on masturbation about girls sticking pencils into their vagina as a mechanical aid to masturbation. I call her attention to the fact that she had fainted also on one occasion while taking a douche which involves similarly the insertion of a thin narrow object and remind her of her fantasy concerning a small narrow penis.

We note that her three attacks of fainting seem associated with an act of "sticking something in." She points out that she was tremendously averse to masturbation. This was due, she thinks, to her fear of harming herself by the practice, the dread of affecting her mental powers, of becoming feeble-minded. A "sticking in" fantasy seems linked with her infantile masturbation; she dreads the realization of this fantasy. Her aversion to masturbation is linked with her fear of this infantile fantasy.

She admits readily that painting gives her almost as much physical thrill as the practice of masturbation. But the thrill is incidental. The physical pleasure does not mean so much to her as the satisfaction she derives from her creative activity. She does not want to be a woman precisely because she wants to preserve intact her creative ability.

The patient's attitude towards odors is very peculiar. Certain perfumes rouse her very much. She is particularly intoxicated by the aroma of her own body, by the odor of her sweat and by the specific odors of her sexual parts. Even the odor of her excrements she finds pleasing. She admits being in love with herself. She stands naked in front of the mirror for long periods admiring herself. She envies the man who possesses her and begrudges him her orgasm. She would prefer to carry on intercourse only with herself. She would like to create some one, to have a son of her own, with whom she could have intercourse. He would be a part of herself reverting to self—reclaimed.

I point out to her that Adam was his own subject and object: Eve having been a part of himself; that the Biblical story of the creation bears a certain relationship to masturbation and incest in its meaning.

The Bible has always interested her. At first she had been very pious; then she passed through a period of "atheism"; now she feels again certain religious emotions. She has painted a Holy Virgin cycle of paintings; occasionally she goes to church to hear the music.

The odor of a man she finds generally disgusting. Her own body emits a certain aroma during orgasm. On the other hand the odor of the sperma she finds abhorrent and unbearable. The presence of sperma lends her vagina a rank, acrid odor. She always douches her vagina immediately after intercourse.

As a whole, her attitude towards the men and women with whom she has intimate relations, immediately following intercourse, is very striking. Promptly after the act she lights a cigarette and speaks of irrelevant matters, or starts to work. The sexual act does not impress her. She is sensitive throughout the body; only her vagina is unresponsive. She can achieve orgasm on being caressed; when she is kissed on the ear or on the breast; or when she is lovingly stroked on any part of her body. Only her vagina and the *introitus vaginæ* remain anæsthetic.

Did she tell me already about her very strange intimacy with a certain girl (she was 16 years of age at the time)? Every night they met at the St. Mary's chapel in their dreams; there they prayed and they castigated themselves, practicing various acts of expiation and ascetic self-denial. In the morning they told each other their night's adventures. Their dreams were so vivid that both girls believed in them.

I point out to her that she had reserved a certain portion of her body, too, as a holy chapel—dedicated to continence. She has sacrificed her femininity upon the altar of her religious feelings. She stands under the dominion of two different trends: According to her modern, conscious trend, supported by her intellectual convictions, sex should be freely expressed and is not sinful. According to her infantile, affectative trend, sexuality is something vulgar, sinful, dirty. She can be responsive only when she becomes common, only when she lowers herself. Hence her coprolalia. She shows also a deep split between her masculine and feminine trends. Man

is a vulgar creature. He alone can afford to be vulgar. He is only a man! (Her father still indulges in sexual adventures and gives free expression to his erotic desires!) Woman is a shy, unapproachable, asexual being (her mother ostensibly never felt desire: a chaste woman against whom not a breath of suspicion could ever be raised!). Her vagina was reserved to stand for the pure, chaste woman in her. She wanted to be a man so as to arrogate to herself the right of indulging in vulgar delights. Thus far she has remained unresponsive because she has merely been craving but has never truly loved. Only love fuses soul and body into one whole. Spiritual love, however, is foreign to her nature. Only the ensign, she admits, has roused her spiritual powers. Why does she, nevertheless, remain unresponsive in his embrace?

"You will be able to respond only as the Catholic wife of a beloved husband. This is the dictate of your inner religious emotion."

"But I am a free-thinker; my consciousness is free."

"You are like a tree whose wind-driven branches wave freely, giving the impression that it can move, that it can fly, whereas in truth the tree is firmly rooted to the ground. Human beings are not air-soaring birds. They are rather like the trees, deep-rooted. Their roots are firmly implanted in the infantile soil; and only their offshoots—their thoughts and creations—waft in the wind like tree leaves. Once uprooted, the wood of the tree dries and is relegated to other uses."

"Now, let me confess something to you! My lover has left me. Unless he can marry me, he wants to give me up altogether. What do you think of such a foolish notion? After our first night's love adventure he told me that he thought such intimacy was something vile and degrading. I must marry him and give up such vulgar manner of living. . . . I was incensed at him. How did he arrive at such views?"

"The man is a better psychologist than you are. You are denying your longing for genuine love, your conduct is belying your true nature. You despise those with whom you are intimate—after the act. The saying *post coitum omne animal triste* (every creature is depressed immediately after intercourse) holds true only of the unsatisfactory indulgences into

which we do not enter with a will,—of acts undertaken against our eudæmonium. In your innermost self you are a woman of housewifely instincts,—with a "craving for respectability," as you have called it. Libertinage is not your talent; it is merely a pose, a gesture depicting your anger against your inner self; it is anarchy of the soul; it is your rebellion against those trends within you which threaten to render you submissive to man. You are a dissembler, you espouse the double-soul viewpoint. You reserve one portion of your body for pure love, for love in marriage."

"Is this your viewpoint?"

"My viewpoint is a private matter; it is entirely irrelevant. This is your viewpoint as expressed in your behavior. You are not what you think you are. Your task is to see yourself, and become also in conduct what you are."

"Can I become free? Can I acquire normal sexual feelings during intercourse?"

"I believe you are strongly religious. You will find yourself responsive during marital relations if you marry a man whom you love and to whom you are willing to yield as a woman."

She arrives at the office a quarter of an hour late. "I am tortured by horrible fantasies. I see small children and want to wring their necks. And I love children! Nevertheless, when I see a child on the street, the thought comes to me: 'I should like to wring this child's neck!' Another fantasy: I am a dark knight, dashing full-panoplied on my charger into a mass of soft, white bodies of women."

The sadistic fantasy against the children is probably traceable to her feeling-attitude during her childhood when she met with animosity the arrival of each new sister. She admits having been extremely jealous of her sisters. The fantasy of being a knight seems a "maternal body fantasy" besides symbolizing the triumph of the male principle.

Finally I say to her: "You are trying to trample upon your own femininity. You are unmerciful with the woman in you. You harbor maternal instincts, you would like to be a wife and have children. You hate children because you begrudge them to the other mothers. You trample upon the maternal instincts in you."

"Please explain to me another fantasy which pursues me so persistently that I am still thinking of giving it expression in pictorial form: I see myself crucified; while I lie thus helplessly fastened to the cross a baboon tortures me. How does this fit with your explanation?"

"It fits very well. You have fastened your femininity, your better self, upon the cross of your neurosis; you have allowed your intellect to enslave you; you have forced yourself to live a life which is not your life; and now your animal sensuality overpowers you. You have abandoned yourself to your animal propensities."

She is lost in reflection. Then she admits that this "wild living" disgusts her; that she is yearning for another, higher, purer life.

While urinating she often perceives a highly pleasurable sensation. She never urinates in a standing position as many urlinds do.

Why does she have such a pronounced hatred of children? I explain that she has not yet overcome certain infantilisms. The animosity against children, which she disclosed yesterday, signifies hatred of her own childish ways, hatred of the infantilisms which dominate her. She confesses that she masturbated yesterday for the first time with the fantasy of indulging in intercourse with herself. At one moment she had the illusion that strange knees touched hers. Powerful orgasm! The accompanying fantasy was obviously hidden. It seems to have centered on the ensign,—her one lover.

Further analysis discloses that her affection for him was first roused when he called her "mamma." She looks upon him as her boy, her child. She indulges in a strange fantasy. Her lover becomes a male version of herself and at the same time she is the mother. Hence always the feeling of incest! Every case of incest interests her very much. She prefers reading books dealing with incest and is not afraid to conjure up incestuous thoughts.

Why had she remained unaware of her masturbation fantasy?

"Because you were obviously beginning to feel like a woman and you did not want to acknowledge this fact to yourself.

You are in love with this young man and you do not want to admit it. . . ."

"He is a fool. I wired him a pressing message that I yearn for him. He did not come. He does not want to come. He wants to marry me. He says he is working for our future. I regard all this as stupid. At the same it impresses me. As a matter of fact inwardly I approve every practical step conducive to what is called 'respectability,' although formally I preach and act to the contrary. . . . Moreover, I am seized with an insane dread after masturbation. You have no idea what anguish I suffer under this horrible dread! Yesterday I had the sensation that a hard fist was continually pressing against the sensitive spot in my back. I felt myself growing weak as if all the bones in me were crumpling into a soft, gelatinous mass. When I get that way I feel hot and cold and shivers run all through me. Oh, it is terrible. . . ."

I explain to her that this is the manifestation of a childish fear; and remind her that she has described to me once before this softening, or crumpling of her spine, namely when we spoke of her anal erotism. Her masculine attitude—that pose which she has assumed since childhood—is in danger of collapsing the moment her beloved man touches her behind.

"Your dread expresses the feeling: 'If a man I loved approached me now, I should be lost!' "

"True. But I have a deadly fear. I am afraid that this manner of contact will mean my death, sooner or later."

Now the riddle becomes plain. She is afraid of that form of sexual intercourse which fructifies and leads to pregnancy. A childbirth would be her death! She must have acquired during her childhood a terrible fear of childbirth. During her first marriage she always practiced "preventive" intercourse (condomata!). Afterwards she reflected: "I cannot become pregnant, I can never have children." Fantasies that vaginal responsiveness leads to pregnancy. Horrible infantile fantasies concerning childbirth. (Cæsarian section!)

Finally she states: "This is not mere childish thought: it is my firm conviction that I could not go through a childbirth. It would be my death."

"Your dread is the fear of fructifying intercourse which

would lead to childbirth and would cause your death. Your dread, therefore, in the last analysis, is a morbid fear of death. Any one who suffers from such fear must have wished some one dead, at one time or another. This opens up new vistas into the origin of your neurosis which remain to be investigated during future sessions."

I ask her to give me her free associations to her fear of childbirth. She recalls no pertinent childhood memories. She had hardly noticed the arrival of her sisters. Until her 12th year she had believed in the stork story. Afterwards she constructed for herself the fantasy that the child is a transformed flower. The children grow in a forest pond as water roses, or pond lilies. A fairy breaks off the flowers and transforms them into children. When her mother gave birth to the youngest sister she was very much surprised. She watched at the window, expecting to see the stork fly off. When she failed to see any stork she constructed this flower fantasy.

We have every reason to doubt the veracity of this account. It appeared that the patient has repressed all the forthpressing "truths"; that she was strongly under the influence of an "unwillingness to see."

Further associations in the course of the analysis corroborated this suspicion. The very next forthcoming associations shattered her story and proved her "unwillingness to see."

"Have I told you already that we have a cousin living with us? I may have been about 8 years of age when this cousin tried to explain sexual matters to me. She told me that children come when a man does something to a woman. She had done something with a man yesterday. The man had stretched himself on her abdomen and had stuck into her navel a thin long spear that comes out of his body and is as big as the handle of a kitchen spoon. Horrified I exclaimed: 'I don't believe it. You are fibbing!' I even ran to mother and told her everything. My mother is a very conscientious woman; she would not lie to me. She tried to tell me that something does take place between a man and a woman. I stamped my foot and spat with disgust, exclaiming: 'I don't believe it. That isn't true!' *In three days I forgot all about it. Obviously I did not want to accept the truth.*"

I reminded the patient that she had fainted twice: on reading about the use of a pencil for masturbation purposes and again when the long thin irrigation tip was (compare with the long, narrow kitchen-spoon handle!) inserted in her.

"Do you know, to this day I should faint if any one touched me on the navel! I remember that as a child I cried terribly whenever the nurse tried to wash my navel. My navel is taboo. No one must touch it. When I stand naked my hand involuntarily wanders over the navel region as if to protect my most sensitive spot. Fantasies of umbilical cord; cutting the same. Biting off the cord (occasionally practiced among the lower classes) I have always regarded with horror. Moreover, I had forgotten entirely how the true manner of childbirth had come to my attention. Mother reminded me of it only a few days ago. I must tell you also my first recollection. It is about a blue checkered apron."

"Is it the apron worn by the elderly woman who administers your douches in your evening fantasies?"

"Yes. Then I remember also my soldier games. I recall wanting to become an officer. There! I recall now a remarkable incident from my childhood. When I was 7 or 8 years of age and living in the country, a boy playmate, Toni, told me that a strange sorcerer lived on the *Kaiserkogel* (this was the name of the neighboring hill!). This sorcerer lures human beings disguised as a fox and imprisons them in his lair. There they are stuffed with food until they grow fat. Then the sorcerer appears and devours them. I was not scared. On the contrary I started at once to go to the *Kaiserkogel.* Toni, afraid, remained behind. I was not at all afraid. I said to Toni: "He won't harm me!" Toni had told me that the fox plays with the children before devouring them; that he gives them sweetmeats and other goodies. I craved these things; therefore I ran alone to the *Kaiserkogel.* There I actually met a big fox with a very prominent nose and a big bushy tail, which he held stiffly upright. The fox was very good to me and lured me to go along with him. I accompanied him to his lair. There I saw a strong gate. While I had thought myself wiser than the fox and had expected to be able to escape from him without difficulty I now saw that I could not break through

that strong gate. I ran away at once and returned home breathless. I believe to this day in this memory, although I know it is only a product of my childish fantasy. I mean, I see everything as clearly in my mind's eye as if it had actually happened to me. To this day I could take you to the spot on the *Kaiserkogel* where I met the fox and point out to you the precise spot where Toni abandoned me to run away."

I explained to her the fox fantasy:

"The fox is a symbol of the male with a large penis. The fantasy is a warning. It means: 'Beware of men! They lure you into their trap; they promise you everything; they offer you sweets. At first everything is all right. In the end you discover that you have been lured to your perdition.' Other fairy stories center around the same motive. The theme is perhaps best illustrated in *Fittchen's Vogel.* He who enters the forbidden room meets death! Indeed, *Hänsel und Gretel,* too, is a story warning the children against 'forbidden sweets.' He who tastes of them is devoured by the evil hag (sensuality). Wise children let the witch burn to death and save themselves from the jungle of sensuality. You have constructed for yourself a similar fairy story. Thus your fantasy is a warning. It betrays the feeling-attitude which you have acquired during your childhood and which may be translated, approximately, as follows: 'Beware of men! Love is sweet, but childbirth may mean your death!' "

"You are right. Already as a child I conceived a story in which a tree nymph meets with destruction because she bears a child to a human being."

But how did this dread arise in the first place?

Two hours of vigorous resistance. She arrives late, speaks irrelevantly about art, claims not to have discovered anything new. I recognize the onset of the transference and look forward to disclosures relative to her attitude towards the father. She denies the possibility of a transference because she cares only for young men. In her circle of acquaintances there is an elderly, highly intellectual physician, Dr. N., with whom she spends long evening hours at the coffee house discussing psychoanalysis. On this occasion I find out that she tries analysis on a number of persons, that she is continually analyz-

ing. I explain to her that she delays the progress of our work when she talks over important things elsewhere; she must abstain from these discussions during our analysis.

"Do you know, the hind quarters of horses interest me very much. There is always something sexually exciting to me about the croup. I can watch for hours the interesting motions of the horse's hind quarters. On the other hand of horses facing me I have been afraid since childhood. The horse might bite me! To this day I have not outgrown this fear. I am a daring horseback rider. But I never dare approach a horse in front. To-day I wanted to paint a new picture. A man, naked, dashing into the wild sea-waves on horseback. I wanted to fix on the canvas the moment when he strikes the waves as he gallops into them. This picture haunts me."

Further analysis discloses that the horse is a symbol for the father whose "hind view" has always impressed her very much. Now we understand also why she is afraid of a horse facing her. The association, horse-father, leads to a memory-picture of a horse's *membrum*. Father impresses her as a wild stallion. Her dread is fear of the father. He is also her strongest love attachment. He took her away from her first husband. He would take her away also from her ensign and she would let her father do this to her without protest.

She mentions that she would have been willing to have intercourse with Dr. N. if he had demanded it. But she could not have loved him spiritually; that would have seemed to her something perverse. I point out to her that she has the gift of twisting everything around so as to cover the source and significance of her affections. She may love her father spiritually but must not tolerate a physical craving for him. In the case of Dr. N., a typical father-Imago, the situation is precisely reversed. She wants him physically but has no spiritual love for him.

It appears that this is the reason for her vaginal anæsthesia. *Her vagina is reserved for her father.* She knows that he is jealous of every man. He is happy over her unresponsiveness. She talks these matters over quite freely with him, as if to reassure him of her faithfulness. Her desire to be a man is a consequence of her strong identification with the father.

She observes that she is indissolubly fixated on her family. All her thoughts are dedicated to her family. She works always with the thought in her mind: "What will father say to this? What will mother say to this? What will sisters say to this?"

She suffers from another remarkable compulsion. She cannot bear to see an elderly man smoking a big, heavy cigar. Elderly men who smoke cigarettes stimulate her sexually. On the other hand, young boys must smoke heavy, thick cigars if they are to rouse her.

In the case of elderly men she is afraid of a big phallus. For a time she was torturing herself with the fantasy of a woman being pierced by a phallus and dying during the sexual act. The sight of an erection she finds unpleasant, even disgusting. A big erect *membrum* is a horrible object to her. She cannot look at it. On the other hand a man with a small penis would be her ideal. On one occasion she responded because her friend's penis was not fully erect. After the sexual act he held his penis in her vagina for a time and this was for her a most pleasurable experience. She would entice most willingly a man capable of erection, *i.e.*, a man who is potent, provided he would practice intercourse with his organ in a state of half-erection.

She relates that her libido ends the moment that the man's membrum passes below the clitoris to penetrate her. At this critical moment her mind wanders off compulsively; she thinks of such irrelevant things as a bill of fare, programs, billboards, something ridiculous.

We recognize that these irrelevant thoughts serve the purpose of shunting off the orgasm. Her mind wanders away from the current situation. Her fantasies bring a bit of the past into the foreground, obscuring the current situation; she draws upon the members of her family to participate in her excitation.

She employs the same means as many women similarly handicapped in their sexual life. She short-circuits her attention and diverts her affects from the act of sexual intercourse in order to avoid the oncoming orgasm. Her mind wanders off to the bill of fare! She thinks of various ridiculous things

in order to depreciate the act and shatter the nascent feeling. As in all other similar cases, so here too we find the "I-will-not" motive back of the "I-can-not" complaint!

Her compulsive thoughts do not facilitate the onset of the orgasm; on the contrary they serve the purpose of preventing it. They depreciate the current situation and shift to the foreground an infantile fantasy, so that the orgasm is always linked with the corresponding infantile constellation. This tendency to depreciation shows itself also in her conduct immediately following the sexual act. She lights a cigarette and talks lightly about irrelevant things, as if nothing unusual had happened; seems entirely cool, as if she meant to convey to her male or female sexual companion the thought: "Do not imagine that you have done something, that you have roused me. It was merely a passing incident!"

For her only the feelings linked with her childhood or connected with her family have any permanent value. She is capable of loving or of hating truly only her relatives. And how far her hatred reaches!

She often entertains murderous thoughts against her father. At one time she wanted to slay him because he was unfaithful to the mother.

When she was a child she owned a magic box containing a magic dagger. Often she went to her father flourishing the dagger and shouting gleefully: "I am going to stab you!" She wanted to study to be a doctor. She had always been tremendously interested in childbirth. She owned a box full of tongs, pincers, nippers, files and other instruments for opening the abdomen to extract the child. She split open the abdomen of every doll, being a doctor. She recalls that a doctor said to her on one occasion: "You are a little doctor; with your little tongs you shall fetch the babies out of their mothers' abdomens!" She was about 5 years of age at the time. At the age of 15 she began to study medicine; so strong was her faith in her medical mission!

Another significant episode now comes to her mind. She was 6 years of age at the time. On the school steps a certain teacher, of whom she was somewhat shy, reached his hand to her. He said: "Come, my dear little one. Give me your

hand!" A hot wave went through her. The teacher's hand seemed to pour a hot stream into her. This was perhaps the strongest orgasm she had ever experienced in her life.

At the age of 14 she fell in love with a high-school teacher. He was very thick-set, blond, wore a heavy beard; in short, a father-Imago to her! She tried to turn his head with her low-cut dresses and coquetries. Since her 12th year she kept saying to every governess that she was a man. She scared one pious governess with a lighted death's-head. She told another she was Christ and was actually accepted as Christ. When the governess told her that she had embraced Christ as her heavenly groom and had experienced this heavenly bliss ahead of her, she became angry and was very jealous of the governess.

Yesterday she was with her sisters. They find that they can get along very well without men when they are together. Their reciprocal love thoroughly satisfies them. She describes the family atmosphere as "electrical," tense, full of emotion: there are always quarrels, reconciliations, dramatic situations; there is never a dull moment at home.

She was in love with her mother in the very first place. The father was her fiercely hated rival. Only about ten years later she began to love her father. He then became her ideal. He has remained her ideal to this day.

Now her fear of childbirth begins to reveal itself as a consequence of the operation of the law of vengeance (*lex talionis*). As a child she wanted to split open women's bellies. She thought that children were brought into the world through an incision in their mothers' abdomen. This infantile sex theory has for her a certain reality value to this day. This highly intelligent woman, in spite of her unusual and extraordinary mental qualities, is capable of fearing the chamber pot or a blue apron; she is afraid of the consequences of a fructifying sexual act. She had wished her mother's death. She wanted to cut her little sister out of her mother's abdomen; wanted to bring it into the world and promptly kill it. Her love has subsequently reared itself out of this primordial hatred.

First she loved her mother. She would have gladly taken the father's place in her mother's life. This constellation placed the father in the rôle of a rival. Afterwards there arose also

her great love for the father. In her neurotic endeavor to combine all these clashing trends in herself she became man and woman. She grew up a transvestite. She identified herself more and more with her supreme love objective—her father!

He was the only man whom she wanted to love. She wanted to sacrifice herself for him, abandon herself to him. Before his image all her other ideals crumpled and fell into the dust. He was her divinity, her idol; to this idol she dedicated the highest in her; she sacrificed to it her feminine orgasm!

At this juncture the analysis entered upon a critical stage. Either the patient did not keep her appointment—telephoning some excuse, or she arrived a half hour late so that I was already preoccupied with another patient. She was again "dreadfully" busy. She undertook "pressing" duties, arranged exhibits and protest meetings, painted feverishly, in short it was obvious that she was fleeing from me; that she was avoiding the truth which was beginning to dawn more and more plainly in her mind.

Only a "parlor" analysis suited her; an analysis that limits itself to superficial truths, ferrets out the "Œdipus complex" but does not otherwise touch her true nature. She was passionately fond of such "parlor and coffee-house" analyses and devoted herself night after night to this "game."

Moreover, being a very lively dreamer she was always ready to analyze her dreams at social gatherings in the company of several of her medical friends and amateur analysts. She never honored me with the report of these dreams. She meant to note them down for me, but unfortunately—as she remarked—she invariably forgot them on the following day.

Her pride set her against the transference.[2] She was never emotionally interested in elderly men! Analysis has taught us that such statements do not correspond to the truth. But her infantile feeling-attitude had become too precious to her. From the very beginning of the analysis her supreme wish had been: to hold on to her neurosis by all means.

Her fear of man drives her to play this double game. As she was afraid during our first session that I would hypnotize her, so she trembled with the fear that I may shatter her

ridiculous feeling-attitude; that the analysis will render her obedient to the voice of common-sense; that she may yet have to yield to the force of the transference.

She arrives breathless at the office after the hour set for our appointment or she telephones to change the appointment: today she must stay home on account of a terrific headache. She does not want to admit that she is dodging the analysis; that she is trying to avoid the new disclosures. Finally a financial difficulty arises. Her father (who happens to be a very wealthy man) cannot afford the means for her to continue the treatment at the present time. I remove this "stumbling block" out of her way by offering to leave the matter of compensation to her convenience.

Nevertheless she abandons the analysis anyway. She does not come any more. Naturally she finds excuses and pretexts.

We may assume that the hours spent on this patient were not useless. We have reason to be thankful to her. She has shown us a rare exemplar of a sexual neurosis, representing the worst form of violence and torture that a woman can inflict on herself. We have seen that this woman dismisses every man precisely at the stage when she begins to love him and becomes responsive in the love embrace. She divorced her first husband when she began to feel spiritually in close harmony with him. Her present fiancé she holds at a respectful distance; and she depreciates him by accepting for a lover the ensign whom she also drives away as soon as his presence threatens to shatter her sexual anæsthesia *as a woman.*

This woman manifests psychically no revolt against the dominion of man. She identifies herself with the male sex; she is a woman-hater; she delivers lectures warning against the effeminization of modern times. Strindberg and Weininger are her idols (they are, for the rest, the idols of many modern girls!).

Her neurosis originates in her rebellion against femininity. However, "male" and "female" are not the only clashing principles which turn the scales in the dynamics of her neurosis. We have seen that the whole course of the neurosis has been determined by the father. The idol of her heart is her father. She has not yet weaned herself from her infantile Imago of

the father. On the contrary, she reverts to him continually. In the endeavor to free herself she advances step by step in the direction of her feminine trends; at each step, with mathematical precision there follows a regression to her childhood; she plunges back into the golden period of her life when her father was the one God she knew!

Her well-nigh ridiculous fear of elderly men turns her love to young boys and drives her to deprecate all elderly men. To her any man over 25 years of age is already an elderly man. Such a man is good enough only to be played with and to be ordered around!

Her life is also a continual struggle to win her mother's love. Because her love is not reciprocated by the mother she refuses to be a woman. She wants to differentiate herself completely from the mother and identifies herself with the father.

It may be assumed that originally she was passionately fond of her mother, an assumption easily corroborated by her fantasies and pictures; that she was jealous of her father and that she would have gladly replaced him in her mother's life.

She suffers very much on account of her inability to soften her mother, to melt her, to win her love. In childhood her supreme desire was to win her mother, to overpower her with affection, to make her sexually dependent on her, to compel her love! She had heard that her mother had always been a frigid woman. Her anæsthesia is partly an identification with the mother. Her compulsive thoughts, which I have already mentioned above, always center around the fantasy of overpowering and humiliating a chaste woman through a display of raw sensuality. She cannot endure the thought of being continually aglow whereas her mother remains aloof and cool. She cannot bear her mother's superior air. Therefore she prefers to be a man. If she were a man she would humble her mother. She would compel her mother to abandon herself to the enjoyment of raw sensual pleasures. She would render her pregnant and thus triumph over her. If she were a son she would not hesitate to assault her mother and commit incest—a wish amply expressed in her fantasies and pictures.

It was her mother's aloofness that drove her to the father. She is a woman-hater because she hates her mother, hates her

with the bitter hatred characteristic of all disappointed, love-disillusioned children. Her uneasy conscience on account of her death-wishes against her rival, the father, melted her obstinacy towards him. Her father's strength, his energy, the power he exercised showed her a world-picture in which men dominate while women have to obey and be patient. Therefore, already as a child, she wanted to be a man, instead of being merely a woman. She avoids love because to her "being a woman" means being obedient, patient; it means inferiority, subjection. Nevertheless she holds on stubbornly to her infantile family constellation and is willing to subject herself to her father! Thus her life becomes a dual, conflicting struggle for, and against, her father.

Her ultimate restoration to health depends on whether she can wean herself from her family, particularly from her father, to whom she has accorded extraordinary privileges with regard to her love life. In order to become a full-fledged woman she must first cease being a child.

Our partial analysis has shown us how snugly her childish shoes still fit her. Precisely this is the tragic feature of her life! She wants to be a man and has remained an "eternal child" waiting for a savior to transform her miraculously into a woman.

We may assume that our partial analysis has shattered her neurotic feeling-attitude enough to render her capable of true love. Through such a love, if she finds it, she may recover.

She will probably find her ideal in an elderly man, a father-Imago. Then she may take the one step which alone holds the promise of securing her peace of mind: *return to "respectability"!* Her present attitude and alleged convictions, her "Bohemianism," her sexual anarchism, her atheism and her Nietzschean propensities, these are mere poses which do not correspond to her true character. Her oft-mentioned "longing for respectability" may triumph in the end. She may abandon her desire to be "exceptional"; she may yet give up her neurosis and get well.

Will she continue to paint? Does her artistry really mean more to her than peace and happiness, quiet and satisfaction?

XV

RETROSPECT AND SURVEY

Here ends our long excursion through the realm of woman's love life and its disorders. I have proven that we must look upon woman's sexual frigidity as a psychic, not an organic, symptom. I have endeavored to give a clear picture of the complex mechanism of woman's love life on its spiritual and physical planes. I have shown that not an I-can-not but woman's hidden I-will-not is responsible for the condition we are considering. At the same time we have seen that within the realm of civilization and culture mankind obeys certain inner voices; that mankind is led and warned by a kind of eudæmonia; that every act of violence perpetrated against one's Ego has its repercussion and is eventually avenged on one's body and soul. We have become acquainted also with the great power of religious consciousness.

To the astonishment and horror of many a reader I have ferreted out also mankind's unbelievable readiness to assume make-believe rôles. The man of modern times appears to be merely a caricature of a truly free man. What twists and turns mankind shows, what changes and transformations!

Are these women whose clinical histories I have set forth herein typical of our modern women? Do these caricatures which I have rendered with fidelity to nature represent a true picture of woman's personality in modern times? Or is the composite picture I have drawn in my case histories merely disease, peculiarity and exception?

Unfortunately the mental and emotional peculiarities which I have described in connection with woman's love life are typical manifestations of our age; their strength, no less than their forms of expression, is deeply rooted in our social forces and the aberrations of woman's love life can be explained only through these social forces.

Of course not all our women are as ill-balanced or as badly twisted as the descriptions in this work indicate some of them to be. On the other hand nearly every woman exhibits certain neurotic traits. Every modern woman, by reason of the age in which we live, is prone to become a victim of love neurosis. Indeed an alarming number of the women of our age have lost their capacity for love, as I have stated in the earlier chapters of this work.

What is responsible for the modern woman's disordered love life? To be sure, there are many impotent men—the next work in this Series of studies deals with this type of disorder—but man's inability to love is not nearly so widespread as woman's; it assumes milder forms. Disorders of the orgasm are relatively rare.

For many generations woman has been merely a sexual creature. Her rights were limited, her participation in spiritual and public life almost nil. She could rule only through her sex. However, even her sex made her subservient to man. She sought compensation; she could express her will to power only over her husband. Within the home circle she wanted to rule as queen of the realm. Until recently this has been characteristic of the social status of women even in the more progressive countries. In the Balkan countries women are to this day beasts of burden and vehicles of pleasure. The promise of sex pleasure, her sex lure, serve her as a substitute for the power she lacks the opportunity of exercising otherwise. Her submissiveness appears excessive; it seems obviously linked with masochistic pleasures. Among the Slavonic peoples the women of the lower ranks expect to be beaten. Castigation is part of the inventory of their love life.[1] Woman becomes subordinate through her love. Love renders her submissive to man.[2]

In the struggle which mankind wages against its sexuality—only he who is blind could overlook this warfare of the intellect against instinct or, as I have called it, the conflict between brain and spinal cord—woman has been ascribed, unjustly, the rôle of seducer, or temptress. This is the Biblical attitude towards woman. Woman was regarded as *"instrumentum diaboli"*—the devil's tool—the representative of sin

and lust, the very incarnation of sin. This has led to the double standard of morality which prevails to this day and will not be easily abolished. Whereas man accepts formally the sexual standards of his age, and hypocritically defends the sanctity of marriage only to disregard it in practice without losing public esteem on this account, the unfaithful wife renders herself socially unacceptable and is ostracized if her unfaithfulness becomes a matter of public knowledge. Our corrupt and mendacious standard of morality punishes not the transgressions but the transgressor who is found out—if the transgressor be a woman. A woman is acceptable in the best social circles so long as her clandestine love affairs, though well known, do not become notoriously public. The moment that her unfaithfulness leads to a scandal, is aired in the courts or in the newspapers so that it can no longer be ignored, the woman finds herself socially ostracized. On the other hand the man in the case has nothing to lose. On the contrary, the reputation of being a Don Juan surrounds him with a certain halo which opens for him the path to new heart conquests. Woman risks everything. This double standard is reflected in public opinion as well as in law. The father of a child born out of wedlock retains his social position while the unmarried mother is deprecated and socially scorned.[8]

Woman rebels against this double standard of morals. She seeks social equality and sexual freedom. She fights for the freedom of her love choice.

The women whose clinical histories we have recorded herein have fought valiantly for the freedom of love. They wanted to lift themselves above the imperatives of their own moral standards. We have seen that this struggle usually ends in an ignominious defeat. Woman's inner moral imperative almost invariably proves stronger than her urge for freedom.

There is no room for doubt that an antisexual instinct drives both sexes to asceticism; that there is a widespread attempt to throttle sexual cravings. The will to power, perhaps mankind's strongest force, manifests itself also as the will to achieve self-mastery. Sexual desire renders one submissive to another; it tends to enslave one, it robs one of one's self-reliance. The spirit is strong but the flesh is weak. The neurotics, pioneers

of a new age, invert this principle: their spirit is weak though their flesh is strong. They succumb, as we have seen repeatedly in the histories of our anæsthetic women, to the seductive power of their intellect. But their stronger flesh triumphs over the temptations of the spirit. In the end the antisexual instinct proves stronger than the sexual.

Woman is the one who assumes the pioneering rôle in the struggle against sexuality. Sex has made her dependent on man. She utilizes the antisexual instinct in her struggle for power. Through this warfare woman aims, in the first place, to achieve equal rights with man. Equal rights and equal duties is her watchword.

Her sexual frigidity enables woman to domineer, to triumph over man, as I have pointed out in the chapter entitled, The Struggle of the Sexes. The growth of dyspareunia in modern times, therefore, is to be interpreted as a phase in woman's struggle for equal rights; it is distinctly a social manifestation.

Woman rebels against her former rôle of a sexual creature. She abstains from responding so as not to yield. She refuses to be loved merely as a physical body. She craves spiritual appreciation.

This yearning for spiritual love complicates immeasurably love's fulfillment. We have already pointed out how difficult it is sometimes to meet woman's precise physical love requisites. Observe that now the woman typical of our age adds a series of spiritual requisites, at least some of which must be fulfilled before she can be satisfied. Bearing in mind the complex mechanism of the human soul, the significant infantile influences, the hidden and open imperatives of sexuality—one is forced to the conclusion that the prospects of winning a worth-while prize in love's lottery or in the marriage game become gradually more scanty. The higher love is differentiated, the more difficult becomes its fulfillment. The growing "differentiation of love's requisites" renders the fulfillment of one's love yearnings a difficult problem for every individual.

Whereas under certain circumstances man may "love his way" through to his ideal, this possibility is usually beyond woman's ken or reach.

That a woman should draw in the marriage lottery her ideal on the first trial is most unlikely. When instinct is permitted its full sway a good choice is more likely than when mere intellect is permitted to pass upon the choice of the final selection. The dangers inherent in the rulership of the intellect over the realm of Eros are sufficiently illustrated by the clinical histories recorded in this book.[4]

On the other hand genuine love is so very rare! How often human beings deceive themselves about the feeling they call love! We have shown that many forms of deceptive love masquerade under the name of true love. Often ambition, obstinacy, the desire for vengeance or undifferentiated cravings usurp for themselves the name or glamor of love. During the fiery age of youth, in particular, the ever-pressing sexual cravings may easily merge into the "mass instinct." A young girl thinks herself under the sway of an individualized love attraction, whereas in truth she is driven merely by the instinctive craving for a male.

However, the modern woman is usually beyond loving with undivided faithfulness a man chosen during the heyday of her unripe youth. Like the man, she wants to retain the privilege of "loving her way through" to complete self-fulfilment. This is impossible so long as monogamy in its present form is expected of woman.

Is it possible to love two persons with equal devotion at the same time? Is it possible to be in love with two different objectives? Does not love mean complete absorption in one person, complete surrender to *one* other soul? Does not love involve the abandonment of one's self entirely to one other self?

Improbable though double love appears, it does occur; nor is it as uncommon as one would believe at first glance.

First a few words to correct a misapprehension.

It is, of course, always possible to "love" several persons at the same time; but we do not mean "loving"; we mean "being in love." Now, the state of "being in love" seems to imply one's being emotionally wrapped exclusively in one other person, not interested in two or three, as it has been claimed possible. There can be no doubt that, under certain circum-

stances, human beings of certain particular predispositions seem capable of being in love at the same time with two different persons. Trebitsch has described such a love situation in his novel, *Spätes Licht.* The same state has been painted exquisitely by Alfred de Musset in his story, *Les Deux Maitresses.*

Musset's description of this double love is masterly. An ambitious young man lives a double life. Ordinarily he is a simple, modest, hard-working young man, bent on fulfilling his duties and making his old mother happy; but at times he dresses extravagantly, thinks only of luxuries and pleasures. During such periods he is capable of squandering in one day the earnings of months of hard labor. His first modest love is a poor widow who embroiders for a living. In addition to this, however, he cultivates the affection of a prominent woman, a member of the aristocracy, who fulfills his more refined requisites. He is in love with both women; apparently he is drawn to them by an equal devotion. He swings continually between the one and the other. He cannot live without either. One day his aristocratic sweetheart happens to buy a pillow-slip which had been embroidered and placed on sale by his humbler sweetheart; thus the truth comes accidentally to the surface. When he finds himself confronted with a final choice, the hesitating young man, moved by memories of his mother's hard struggle in life, at last decides in favor of the humbler woman.

In this story Musset answers our question. Double love is possible only for persons with a split personality, neurotics, broken-up individuals, persons struggling in the midst of conflicting emotions, doubters. The characteristic feature of neurosis is an emotional conflict that tends to split one's personality in two or more partial personalities which fail to cohere because they are incompatible or mutually exclusive. This is the origin of doubt. One partial self sets itself against a counter-self (under the same hat, as it were), and each tries to usurp leadership; and thus the merry chess-play seesaws back and forth upon life's checkerboard. A move on one side is parried by a counter-move on the other side; a winning stroke on either side means a fleeting victory. A final

decision seems impossible because neither side can completely suppress "the other side."

Double love occurs most frequently in cases of a split between psychical and physical love. The inability to love physically and spiritually at the same time (or the same objective) is a symptom characteristic of the burdens imposed upon humanity by the present state of cultural refinement. This symptom, particularly common among our modern girls, is spreading to an alarming degree also among the male youth of the race.

Thus it may come to pass that a girl worships a certain man —loves him above all—and yet gives herself to another to whom she feels herself passionately attracted. Ostensibly she means to keep her great love pure and inviolate.

Such are the consequences of our false training, of our morbid moral standard which stamps everything pertaining to the physical side of sex as bestial, degrading, unclean.

Unfortunately occurrences of this character are far from uncommon. Wives, who apparently love their husbands, crave for their spiritual completion the companionship of another man, a spiritual friend, some one who "understands" them; and they claim that they love dearly both men, but that they love each one "in a different way." Similarly there are men who in addition to loving their wives, seem to crave the "spiritual communion" of another woman; or it may be that the wife fulfills this rôle in the husband's life; in that case the husband may choose for himself a sweetheart from the lower social ranks, possessing coarser traits, because such a woman meets more fittingly the needs of his secondary personality; and the man may be ready to take his oath that he loves both women with equal devotion!

In this connection the question arises: what is true love? Do these persons really know the meaning of love? Are not their claims morbid manifestations of love, having little or nothing in common with true love?

As a matter of fact experience proves that in all cases of this type genuine love is out of the question. If we limit the conception of love to its truest and most characteristic aspect we can definitely assert that it is possible to love only one person at a time. Take, for an illustration, the touching Portu-

guese nun whose love letters are preserved and available for our delectation; could she have loved another man along with her officer? Or, think of Browning: could he have loved another woman besides his Elizabeth? Impossible!

All cases of alleged double love are instances of make-believe love, infatuations bearing the appearance of true love but lacking the vitality and force of genuine affection. So many human beings imagine they are in love! They are life's play-actors, anxious to assume great love rôles. Others imagine themselves as being in love because they need to be in love for one reason or another: the abandoned sweetheart because she seeks thus to avenge herself; the man with an inclination to homosexuality because he needs to safeguard himself against threatening dangers and insure his sexual integrity along the heterosexual path by this means; a third person seeks in a love affair refuge from his incestuous cravings; etc.

Sometimes neurotics abandon themselves to double love in order to escape the ordeal of a decision. They are afraid of tying themselves to one person. They fear that their feeling of personality will be badly trampled or shattered completely in the conflicts incidental to marriage or to a great love affair. Indeed, life is largely a struggle for the maintenance of one's feeling of personality, for the preservation of one's ego. The hesitation between two love objectives, perpetual doubt, serves the purpose of masking their inner "No." Such perpetual doubters are really incapable of truly loving any one. Double love is not genuine love. It represents a flight, an attempt at escaping from true love.

Any one who has been fortunate enough to have ever been truly in love, or to have been really loved, must find preposterous such a division of love's bounty between two different realms. Indeed, he who loves two, loves none. He who cannot choose between two has already chosen.

The problem of a love choice, therefore, consists in finding one's ideal in the first love and securing that ideal for oneself through marriage.

Though a love marriage offers the best chance for insuring happiness and a peaceful life, unfortunately it does not insure one against the possibility of a new infatuation. One's love

ideals are subject to the ravages of time, unless they are rooted in infantilisms. The latter are usually indestructible. With the passage of years, the thorough spiritual affinity which had once prevailed disappears. The husband—sometimes the wife—continues to grow intellectually or spiritually, while the marital partner remains stagnant. Eventually the polygamous instinct begins to assert itself: the craving for variety, for increased stimulation, begins its evil work.

Moreover, marriage is not merely an erotic union; it is also an economic partnership. Along with the love there may develop in time an erotic feeling of friendship, which is perhaps the strongest marital bond. Habit forges a strong chain. Thus, in spite of a new infatuation, loyalty to the old love may persist. After a brief period of being in love with another objective—a passing infatuation which occasionally may even lead to breach of fidelity, especially on the man's part—the old love reasserts itself and the spiritual communion of the married pair may become more tender than ever. (Of course, the woman is entitled to the same rights as the man arrogates to himself in these matters.) On the other hand it may happen that the new love proves stronger than, and displaces, the old. This should be sufficient ground for the dissolution of the marriage bonds. Such a loveless marriage becomes unethical, just as every compulsion is ethically indefensible.

Is this a sufficient reason for renouncing the marriage arrangement altogether?

Monogamy is an important social manifestation. It is probably the only possible practical solution of the social-sexual problem. However, this fact does not prevent innumerable human beings from being wrecked by it. As yet we have not discovered any suitable substitute for the monogamous arrangement. Is there any merit to the trial marriage (for a limited period), as advocated by Nietzsche?

I believe that the social forces adjust themselves automatically and are self-regulating. I believe that out of the present sexual chaos there will develop something new, something soul-liberating. Meanwhile we psychoanalysts—as physicians to the soul—observe the victims of this terrible struggle that is going on.

The struggle we are witnessing is waged for love's freedom. Woman refuses to be any longer merely a vehicle for pleasure, or childbearing. She refuses to remain a wife in the old, accepted meaning of this term. She is averse to all duties which are regarded as exclusively "feminine." She has taken up the challenge and is fighting the male on his own ground, with his own hallowed weapons.

Dread of childbirth is the first step in this growing protest against the old conception of motherhood as woman's duty and exclusive aim in life. The small family system is not the result of economic compulsion, or stringency. The poorest couples have the largest number of children. The small family system represents modern woman's revolt against the old standard of motherhood, which proclaimed her chiefly a child-bearer.

Nevertheless to-day we are witnessing the grotesque spectacle of sociologists deliberately advocating woman's return to her old rôle of prolific child-bearer—in the interests of militarism!

Militarism, the spirit of warfare, which is far from dead even yet, has bled the human race; it has drained its powers and health to a dangerous degree. How shall the misspent energies of the race be replenished? How shall the population gap caused by the great war be filled?

Automatically the eyes of crafty statesmen and designing militarists turn to the mothers of the race. Let the women replenish that of which the war-mongerers have robbed the race: children. Let the mothers forget how their hearts have been wrung, forget how the children whom they had painfully, lovingly raised were torn away from the protection of their love—to be thrown in the name of higher "reasons"—into the maelstrom of war.

Heretofore whenever death reaped its abundant harvest in the midst of war's cataclysm women were always expected to fill the gaps. There was a time, during the earlier stages of human speech, when the same word covered contrary ideas. The same word, for instance, covered the notion of Death as well as the idea of Life. To this day our dream language utilizes this speech mechanism; the dream expresses death through birth and birth through death. This linguistic trait

was known already to old Schubert, whose work entitled, *The Symbolism of the Dream,* is still worth reading. On the ancient burial mounds it was customary to place birth symbols as a testimony to life's invincible power over death; in the course of centuries these symbolic testimonials became the gravestones as we know them to-day.

Our sociologists and self-appointed reformers, our physicians and eugenists turn pleadingly to the mothers of the race: It is your duty to save the fatherland by replenishing its depleted manhood! You must bear children—many, many children!—within the marriage bonds or otherwise, it does not matter, so long as the manhood of our race is replenished. Sow the seeds—the State will remove for you the stigma which it has hitherto stamped upon the brow of children born out of wedlock! Sow the seeds—you unmarried women—the State will be magnanimous with you: it will refrain from denying you your rights as heretofore. Does a man live with several women? It matters not in these days, if he brings children into the world; for the State needs many, many children! The man is doing his duty as a patriot. [The reader, of course, will understand that here the author refers specifically to conditions on the European Continent, particularly in Germany. —*Translator.*]

The State through the mouthings of its sycophants thus changes, chameleon-like, its hypocritical standard of "morality" to suit the times.[5] It forgets quickly enough its principles and position of yesterday if to-day it needs other principles, other views with which to bolster up its pretext for surviving.

Whether the population of a race can be stimulated to increase by means of these hypocritical methods and pettifogging devices is an open question. In France the various social measures which have been devised for fostering the increase of the population of the country have yielded doubtful results, hardly worth mentioning. Will it be otherwise in the Teutonic countries?

The decrease in population is a social manifestation of the deepest significance: it keeps pace with the growing, uncontrollable "defeminization" of woman.[6] During the world war we have seen many proofs of this "defeminization" process.

It is a very remarkable fact, strangely overlooked by our arm-chair sociologists, that this inveterate "struggle of the sexes" did not cease during the world war. On the contrary, the world war has brought the sex struggle to a sharp issue. Our women have proved themselves indispensable. They have filled men's places. They have fought valiantly for their political rights and have achieved them. With the majority of men slain upon the battlefields the women are on the point of constituting our political majorities. The epidemic infatuation for war prisoners, the innumerable instances of unfaithfulness, the tremendous increase in divorce (over 30,000 divorces in Berlin alone, during 1918), the increasing maltreatment of husbands are portentous signs of the inveterate struggle of the sexes, that age-old warfare in which women, perhaps for the first time in recorded history, are at last assuming the aggressive rôle.

In connection with any sociological inquiry into the "woman question" we must bear in mind that all the various stages through which woman has passed in the course of her development are represented in her at the present time: the woman who can be only a pleasure vehicle, a harlot; the woman who knows no inhibitions; and the woman who combines genuine womanliness with independence and a keen sense of her personality and who wants to be loved for her own sake. Woman has been severely censured for her "shameless" conduct during the war and particularly for her tenderness towards the war prisoners.[1] Her love for the war prisoners can be understood only when it is seen as a *"protest against the masculine viewpoint."*

Our women have expressed plainly their disapproval of man's appraisal of the enemy. They were the first to "accept" the enemy. Our patriotic rage proved futile. The unfaithful woman bestowing her graces on the enemy was a social manifestation as widespread as the Continent.

Many women break their marital vows not through sexual necessity; it is their weapon in the sex warfare they wage for the preservation of their feeling of personality. It happens sometimes that a woman betrays her husband, whom ostensibly she loves and who gratifies her, whereas the lover is some one

who does not arouse her and whom she does not particularly care for, merely because the husband harasses her and by his unreasonable jealousy and harsh temper goads her into unfaithfulness. Moreover, we have seen that certain women hide before their husband the fact that they are capable of responding to the sexual embrace, because they regard this as an act of self-abasement and a defeat. Desirous of triumphing over their sexual feelings, they either mask their sexual enjoyment or abstain altogether from sexual indulgences. They want to live an abstinent, desexualized life!

Fear of childbearing assumes most grotesque forms with the female sex. "Sterile" marriages are becoming increasingly common. Already before the war the decrease in births among the higher cultured classes had assumed alarming proportions. Families limited to one child or two children are the rule among the higher classes.

The only child becomes easily a prey to neurosis on account of the overattention and overanxious care bestowed on him. Such a child is usually fixated on the family and rarely contributes to the increase in population. Thus the upper classes are doomed to disappear.

Very frequently men and women take their lives a few days before the date set for their marriage. The deeper motives for this act of self-destruction seldom come to the surface; only occasionally does the chief motive reveal itself: their dread of marriage. In the case of men, who must renounce the freedom of bachelor days, this morbid fear is readily conceivable, especially when it is expressed in hypochondriac doubts whether they are capable of proving themselves, either physically or mentally, "full men." Psychic impotence is one of the most common reasons for suicide before marriage. On the other hand girls are apt to suffer from a somewhat morbid "yearning for marriage." Nearly every girl passes through an age when she proudly proclaims that she will "never marry." This snobbish attitude is common. It hides the fear of remaining single. It means that if she remains single the girl can claim this state to have been her deliberate choice.

In accordance with the law of bipolarity the "longing for marriage" is counterchecked by a "dread of marriage." This

fear is almost a normal manifestation. Nearly every girl succumbs to various ridiculous fears which she hardly dares to acknowledge to herself. An unbelievably large number of girls suffer from the delusion that they are physically abnormal; they are secretly tortured by the uncertainty whether "they are built as nature had intended them to be." Thus, one girl was miserable because she thought that her "opening below" was in the wrong place. She had imagined that intercourse takes place through the navel and was miserable because her navel was closed and she could not penetrate into it with her finger. Another girl thought she was a hermaphrodite. A third girl thought she was "closed" and could never have intercourse.

This fear may grow into a compulsive thought which is dispelled only by the first actual experience. ("Thank God, I am normal!") On the other hand girls burdened with this morbid fear may succumb to the "flight from marriage" impulsion. They become engaged and for a few weeks or months they are happy; but as the date set for their marriage approaches they become restive. They dissolve the engagement under some pretext or other, become engaged a second time, a third time, and so on, only to give up the engagement each time as the critical date approaches until, at last, a great passion sweeps their inhibitions out of the way and they give up the game.

Very often the fear of marriage is merely a masked dread of the revelations associated with the bridal night. Besides their feeling of inferiority and a sense of personal unattractiveness many girls who have lost their virginity through an accident or through a misadventure dread the revealment of this fact during the bridal night. Masturbators are subject to this fear, particularly if they have been in the habit of sticking objects into their vagina as a mechanical aid. The cultural overestimation of virginity, still widely current, also finds expression in numerous neurotic manifestations. It is commonly expressed in the fear of marriage and fear of defloration.

On the other hand the dread of marriage often expresses one's fear of one's own passions. Many persons, aware of their burning passions, say to themselves: "I better not begin: once I start, I am lost. One spark and up I go in flames!"

They avoid passion through fear of passion—because they are afraid of themselves. They prefer platonic relationships and enter into "white marriages"—as I have called the let-us-be-sister-and-brother type of marriages. They assume the appearance of cool temperaments. Like all anxiety neurotics, "they resemble locomotives which do not get up enough steam for the brakes to work at the right time. They go off under half steam."

Many feminine dreamers among our women, fanatics, devotees and pioneers espousing lofty ideals and challenging the demands of the flesh are such "converts" who have changed from wolves into lambs. With them desire becomes converted into disgust, pleasure into pain, cravings into morbid fears and dreads. This transvaluation of all values apparently transforms them into new persons; of course the old personality still shimmers through a thousand rents and holes in this clumsily woven "garment of righteousness."

Often the first impression disturbs the normal unfoldment of one's sexuality, casting its shadow across one's whole life as a permanent warning. I recall a joyous, lively girl who, under the careful protection of her doting parents, slowly but surely developed into a typical candidate for marriage and motherhood. While ransacking her father's desk, before she was 13 years old, she came across a series of pornographic pictures which her father had painstakingly collected. This series of pictures furnished her a complete pictorial representation of the aberrations and peculiarities of love life. Let no one think that this discovery ruined the girl; that it poisoned her imagination; or that it led her into temptation. On the contrary! She became morbidly anxious, avoided the most trivial sensuous excitations, avoided all men and conceived a deep horror of marriage, an invincible dread of love.

Afterwards it seemed that she had forgotten the incident (repression!); but the incident proved a permanent determinant; it actually wrecked her life. She avoided all men, rejected all marriage offers, was dead set against all temptations, did not want "to have anything to do with animal sensuality" and tried to transmute all sexual desires into spiritual desires. In the end all this led to a severe neurosis.

This illustration shows that every neurosis represents an attempt at solving a conflict. It is a groping for self-help; as an emergency compromise it often proves temporarily helpful —until the Supreme Physician of the Soul—Love—brings about the miracle of health restoration.

Sometimes the marriage dread is not generated by such violent, raw, soul traumata. Often the slow accumulation of trivial impressions form little by little a picture of life which affrights the child. Unhappy marriages generate neurotic children,—children burdened with morbid fears, unable to cope with life. If parents knew the deleterious effect their quarrels and bickerings produce on the sensitive, delicate child-mind they would practice self-control; they would at least be careful and considerate enough to refrain from the airing of their differences in the child's presence. Unfortunately children are all too often drawn into the parental frays. Sometimes they are called upon to referee the differences between the parents and to decide who is right and who is wrong. This practice sometimes leads to a horror of marriage which may prove almost insurmountable. Rough conduct on the husband's part, brutal treatment, drink, gambling and the unfortunate consequences of these vicious habits may foster in the child's delicate mind an almost irrevocable resolution never to marry. The outbreak of the warfare between the sexes in acute form among the parents may inspire either the boys or the girls of the family with a morbid dread of "submitting" to the other sex.

Marriage dread is often merely the fear of sacrificing one's personality, the dread of losing one's identity in another. On the other hand the secret aim of many a love-starved individual is precisely such a fusing of his or her personality with that of the beloved person. Such a fusion amounts to a mutual interpenetration of the two personalities. Where love is genuine each side dissolves, as it were, in the other. The lover and the beloved fuse in one another, forming a united whole, in which the gain of each one equals the sacrifice. A tie thus formed proves indissoluble. Separation means the death of one or the other, or the ruin of both. Certain women are afraid of such happiness. They overvalue their petty self.

They waste their lives in self-admiration. They flee from true love. They prefer to choose an indifferent husband, because then they are more certain of preserving and of not losing themselves. They withhold the highest love pledge—their self-hood! In love *he who is afraid to lose is already lost. He who cannot sacrifice himself should expect no sacrifice.*

Marriage dread is a remarkable social manifestation. It discloses a forlorn humanity renouncing the joy of living through fear of life. It shows that the struggle of the sexes has penetrated deeply into our everyday life; and it brings forcefully to light the evil consequences of the great and petty errors of our system of education whereby our blooming feminine youth is crippled and robbed of its life mission, so majestically expressed by Konrad Ferdinand Meyer in his *Song to a Bride,* in the refrain: "Go! Love and suffer."

The marriage dread and the aversion to childbearing afflict particularly our "higher" social circles. Increasing numbers of girls belonging to the "upper strata" remain single. Women of culture withdraw more and more from their rôles as mothers and wives. They are "emancipated"; they are growing self-reliant, self-sufficient and, economically, too, they are becoming more and more independent of the male. They are accustoming themselves to get along without love, or they pander to a love "without issue." They even submit to artificial sterilization, as Zola has very pertinently described in his social novel, *Fertility.* I know cases of women who have had themselves Rœntgenized before marriage expressly for the purpose of avoiding pregnancy so as to be able to devote themselves uninterruptedly to their "career."

What is the result? The lower social strata are rising in power. This would not be unfortunate if their rise would be accompanied by an infusion of new blood. As matters stand, however, this means that the higher classes cease to count in the transmission of ethical acquisitions and cultural refinements; they do not participate in the task of passing on the lighted torch of humanity's progress. It means that our cultural acquisitions are available to individuals and not to the race as a whole. The spiritual aristocracy of the race is dying out. The progress of humanity is being halted.

The increases of neuroses, which can be traced partly to the limited family system, brings about also an increase of the disorders of cultured humanity's love life. *The polar tension between man and woman is continually on the increase. Happy marriages are becoming rare.* Love, aboriginally a natural law, becomes a difficult problem. Narcissism, or self-love, autoerotism and the various paraphilias are increasing. Human beings find themselves shunted off the pathway of race fertility in increasing numbers. As part of the aftermath of the world war we are also witnessing an appalling increase in morbid, neurotic homosexuality. Men have learned to get along for years without women. Innumerable friendships have an erotic basis. Women, too, are knit among themselves in friendships which render man's participation in their life well-nigh superfluous. . . .

Among men I have seen hundreds of war-made impotents on their return from the front. In nearly every instance I was able to ascertain an upflaring of their homosexual components and a corresponding accentuation of their antagonism to woman. According to my observations, so-called "genuine" homosexuality has tremendously increased. This means that many persons are going through a forceful repression of the heterosexual components and are experiencing a corresponding vivid flaring up of the homosexual components of their primordial cravings. If this change were leading to a strengthening of the bisexual feeling-attitude it would be welcome in so far as it would justify the expectation that eventually it will bring about an amelioration in the struggle between the sexes. Dr. Otto Gross, in his interesting study entitled, *Drei Aufsätze über den inneren Konflikt* (Three Essays on the Inner Conflict, Bonn, 1919, Marcus & Weber), maintains that in our cultural life the homosexual components fulfill the function of preparing the individual for better harmony later with the opposite sex.

If the upflaring of the homosexual cravings which has followed in the wake of the world war is really paving the way for a better mutual understanding between the sexes, as Otto Gross maintains, we may assume that the polar tendencies of the human soul are self-regulating and that the acute exacer-

bation in the warfare between the sexes will be followed by a period of relative harmony or surcease from struggle. Meanwhile I see only an enormous increase in all the morbid forms and disordered manifestations of human love life: innumerable sexually anæsthetic women and impotent men.

Let no one accuse me of exaggerating! My consulting-room experience represents a very modest cross-section view of the war's aftermath, but the meaning of the picture it unfolds is unmistakable. What I state here is a condensation of my professional experience. I do not philosophize. I record merely the facts and findings.

The future of Europe looms austere and dark. The future belongs to the people whose women will be most fruitful in childbearing. It is becoming already obvious that the fertility of the Slavic race will destroy Germanic organization and culture after it shall appropriate it to its own uses.

The races of higher culture will fall a prey to the lower, more fruitful races. In the struggle for race survival the French nation will give way to other races in spite of their war victory. The eternal clash of the sexes is more far-reaching than the struggle between the nations. The higher a nation stands upon the cultural scale the more relentlessly does the sex struggle rage in its midst. This attenuated state of warfare between the sexes leads not only to the extinction of the higher cutural strata; by lowering the birth rate it endangers the whole nation.

Can these developments be successfully thwarted? Are there any means available whereby woman may be induced to take up again the burden of prolific childbearing? I have already given a negative answer to this question. The various social measures adopted thus far, maternity homes, pre-natal clinics, provisions for the unmarried mother and for the child born out of wedlock, worthy as they seem in themselves, necessary as they are, cannot stem the tide. We can only hope and trust that the old family feeling will reawaken when the children will no longer be brought up under the baneful shadow of militarism and the sex struggle will abate.

The modern woman not only rebels against the old conception of motherhood as a duty; she seems to hold in con-

tempt also the maternal feelings which for a long time were regarded as the noblest fruition of human emotions.

Maternal love has always been regarded as something lofty, sacred and unimpeachable. Mothers who mistreat their children are rightly looked upon as degenerate creatures deserving no consideration. We call them inhuman. On the other hand it is not always possible to draw a strict line between so-called justified punishment of children and maltreatment. A mother who prides herself on being a "good mother" may easily lose her self-control under the sway of anger. Moreover, such mothers claim to chastise the child through love and, in justification of their conduct, point to the Biblical injunction about not sparing the rod.

We have been in the habit of regarding maternal love as an inborn instinct, as something nature-given, innate. The manifestations of a maternal instinct in the animal world seem to support this assumption. However, there are animals who when driven by hunger devour their young. Moreover, in the animal world the alleged instinct disappears as soon as the young grow up, whereas in the human race the maternal insinct perseveres throughout life.

The beginner who undertakes his first analyses is much surprised when he finds himself confronted with the fact that many neurotic women lack the maternal love; that here and there a mother's attitude towards her children reveals itself as downright hatred. This lack of maternal love is perceived by many women as something unmoral, unnatural, as something of which they cannot help being ashamed; therefore these mothers try to assume feelings which they do not possess. They strive for mother-love; and through their zeal they arouse in themselves an excess of tenderness which does their children more harm than good. Excessive maternal tenderness is suspicious in itself; usually it denotes a pathetic attempt at overcompensating for a lack of feeling. Mothers who are always trembling with fear about their children are usually hysterical women whose emotional life consists of a continual swaying between hatred and love. Controlled by their bipolar feeling-attitude they lavish tender love on their children at one time only to hate their children as vehemently on the next turn in

their emotional back-and-forth swaying. If the hatred is wholly repressed into the unconscious the situation is ripe for the perseverance of an exaggerated mawkish tenderness towards the children. Nothing is too good for their children, nothing is denied them—with the result that the mother's morbid anxiety over the children turns the latter into full-fledged neurotics.

We have recorded in this volume numerous illustrations of this mental mechanism. The analysis of dreams, in particular, has given us the opportunity of delving deeply into the mother's inimical feeling-attitude towards her children. We have seen that the more a wife loves her husband the greater is her love of her children. This is true of a majority of instances. On the other hand I have had repeatedly the opportunity of observing that a woman's overattachment to her sexual partner may lead her to become jealous of her own children and that this feeling, in turn, inspires a bitter hatred of them. There are loving couples who want no children for this reason. Their love renders them selfish. A child would interpose itself between them; it would interfere with their exclusive reciprocal devotion.

Sometimes a mother hates her children because she does not love her husband, *i.e.*, because she is unhappily married, and the children stand as an irretrievable bond which keeps her tied to the unholy marriage. On account of the children she is unable to leave her husband. (I do not mean to intimate that mothers who are unhappy in their married life necessarily hate their children. Often, seeking refuge from their loveless marriage, these women find it vicariously in an ecstatic devotion to their children, whom they idolize.) The attitude of neurotic mothers towards their children is moody and very changeable. Very severe at one time, then, overcome by regrets, they turn weak and yielding.

Very remarkable are the cases in which the mother hates a particular child while she loves all the others. Often this hatred seems entirely unmotivated and puzzles the mother herself.

Thus, I know a mother who disliked at birth her fourth daughter, a quiet charming girl; afterwards she hated this

child and was glad to have her out of the house, without having ever been able—or willing—to account for the origin of her strange feeling-attitude towards the poor innocent girl. She claimed that this child had inherited, in concentrated measure, all her father's unpleasant traits whereas the other daughters at least, seemed to her a compound of good and evil. This conscientious woman was firmly convinced that she loved and respected her husband; but she endowed this daughter, whom she regarded as a surrogate for the father, with all the qualities which she hated in her husband, without ever recognizing this fact.

The lover who sees the shortcomings in a beloved person and fails to forgive or overlook those imperfections does not truly love. Being in love means: disregarding, nay, it means loving even the beloved person's faults!

Through this daughter the woman discharged her ever-pressing hatred against her husband, whom she dared to outstrip. The child was born to her during the year when this exalted, dreamy woman had fallen passionately in love with another man, a poet, who was courting her. She remained faithful to her husband; but during her husband's embraces she permitted her mind to dwell on the poet, hoping that the child would thus become endowed with her beloved's traits—as in Goethe's *Wahlverwandtschaften* (Elective Affinities). However, the child looked so much like its father, from the moment of its birth, that its paternity was obvious.

This brings to light the psychologic background for this woman's hatred of the child; it explains the feeling, but does not justify it. The mother caused a lovely innocent child to expiate for her own disappointment. She was also partly in error about the real motive for her animosity towards the child. She saw in the child a reflection of herself—a reflection of the dreamy, tender, yielding, sensual side of herself. She despised these qualities, scorned them in herself. She would have preferred to have been strong, unyielding, vigorous, prudish and energetic. Thus she hated herself even more than she hated her husband through her hatred of the child.

I have treated mothers suffering from the fear of harming their children. One woman who worshipped her children had

all the knives hidden from her through fear that in a moment of irresponsibility she might do something to her beloved children. Another woman was afraid she would throw her child out of the window and did not trust herself to step near an open window with the child in her arms. She had all the windows locked; and in addition to this she kept continually trying them to make sure that they were securely locked.

A third woman did not trust herself to administer any medicine to her children. She was afraid of taking the wrong medicine bottle by mistake. She always had some one check her up to see that she used the right medicine. (A tragic case of this type in my practice—a doting mother who by mistake poured lysol instead of the prescribed medicine for her child while the child was lying on its deathbed, after it had been practically given up as hopeless—had the same psychologic roots. Freud has discovered and traced for us the unconscious determinants of such symptomatic "mistakes," blunders and errors in our everyday conduct; a repressed inimical trend occasionally breaks through against the will of consciousness.)

Again other mothers are tortured by troublesome fantasies which partly correspond to wish-trends: in these fantasies their children are run over by a vehicle, or are knocked down by a falling brick, or are bitten by a mad dog. If a child's return home is delayed by a few minutes these anxious mothers tremble with fear. The slightest illness alarms them. The most trivial symptoms indicating that a child of theirs is unwell is enough to throw them off their emotional balance.

Sometimes this animosity breaks out only after the children grow up. H. Oppenheim has described this remarkable late manifestation of aversion against children in an essay on *Misopœdia* (*Zeitschr. f. d. ges. Neurologie und Psychiatrie,* Vol. XLV, Nos. 1-2). He reports several interesting cases drawn from his own professional experience. These cases are mostly mothers who hate their daughters. Usually jealousy on account of the upcoming, blooming youth plays a great rôle.

Oppenheim points out that in these instances of animosity against one's children repression processes play a great rôle, but he does not go more deeply into the character of these processes of repression. I want to add that in many instances

this hatred covers a morbid love. Indeed, sexual love for children is an unbelievably common paraphilia. The safest protection against such a morbid love is a thick wall of hatred. Oppenheim's cases and several pertinent cases which have come under my professional observation corroborate this assumption. One of Oppenheim's cases is particularly convincing. An elderly woman had a son in prison for whom she yearned so long and so painfully that she "over-yearned." When he returned, after twenty years of prison, she tried to avoid seeing him. Although she lived for weeks under the same roof with him she did not greet him. During the first few days she was ostensibly afraid of the excitement of meeting him. Then her hatred broke through.

The emotions of this psychopathic woman must have been strained beyond endurance during her son's absence so that the only protection open to her was this refuge in aversion.

Here is an illustration from my own professional observation:

CASE 93. Mrs. H. N. hates her daughter; claims never to have loved her. She had always been indifferent about her marital relations. This coolness dates from a bridal night's incident. She liked her fiancé very much; in fact she had a very warm feeling for him. On the other hand she was very bashful and coy, and having been brought up under severe discipline and in ignorance of sexual matters she looked forward to the bridal night with extreme uneasiness. The man undressed her forcibly, but did not let her go to bed. Throwing off his own clothes he insisted that she should see him naked and admire his phallus. She covered her face with her hands and could not be induced to look at him. Whereupon the young husband exclaimed: "You should have stayed home—you stupid goose!" Then he threw her on the bed and deflorated her in a brutal manner. She was rendered promptly pregnant. The little daughter is the fruit of that bridal night assault. The young wife had never forgiven her husband that insulting remark. The daughter was always to her an unwelcome reminder

In this case the husband's brutal treatment of his bride during the wedding night explains the mother's aversion towards

the child. This animosity was displayed occasionally also under the form of severe punishments which the mother justified on the ground that the child needed severe discipline.

This aversion to children sometimes manifests itself before the birth of a child. As I have shown elsewhere the pregnant woman's proneness to vomiting is a defence symptom indicating the woman's aversion to the child. The tendency to vomiting abates when the child's movements begin to be felt because by that time love for the child becomes the stronger force. How many children come into the world against the will of the mothers—"unwanted"! No wonder these mothers hate their children.

In this connection I am thinking of a certain episode in my office which has made a deep impression on me. A patient consulted me on account of severe depressions to which he has been subject since childhood. He has never known the joy of living. Twice he had attempted suicide. His whole existence was one bitter complaint against life. He found life unbearable; nevertheless he could not give it up.

"Do you know, Doctor, what has made my life so unbearable? Why life seems 'senseless' to me? Why I have attempted twice already to do away with myself? Why I am a burden to myself and to others? Oh, I have thought of this incessantly, I have worried my head about it until . . . at last, I came to the solution—incidentally. Mother furnished me the clue, in the course of a conversation, without suspecting that she had thus solved for me the riddle that was troubling me. Listen, Doctor, I was an 'unwanted' child. My mother fought against my coming, she tried the various means used by the informed women who want to avoid the visit of the stork. She hated me before I came into the world, because by that time she no longer loved my father, who was faithless to her, who maltreated her and squandered her fortune in gambling and card playing. Already as an embryo I proved obstinate; I could not be shaken off; in spite of all mother did she was unable to prevent my coming into the world. After that mother learned to love me; thereupon she treated me with an excessive tenderness (generated by her well-grounded regrets) which proved the bane of my life. From an unwanted child

I became a charmed prince who was expected to fulfill all the boundless dreams of a proud mother with the result that . . . I became a wreck . . . a helpless, useless wreck.

"Most criminals are 'unwanted' children. You yourself have shown in your writings that nearly all the anarchists are children born out of wedlock who do not know their father; an eternal hatred impels them to tear down and destroy; drives them to wage a relentless fight against all authority, against God, against the State, against all authoritative commandments, inasmuch as the father is the first representative of authority. You know better than I that all first impressions are everlasting, that they become permanently engraved on the brain, that they are transmitted from mother to child. Does not such a desire for destruction, directed against the child, the hatred thus instilled with the mother's blood generate an irrevocable aversion to life? Otherwise how shall we explain the fact that already as a child I was morose, depressed, moody—always unhappy? I seldom smiled and my smile was forced. I never laughed with a will—my laughter was always an imitation of the hilarity of others. I never played with the other children. I have never had a childhood. I was never grown up and have remained childlike. Mother's death-wish against me poisoned my life in the seed. Would it not have been better if her wish had been fulfilled, if I had never seen the light of day which ushered me only into a world of torture? Of what use am I? What joy do I bring, what is the true sense of my living? . . . Any morning I may put an end to this meaningless existence of mine and thus fulfill mother's first wish—thirty years after she instilled it in my blood. . . ."

This embittered man was right. Scales seem to fall off one's eyes at his frank confession. Before my mind's vision there pass hordes of unfortunates I have seen—unwanted children, every one of them. And I ask myself whether it is not a crime to bring such children into the world. My mind turns also to the happy, joyous, care-free, daring men and women who have been, almost without exception, children born of love, desired by their mothers, children yearned for by their mothers before their birth.

Our eugenists and sociologists who propose to meet the

threatening depopulation of the civilized regions of the earth with measures intended to prevent premature births should reflect on these facts. Obviously they still look upon woman chiefly as vehicles for childbearing, for the rearing of recruits as human war material. The power of a nation or State consists not merely in numbers; it depends more decisively on the quality of the population. Not how many men but what quality of men stand at its service decides the welfare of a nation.

Nothing proves more demoralizing to the civic conscience of a nation than laws and ordinances which stand unobeyed. Unfortunately there are everywhere numberless paper-made laws and proscriptions. One lawbreaker in a thousand is unfortunate enough to get caught.

The law forbidding control of parenthood by the judicious use of contraceptives is such an unmoral, vicious law because it is necessarily disobeyed every day, every hour. My patient's confession, recorded above, points out, incidentally, the harm perpetrated on society by the bringing of unwanted children into the world. Such children usually become neurotic individuals unfit to cope with life; many of them become a problem, or a burden, to the State as well as to themselves.

A turn of the tide was inevitable. Already the reaction has set in and is felt everywhere. Woman begins to assert her right to a new orientation in this important question which particularly concerns her.

If we propose to bring up a generation of healthy and happy children we must make proper provision for them. This is our task.

Or shall we really expect our women to abandon themselves to prolific childbearing "for the sake of the State"? Why shall the State expect everything of the women after robbing them of their husbands and children? Women propose to decide for themselves in every instance whether they want to be mothers or not. Only the woman who yearns for a child can become an efficient and happy mother. Her children will grow to be healthy, happy men and women. Human unhappiness is due largely to the crippling influence of unreasonable restraint; it is a result of the operation of superfluous taboos

and proscriptions. Let us limit our laws to an irreducible minimum, let us be sparing with our commandments and they will be kept.

Hundreds of mothers are driven to crime. The child-murderess invariably is a mother-against-her-will. She is forced to become a criminal. Infanticide is fostered by our vicious standards and conventional lies. It is more widely prevalent than is generally known. Many crimes of this nature remain undiscovered.

The present social situation is untenable; it is becoming more and more impossible. The physicians, who ought to be pioneers, have the sacred duty of agitating this question and bringing about a better adjustment between the claims of the State and the rights of the individual.

Maltreatment of children by their mothers has become such a growing evil among the cultured races during the last few years that it must be regarded as a serious social problem.

The maternal instinct is losing ground. Women refuse to be mothers: hence the limited family system (one child or two children to a marriage), the "white" (sterile) marriages, the increase in sexual frigidity, the whole movement for so-called woman's "emancipation." To be a woman means being either a wife or a sweetheart. The woman who withholds from her calling as mother—without serious, compelling reasons of an ethical or social character—denies her womanhood; so does the sexually frigid sweetheart.

Now we are in a position to understand the inhuman women who formed the Amazon battalions, the "patriotic" women who rushed their sons to the war. *Genuine mothers have always been against war.* They have always rebelled at being childbearers to provide human material for the cannons of war. Perhaps in an age in which the State will not dare rob the mothers of their children the spectacle of mothers hating their children will be seen no more. For is not the State the mother of all its children? And has not the State, with devilish malignance robbed us forcibly of our most precious possession, of our children, whom we have brought up with so much trouble, anxiety and care, and sacrificed them for a fiction, without asking us? Every State has the kind of mothers it

deserves. The government of the future that will protect its children against all dangers will rule over fewer mothers who hate their children.

However, is not war itself a manifestation characteristic of the times? Would the war have been possible if the human race had not been so unhappy? If we search for the causes of this unhappiness we come inevitably upon the age-old conflict between the requirements of culture and the instinctive trends. We note also that the repression of hatred which has set in with the Christian doctrine of the love of one's neighbor has led to a damming up of the emotions and that, like every dammed-up emotion, the hatred sooner or later leads to a violent explosion.

Hatred, as I have pointed out in my work entitled *The Language of Dreams,* is a primordial force in the mental life of the race. It allows no exceptions, it recognizes no reverences. The only concession it makes is to disguise itself. It breaks out even in the relationship between parents and children and—as we have seen—it does not shun even maternal love. There is much that is traditional and false, much that is sentimental and fictive about mother love. The discovery of this fact at first startles the physician of the soul who prefers to hold on to some illusions of his own.

However, science has the duty to conceive the truth no matter how unpleasant it may be. Science is the knowledge of truth, the seeking after truth, the boundless recognition of truth.

Thus we witness in every direction an increase in the polar tension between man and woman, manifesting itself on the woman's part in a growing revolt against man's conception of woman. The last case recorded in this book (Chapter XIV) has shown us a woman apparently hostile to any attempt at emancipation on women's part, a woman immersed in the masculine manner of thinking. It seems to contradict our generalization only to corroborate it. Women seek freedom upon the wrong path. Their future does not lie in so-called "emancipation," in developing along masculine lines. Never! It lies precisely in the development of their womanliness under equal rights with the male. *The woman of the future is not a "she-man"; she is a "full-woman."*

One cannot violate Nature unpunished. A woman can never become a man; the feminine *psyche* is too intricately bound up with the womanly *physis*. The sex struggle will never abate along these lines; on the contrary, it will grow sharper and assume more grotesque forms. A reaction to the present phase of the struggle cannot fail to set in. Return to the calling of motherhood under equal political, social and sexual rights alone will furnish woman the opportunity for love without humiliation.

In the widely prevalent neuroses, which always mean a desire to be different, we must recognize abortive attempts at solving individually the great social problem. The neurotic does not want to be like the others. His neurosis makes him different and it constitutes his pride. This pride which the neurotic secretly takes in his illness has been disclosed with particular clarity by the last case. It led to a flight from the analysis and a reversion to the old state of ill-health.

However, we have seen also that the fear of man and the fear of love drive these human beings into the defence-reaction of neurosis. The old ridiculous, hypocritical morality, which must be abolished before a change in conditions is possible, still survives in these persons.

The war cancelled all our rights as individuals. The individual stood without rights of his own and without protection during the war. The State had arrogated to itself all rights. The individual's rights had dwindled to a mere shadow.

The stronger social freedom is suppressed, the more vigorous do the lower trends press forth and break through, as compensation. The war has unleashed to an immeasurable degree the craving for drinking, for gorging, for money-grabbing. Automatically it has introduced also greater sexual freedom. (Similar developments showed themselves in Russia even before the war. There the youth turned from nihilism and revelled in free love under the form of Shaanism. This grew to a regular epidemic which gripped the intellectual youth of that country.)

The recognition of the child born out of wedlock and the social-political equality of women are significant progressive steps. But most human beings, and particularly the women

of the race,—still languish under the weight of our false philistine morality. The State has already relinquished many of the rights it had arrogated to itself under the war fury. But the people at large have not changed their views. The old petty morality still reigns supreme; it still arrogates to itself the privilege to dictate to the individual his life course, and threatens with social ostracism any one who dares deviate. One must do only as others do; the limits of one's freedom of action are delineated in the cruel unwritten laws of an antiquated moral code.

However, there is no such thing as a general morality. There are only specific moral traits. There is no general ethic. There is an individual ethic. The confusion of morality and sex, the mendacious branding of the most sacred and the highest of instincts as something low and bestial, the whole blind warfare against sexuality claim innumerable victims. The volumes in this Series contain a record of such victims. A new generation will set up for its aim the individualization of love. Such individualization without the right to individualism would be a crime.

The sexual right of the individual must again be restored. The right to love, the right to happiness, the right to sex enjoyment must be again granted to individuals and the individual must be free to dispose of his body as he sees fit, without interference, without having to account for his choice. I state expressly: the right to love! I have too high a respect for the sacredness of love to apply this name to mere sexual excitation. Human beings have mislearned how to love or how to find love. If lovers were inspired by true love there would be no dyspareunia and perhaps there would be no neurotics in our midst.

Our anæsthetic women are recruited mostly from among the unhappily married. The ungratified mother squanders her tenderness on the child, thus fixating it on the family. She spoils the child with her boundless tendernesses so badly as to cripple it and render it unfit to cope with life.

At the same time the uncongenial marriage exposes the child to the harsh sex struggle and it begins early to participate in this warfare with a keen interest. The child forms fixed

notions and rigid principles; it constructs for itself a system wherein the desire for mastery assumes precedence over love. Inasmuch as most marriages are contracted for gain, or entered into for other ulterior motives and reasons, there are few happy marriages. We must also take into consideration that the love is often false or pretended—as I have repeatedly shown in this work—and that even a supposed love match may lead to an unhappy marriage.

The love instinct, too, may err; one may love a person for years; and then when the mental attitude changes and the physical requirements fail to harmonize love may cease. For this reason the marriage bonds current to-day are untenable. Monogamy, with or without a minister's blessing, with or without the sanction of the State, will probably always stand as the only possible marriage arrangement. The serious problem of upbringing the children permits no other solution. But each side must be free to leave this arrangement at any time. Every compulsion engenders a secret reaction aiming at overcoming that compulsion. The duress of the marital bonds, too, is one of the chief causes of the breach of loyalty and of the struggle between the sexes.

The champions of woman's rights maintain that such a solution would always give the man a pretext to abandon his wife so as to live with a younger, more attractive woman. Of course, that may happen! But is it any better to-day? Do such things not happen nowadays? Is this more ethical if it is done in secret? Does not the consciousness of freedom impose a higher sense of obligation than a burdensome compulsion? Will not our men and women living in freedom be bound to one another more harmoniously through the stronger ties of affection, habit, mutual appreciation and respect?

Our current morality breeds marriage-slaves. The world needs men and women capable of mastering harmoniously their marriage relations—marriage-masters of both sexes. We need human beings whose energies are not wasted on inner struggles and in petty marriage squabbles. We need happy human beings who have sought—and found—the fulfillment of their love yearnings. Do the pathetic human beings whose case histories I have recorded in these volumes hold the promise of

becoming the builders of a new age? I am thinking of Nietzsche's majestic utterance: "I would have your triumph and your freedom make you yearn for a child. You shall build living monuments to your triumph and your freedom. You shall build beyond yourself. But first you yourself must be well built, well leveled in mind and body." All fathers and mothers should ask themselves the question which this great intuitive psychologist hurls like a shot into the human soul: "Art thou fit to yearn for a child of thine own?" Children are not substitutes for one's disappointed love, they are not substitutes for one's thwarted ideal in life, children are not mere material to fill out an empty existence. Children are a responsibility—and an opportunity. Children are the loftiest blossoms upon the tree of untrammelled love.

Let no one assume that by "untrammelled love" I mean a wreckless self-abandonment to one's sexual propensities. I hold that true love implies faithfulness. More than that! True love is the only protection against unfaithfulness. True love is always monogamous.

The problem of loyalty is much more complex than is ordinarily understood. The polygamous predisposition of mankind is so strong that even genuine lovers are under a conflict over their desire to adhere to monogamy. Under the circumstances minor transgressions should not be taken with too tragic an air. True love binds harmoniously two human beings in body and soul, carries them safely over all dangers, helps them to understand and forgive each other and creates an atmosphere of trust.

However, in order to attain this ideal state, one must have the opportunity of choosing freely. The human being is characteristically a love-seeker. He finds no peace until he finds his love: not love—but his love.

Men solve this problem more easily than women because in their search for true love women may easily meet shipwreck.

What the solution of this problem will be remains for the future to determine. To-day physicians and sociologists can only assert that the current situation is impossible, that a great change is inevitable. Love will yet come into its own. Humanity can regenerate—we can again have happy human

beings on earth—only if love reigns supreme. The old Latin saying, *amor omnia vincit,* reflects the solution of the problem.

Every frigid woman is a woman who has not yet found her love. She may have found love, but she has failed to find the specific love for which she yearns. The difference, indeed, is very great. True love knows nothing of the sex struggle. There is no conqueror and no conquered. Two human beings, fused into a harmonious whole, hold between them all the promise and possibilities of the future. The struggle between the sexes, engendered by ungratified sexuality, involves Eros, too, in the fray. But where heart and soul have found their completion, there the struggle ceases.

Two human beings happily mated in love will not spoil children with excessive tenderness and will try not to tie them to themselves. The first duty of parents is to train children in the path that leads to happiness and self-reliance. Children are neither playthings, nor tools for the fulfillment of parental needs or ungratified ambitions. Children are obligations; they should be brought up so as to become happy human beings through knowledge and love.

We have seen the serious dangers involved in keeping children emotionally tied to the family. Most love-sick women are family slaves who still cling to their past, women who hold on to the family ties and who are unable to overcome their infantile leanings and trends.

The prevention of dyspareunia is chiefly an educational problem. Children should not be exposed to the baneful influences of the sex struggle, they should not be trained into psychosexual infantilism as is being done currently through our educational blunders. The child woman is nearly always an anæsthetic woman.

Uneasy conscience plays a highly significant rôle in the psychogenesis of dyspareunia, as in all neuroses. The neurotic still lives in the swaddling clothes of the infant; so does humanity as a whole still live in the swaddling clothes of superstition.

Free human beings, I mean men and women who are inwardly free, never become neurotic. They live through their conflicts in the open. They are not harassed by the secret

taboos and symbolic self-chastisements which express themselves in such neurotic symptoms as dyspareunia.

The human race yearns for a new religion of joy, a religion that shall sanctify the delights of living as the chief requirement of life itself. It is our task to prepare the children for freedom and relieve them of the antiquated notions of sin. All education based on fear leads to neurosis. Humanity must learn that right living is worth while for its own sake and is not to be embraced through the fear of Divine wrath. A religion of *ethos* which knows no punishments and derives its hedonistic happiness through the fulfillment of this *ethos* is the ideal of the future. Every individual should strive towards this ideal.

I have upheld the rights of the individual. These rights imply a very important responsibility. The individualization of love, the freeing of love from its old fetters and compulsive bonds, too, implies a new conception of the meaning of love—a conception which includes and covers within itself all the obligations and responsibilities nowadays imposed coercively by the current moral standards.

Untrammelled love, love without external sanction or coercion, binds more harmoniously and more securely than fettered love. Where this is not the case there is no love; and every relationship without love is unmoral from the standpoint of a refined person's *ethos*.

This is an ancient precept—as old as Buddha: "So be it: much that is common, much that is noble! But there is a freedom which soars above all sensual perception."

NOTES—VOLUME TWO

CHAPTER X

[1] Wiener Verlag, 1904.

[2] For extensive account *vid.* Stekel, *Language of Dreams,* translated by Van Teslaar.

[3] *The Beloved Ego.* Dodd, Mead & Co.

[4] Snake is to be conceived as a phallic symbol.

[5] First formulated in the chapter *Der Wille zur Unterwerfung* of my book, *Unser Seelenleben im Kriege.* Berlin, 1915.

[6] The wish to die, too, shows the highest phase of orgasm,—complete annihilation.

[7] Hebbel, great artist and unsurpassed psychologist, has expressed this excellently well in his early drama, *Judith.*

[8] Kisch, *Das Geschlechtsleben des Weibes,* states: "At any rate in this connection we should not forget that certain women feign dyspareunia, in order to attract attention to themselves as love victims sacrificed on the marriage altar. The gynecologist easily recognizes such misstatements; moreover he has recourse to the husband's testimony as control."

[9] For the history of this neurosis, *vid. Nervous Anxiety States, loc cit.*

[10] A very fine observation on this point may be found in Arthur Schnitzler's masterly novel, *Frau Beate und ihr Sohn.* A similar experience is described also in Stefan Zweig's beautiful collection of stories, *Erstes Erlebnis.*

[11] Love for a sick person has been described by Lilly Braun in *Memoiren einer Sozialistin.* The heroine had previously experienced a disillusionment. . . .

[12] Woman's frigidity as a means for domination, or power, is the theme of the wistful fairy story *Fichters Fogel.*

[13] A well-known street in Vienna frequented by many prostitutes, and by members of high society.

[14] A novel by Gyp describes a woman who regrets that her husband is not her lover. She would like him better as sweetheart; but he is merely her husband!

[15] Particularly among the Slavic peoples. The woman who steps on her man's foot at the betrothal will domineer in the household.

[16] *Cf.* my essay, *Chastity and Health,* translated by James S. Van Teslaar.

[17] *Cf.* Chapter "Fear of Happiness," in *The Beloved Ego.* Dodd, Mead & Co.

[18] *The Three Stages of Erotism.* Putnam, N. Y.

[19] Goncourt, in his novel, *La Fille Elise,* relates a similar occurrence. A soldier falls in love with a harlot who reciprocates the affection. They go on an excursion and lie down in the grass. The soldier attempts to take liberties, but the prostitute, who seeks a spiritual love, hesitates to accede to his demands. When he tries to coerce her by force, she stabs him to death. A wonderful illustration showing how closely love and hatred are allied.

[20] In Tolstoy's *Kreutzer Sonata* this meaning of art is skilfully brought out.

[21] *Cf.* Chapter IX, *Nausea and Hyperemesis Gravidarum,* in Van Teslaar's translation of *Nervous Anxiety States and Their Treatment.*

[22] *Cf.* Dream of the "icy child," Case 47, Vol. I of this work.

[23] Gabriele D'Annunzio in his love story, *El Trionfo del Morte,* has decribed the fortunes of such a love affair with uncanny realism. The man is overcome by the feeling of hatred and under this impulse he kills the sweetheart to whom he owes his most rapturous delights.

[24] A classical illustration is Goethe's flight from Frau von Stein to Italy. There he devoted himself to friendships with artists. Afterwards there followed complete deprecation of a spiritual ideal through his choice of Vulpius, based on purely physical attraction. Could he have inflicted a more refined torture on Frau von Stein?

CHAPTER XI

[1] What roused her was her homosexual feeling-attitude towards her mother, which came subsequently to the surface.

[2] Contractions of the sphincter cunnei are called "telegraphing" in the popular German vernacular.

[3] The relationship between mind and menstruation are clearly and interestingly set forth by Forel in his book on hypnotism. Forel was able to suppress as well as bring on menstruation through suggestion. Indeed, he was able by this method to regulate the menses of his nurses in accordance with the needs of his clinic. Kohnstamm, too, relates, in his pamphlet, *Hypnotische Selbstbesinnung* (Ernst Reinhardt, Muenchen, 1918), that he has cured menstruation disorders by means of hypnotism and that he was able to cure even a cold through hypnotism, *i. e.,* by psychotherapic means. I myself have had the opportunity of recording similar occurrences. An interesting monograph by Groddek, *Psychische Bedingtheit organischer Krankheiten* (Psychic Determination of Organic Disorders) gives an account (based on the author's experience) of most wonderful relations between mind and bodily changes.

[4] Rohleder, *loc. cit.,* p. 68. "Hysteria also creates a certain anæsthesia genitalium, a weakening of sexual feeling. Partial anæsthesia belongs among the most common hysterical stigmata or symptoms. Sensory disturbances of the most varied character, anæsthesias, hyperthesias and analgesias of the skin and subnormal or heightened sensibility in general are as well known in hysteria as they are common. But we know that not only the skin is subject to these disturbances; the mucous membrane is also subject to decreased or increased sensibility. We know this about the conjunctiva and about the mucous membrane of the mouth. The mucosa of the female genitalia may become similarly insensitive; such a sexual anæsthesia or hypæsthesia would induce but an insufficient excitation of the sexual centers which in turn would generate an unsatisfactory orgasm; or the excitation generated may be too weak to rouse any orgasm, thus leading to dyspareunia. At any rate the peripheral sexual centers in hysterical women have not yet been studied with such thoroughness as have been the disturbances in sensibility of the skin and mucous membrane on other bodily parts. Hysterical anæsthesias undoubtedly involve also the genitalia."

CHAPTER XII

[1] *Cf.* Dr. Paul Schrecker, *Die individual-psychologische Bedeutung der ersten Kindheitserinnerungen* (The Significance of earliest childhood mem-

ories from the standpoint of differential psychology), Zentralbl. f. Psychoanalyse, Vol. IV, p. 121.

[2] *Cf.* Chapter "Stereotypic Dreams" in my *Language of Dreams.*

[3] Snake as symbol of sinful temptation, found in the Bible, in ancient works of art and writings. Among modern painters Stück has used the snake symbolism very appropriately in his painting, *Die Suende* (Sin): a naked woman with the snake curled around her body as a fur piece.

[4] *Vid. Nervous Anxiety States.*

[5] *Cf.* Chapter "First Dreams" in my *Language of Dreams,* Van Teslaar translation.

[6] An unskilled analyst would have hardly recognized that the intention was to break off the treatment and to give up all contact with the analyst. When the patient finds that the treatment takes up her time so much that she cannot have her outings she means to indicate thereby: Nature is dearer and means more to me than that which we are doing. We note that in this instance the resistance sets in as early as at the third visit. As a matter of fact I have frequently found that women of this type stay away before anything has been said or explained to them. During the early sessions I merely listen to the patients' statements. But the patients' need to hide everything which is locked in the soul is stronger than the urge to unburden themselves,—in spite of their ailments and in spite of their suffering.

[7] On the rôle of relatives in the dream, *vid. The Language of Dreams.*

[8] *Cf.* Chapters on death symbolism in *The Language of Dreams.*

[9] *Cf.* Chapter, "Retribution," in *The Beloved Ego.*

[10] The symbolism is obvious. Sexual frigidity is handsomely symbolized by this reference to *"Eisessig,"* acetic acid, in the dream. (The German word is a compound of *Eis*—ice, and *Essig*—vinegar.) Willing to be aflame with desire she soon finds herself, instead, as cold as ice and, that which other women find sweet impresses her as sour.

[11] *Cf.* Chapter, "Why They Travel," in *Depths of the Soul.* Dodd, Mead & Co.

[12] Note the sexual jargon of the dream: *"Which hat fits best,"* "whose feather stands up straight," "hat with large feather," "fleshy, red berries." Interest in the big, erect, highly potent phallus!

[13] The dream expresses very handsomely the wish to hide the incestuous feeling-attitude towards the father by means of the picture in which she tries to stretch the black stocking over the dead man's foot. Everything in her is dead and covered up, save the memory of the foot (a phallic symbol)!

[14] Stekel, *Individuelle Traumsymbole* (Individual Dream Symbols), Zentrbl. f. Ps.-Analyse, 1914, Vol. IV, Nos. 5-6.

[15] *Ibid., Fortschritte der Traumdeutung, Ibid.,* Vols. III and IV.

[16] Stekel, *The Language of Dreams.*

[17] Folklore is familiar with the great lure exercised by that which is forbidden. In fairy tales human beings continually yield to the temptation of doing precisely that which they have been most emphatically forbidden to do. Educators ought to take into consideration this psychologic peculiarity of mankind. Sometimes the art of education consists of forbidding that which is desirable so that the individual under training may be led into the path of his duty by means of this proscription.

[18] Stekel, *Das Verhältniss des Neurotikers zur Zeit* (The Attitude of the Neurotic Towards Time), Ztrbl. f. Ps.-Analyse, Vol. II.

[19] *Fortschritte der Traumdeutung* (Progress of Dream Interpretation), Ztrbl. f. Ps.-Analyse, Vols. III and IV.

[20] Any one inclined to take exception to this interpretation of the word *"Aftermieter"* and to regard it as arbitrary would be convinced otherwise on obtaining the patient's associations. She states that her woman friend often tells her details about her love intimacies. Among these the new form of intercourse *per anum* played a great rôle for a time. Her woman

friend refers to this as the most lustful form of gratification. This point of the dream therefore is plainly a reference to this conversation. Moreover, as a child she thought that children came into the world through the rectum. Children are also *"Aftermieter," i.e.*, literally, "anal tenants."

[21] The folk tale about the knight who has his shield affixed behind so as to protect the corresponding parts against spear thrusts and arrows, contains the same transparent symbolism.

[22] The analogy to vaginism is striking. *Vid.* Case 50, Vol. I, and Case 86 in this volume.

[23] The woman's friend's name is significant. Her name is "fire." She is fiery. On the other hand the dream betrays also religious motives. Mary should be the representative of the divine flame, as is indicated further also by the presence of "bell flowers." Subsequent dreams should bring to surface more clearly religious trends.

[24] *Cf.* the first chapter of my book, *The Dreams of Artists.*

[25] The *caresses d'amour* consist largely of the excitation of the clitoris. There is a certain ontogenetic gradation in the course of possessing a woman: first excitation of the oral erogenous zone by the kiss; then excitation of the erogenous zones of the body by petting and caressing; finally the tickling of the clitoris, before the male attains the holy of holies where Eros is enthroned, the vagina. But many women attain the objective of coitus before vaginal excitation has been reached. These women's ontogenetic development has not run its course with reference to the matter here under consideration.

[26] Stekel, *Die Darstellung der Neurose, im Traume* (Exposition of the Neurosis in the Dream), Ztrbl. f. Ps.-Analyse, Vol. III.

[27] How treacherous is this "father and mother" game! She is still playing the game. In her fantasy she is either the father or the mother. The irrigator tip is the father's penis, her vagina is the mother. Hence the great orgasm she experienced in the South on the occasion of her first act of masturbation.

CHAPTER XIII

[1] Patient adds here as postscript: "I have always admired men with a big nose!"

[2] The *ultima* and *prima ratio* of all novices in the medical profession.

[3] The mother is an individual symbol in her dream, representing also the voice of her conscience and ethical standard.

[4] Two anæsthetic sisters among my patients attained the desired orgasm when, in the course of a mountain-climbing excursion, they had to occupy together one room at a road house. (Dr. F. W.)

[5] Her thought: "Evil deeds cast their shadows long after they are gone."

[6] Indications of thanatophilia and necrophilia, which play a decided rôle in such cases.

[7] *Cf.* the book by Asnaurow, *Sadismus und Masochismus in Kultur und Erziehung* (Sadism and Masochism in Culture and Education), Verlag Ernst Reinhardt in München.

[8] *Cf.* Chapter on "Maternal Body Dreams" in my book, *The Language of Dreams.*

[9] *The Language of Dreams,* Chapter XXIV: *Nurse Dreams.*

[10] This process has been called by Sadger, at the suggestion of Freud, "secondary autoerotism." As a matter of fact all neurotics manifest this peculiarity. It corresponds to their secret illusion of greatness, their "splendid isolation," their feeling of being exceptional. They are masters of all arts and need neither woman nor man.

[11] The gold piece, like all money in dreams, becomes a symbol for "love."

[12] *Cf.* English version of my *Nervous Anxiety States.*

CHAPTER XIV

[1] Sexual intercourse with women she conceives as follows: She lies on top of the women and carries out coitus-like motions without touching them otherwise and without exciting them around the sexual region. Through this fantasy that she is a man her orgasm is induced. She claims that her women companions also attain orgasm during this procedure, a statement which, in the light of my professional observations, I am very much inclined to doubt.

[2] Professional colleagues unfamiliar with the phenomena of transference are recommended a careful perusal of what is contained on the subject in my *Nervous Anxiety States.*

CHAPTER XV

[1] The following is, unfortunately, a true story, not an anecdote. It happened in a Ruthenian village in the province of Bucovina. A woman goes to the priest tearfully to complain that her husband no longer loves her. "Is he untrue to you?" She shakes her head in denial. "Does he not treat you kindly?" Again the same shake of the head. "Perhaps he beats you?" "That's just it," she answers, "he does not beat me any more!" The peasant woman of Hungary, too, complains that her husband does not love her any more if he ceases to beat her. In the well-known play, *"Das Weib und der Hampelmann,"* the Spanish dancer yields to the man only after his blows have roused her: "Oh, I did not know that you love me so much!"

[2] Nietzsche did not yet know the law of bipolarity,—or was not acquainted fully with it. He failed to see that a will to power is impossible without its counterpart. There is no mental energy which is not rounded out by its polar counterpart. There is no will to power standing out by itself. Along with it there rises the equally great and equally significant will to subjection, or self-effacement. How could we understand the most significant manifestations of life,—faith, love, social order, organization or discipline without the will to self-subjection, or self-effacement? One might retort that fear is the link of social bondage. But careful inquiry shows that the will to subjection, or submissiveness, manifests itself also in the absence of fear and that it may be the sign of highest cultural development. Witness, for instance, the organization of the social democrats which shows us a typical illustration of the tremendous will to subjection,—in the service of the general will to power. The question which is the more difficult task, for the strong to rule or for the weak to obey, can hardly be answered in a decisive manner. But a psychologic inquiry into all individual and social manifestations of the will to subjection shows that it is a power which stands in the service of, and fosters, the cultural needs of humanity. Obedience is far from synonymous with the "will to subjection." Unfortunately mere obedience may amount to no more than an attitude brought about through coercion,—the I-must-obey feeling-attitude. My will to subjection is predicated on the will-to-obey. All human progress is based on this transposition of fear into love, of compulsion, or necessity, into choice. I am "good" not because I fear the law, but because I love the law, not through fear of the consequences of evil, but because of the joy and satisfaction of being "good." This I conceive to be a form of the will to subjection. I submit to the laws when I recognize them as mine. I learn that next to ruling there is also an obeying which may be even more gratifying than ruling and which, in the end, becomes, in its turn, a form of ruling. For the will to power and the will to subjection fuse like the negative and positive powers; they round out and complete each other, mutually fostering and increasing one another in innumerable combinations.

"If we would understand the will to subjection in its purest forms we must study the problem of love. Hatred is the absolute will to power. But love is the absolute will to subjection. In genuine love this subjection is mutual. It alone is capable of annulling the polar sexual tension between man and woman. It softens the struggle between the sexes. When the counter-sexual trends of hatred combine with love trends, disorders of the love functions are disturbed in a morbid sense, under forms which we call, respectively, sadism and masochism."

(Quoted from: Stekel, *Unser Seelenleben im Kriege* (Our Mental Life during War), Chapter III.)

[3] It is an interesting sign of our times that Birth Control Leagues are being established in all Germanic as well as in the Neo-Latin Countries, for the purpose of abolishing involuntary or chance motherhood. These organizations are not a manifestation of "feminism." They owe their origin to socially sensitive thinkers who propose to abolish the double standard of morals through a form of sexual freedom—though not necessarily in the sense of free love. It is proposed to change sexual morality in the sense of acknowledging at last equal rights to both sexes. (Dr. F. W.)

[4] *Cf.* my statements concerning "Instinct and Intelligence" in my monograph on *Chastity and Health*, translated by Dr. James S. Van Teslaar.

[5] Eulenburg rightly speaks of a *"Drehbühnenmoral"*—"revolving-stage" morality.

[6] This defeminization is to be conceived as merely psychic. Physically woman becomes progressively more "womanly."

[7] *Cf.* Chapters on *Prisoner Love* and *Women in War Time*, in my monograph, *Unser Seelenleben im Kriege* (Our Mental Life During War), Berlin, 1915.

END OF VOLUME TWO